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CAMPBELL'S

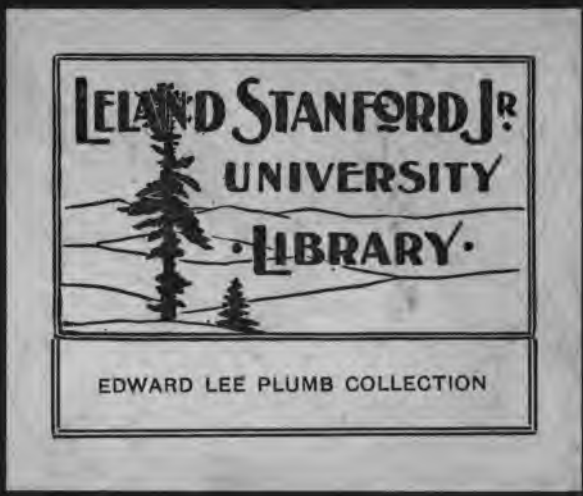
NEW REVISED

COMPLETE GUIDE

AND DESCRIPTIVE BOOK

OF

MEXICO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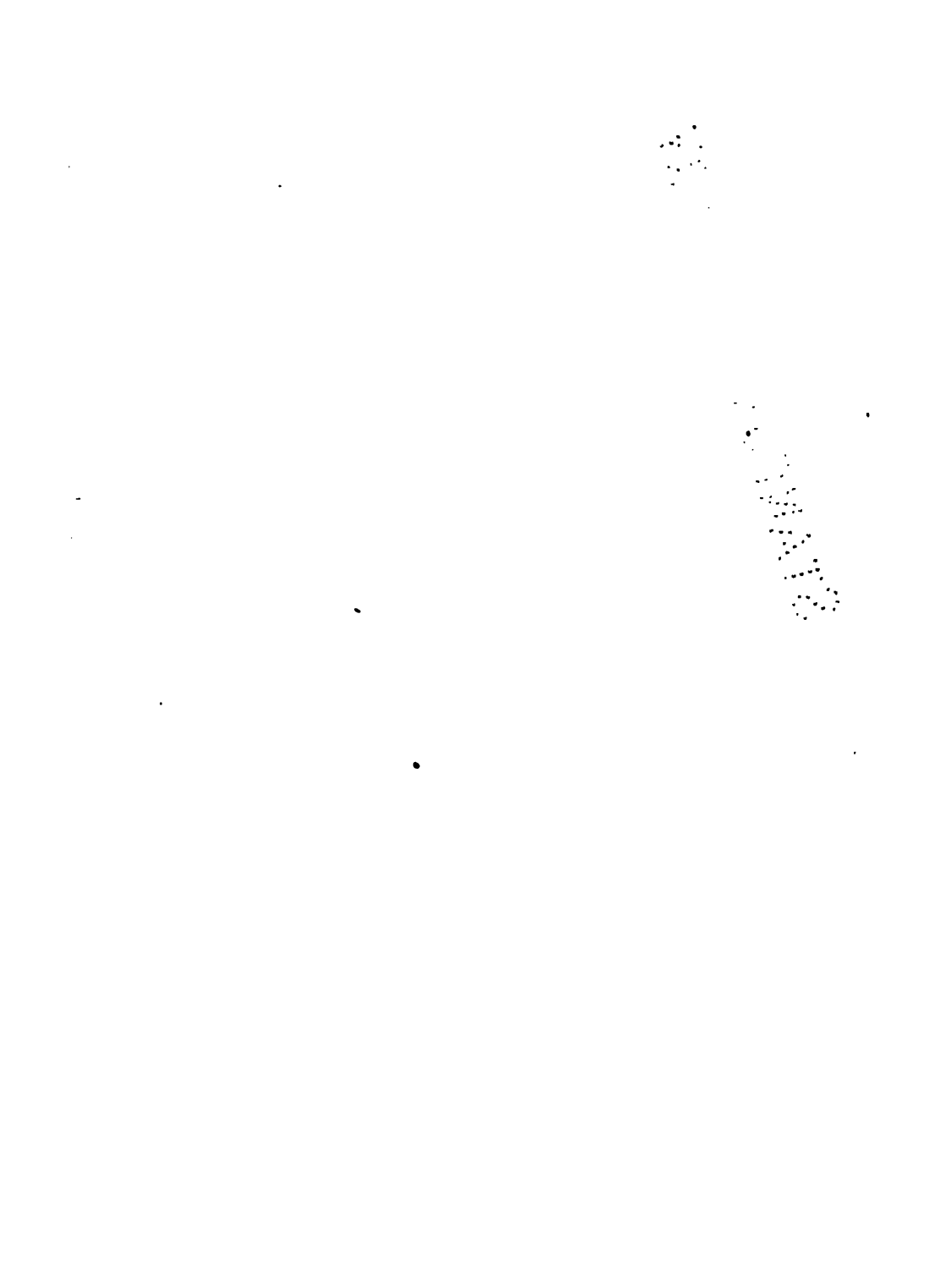

Porfirio Diaz

CAMPBELL'S

NEW REVISED

COMPLETE GUIDE AND DESCRIPTIVE BOOK

OF

MEXICO

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Preface.

IT IS the early traveler in a country who knows the real need of a guide and descriptive book, from the fact that his journeys are made, perforce, without one, and he is compelled to find the places and things as best he can.

To find these places and things, of which one may have only heard, is not unattended by difficulties. The native does not always regard them as out of the ordinary, or of special interest, and, however courteous and willing he may be, is not always able to show the way to objects of even considerable importance.

I have known these difficulties as an early traveler in Mexico, and, while I rejoiced in seeing what others had not seen, I have wished for the book that might guide me over untraveled roads, till I have come to believe that he who writes the book leaves a legacy to him who comes after.

The Guide and Descriptive Book of Mexico is written after the experiences of a decade of travel in that country, and an exploring expedition made expressly to secure a better acquaintance with the country, these have given a knowledge of its cities and towns, of its mountains, valleys and spreading plains, and of its history and legend, impossible from reading or hearsay.

The Historical and Clerical data have been carefully culled from the best authorities and from the records of Church and State.

The Legends are from the country's books and from the fascinating folk-lore of its people.

Statistical and tabulated information is compiled from the latest data and from the most reliable sources.

The Maps are from the latest surveys, comprising the extension of railways and routes of travel to the year of the date of the book.

The Descriptions have been written under the spell; in the presence of an atmosphere of romantic adventure; while loitering in the fields of the Conquest; under the shadows of ruined temples, whose describing by the ancient chronicler suffices, and of which no more is known to-day than then, when it was written by him that those temples were, "the work of a people

which had passed away, under the assaults of barbarism, at a period prior to all traditions, leaving no name, and no trace of their existence save those monuments, which, neglected and forgotten by their successors, have become the riddle of later generations."

The Illustrations are from photographs taken during tours of the country and engraved directly from those photographs, without redrawing. The tour of exploration was made for the express purpose of the publication of a guide and descriptive book, that should guide and describe for the traveler or reader of Mexico.

Every date and place of the story of Mexico, from the Grand River of the North to Tehauntepec, is noted compactly and with all the accuracy possible. Every city and town of note which has been written of elsewhere has its place here; there are some not found in other books which are in these pages, and none are more important or more interesting than the pre-historic Ruins of Mitla, visited first by my exploring expedition of 1894, and which are here written of for the first time since the earlier chronicles of the country.

To the courteous citizens of the country I traveled in, to the strangers of America, England, France, Spain and Germany abiding there, to the Railway officials especially, and to my co-travelers and explorers I am indebted; to the expert artists of the engravers' craft, and of the art preservative, who have made a culmination so devoutly wished, I am deeply grateful.

REAU CAMPBELL.

Chicago, January 1, 1895.

POSTSCRIPT.

After a book is in print it is the cold type that shows so glaringly the faults of omission and commission, not more apparent to any one than to its author—especially if that author has continued the study of his subject

Since the first edition of this work was printed I have not ceased to travel in the country it describes—and if I knew Mexico then, and a generous public has attested that, I should know it better now; and I have left out some things that ought to have been omitted before and added that which I should not have left out at all—till now the work is well nigh complete, as nearly so as any book of its kind may be, where an advancing civilization changes its pages almost ere they are written. R. C.

January, 1907.

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Geographical.

Between the Pacific Ocean on the west, the Gulf of Mexico on the east, the United States on the north and Guatemala on the south, lies the Republic of Mexico, extending from the 15th to the 32d degree of north latitude, and from the 86th to the 116th degree of longitude west from Greenwich. From north to south the length is nearly 2,000 miles; from east to west about 800 at the widest part, with an area of 772,652 square miles. Along the Gulf coast the low ground extends a distance into the interior, called the *tierra caliente*, or hot land; then it rises in terraces to the table-lands called the *tierra templada*, temperate land, and still to the regions of higher elevation, to the *tierra fria*, or cold land. In the *tierra caliente* it is summer always; in the *tierra templada* eternal spring; in the *tierra fria* it is rarely cold enough for snow or ice.

On the table lands of the interior there is a wide expanse of treeless plains, and but for the grand army of the cactus would be plantless, save in the valleys, where trees line the banks of the little *rios* and lakes and irrigating canals, but on the coast slopes and the low lands there are tangled forests of tropical verdure. The table lands of the highest altitude are those in Central Mexico. The plain of Toluca is about 8,575 feet above the sea; the Valley of Mexico 7,478; Puebla about the same as the Valley of Mexico, but for the most part a little higher. The table lands of the north range from 2,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea. Humboldt said he could drive his carriage from the City of Mexico to Santa Fé without the trouble of preparing a road; certainly he would not have found it necessary to cut down a tree, but it would be a rocky road, up hill and down dale.

Climate—Not on earth is there a more equable, more delightful climate than is found in Mexico. Winter and summer alike are made up of delightful days; in winter of cloudless skies, in summer of cooling showers.

It is an erroneous idea that it is not safe or pleasant to travel in Mexico in summer; in the interior the summer time is the most delightful. The only difference between summer and winter is that it rains in the summer

and does not in the winter. The rainy season commences in May or June, and lasts until October and sometimes into November. The altitude, the showers, the cooling breezes from the snow mountains make a perfect summer climate, and a healthful one. Fevers peculiar to the tropics are known only in the hot lands of the immediate coast, and never experienced on the elevated table-lands or even on the slopes sixty miles from the coast. The mean temperature of the hot lands is about 80°; of the interior table-lands, as in the capital and principal cities, 70°, and the higher elevations 60°. Make your outings in Mexico generally in the morning and you will avoid the showers that nearly always come up in the afternoons of summer, and winds blowing dust and sand after mid-day in winter. A more perfectly delightful climate is hardly possible to imagine, and possibly exists in few other countries.

Rivers—The rivers of Mexico are more dignified by the appellation than from the amount of water flowing within their banks. They are little more

ROPE BRIDGE.

than creeks, but as to length they are entitled to be called rivers. With the exception of the Rio Pánuco, and one or two others, the rivers of Mexico are not navigable, and then only for a short distance from their mouths. The lack of tributaries, and the immense amount of water drawn off for irrigating purposes, is the reason given for the small size of the streams. For the most part they are, during the winter, but straggling brooks, or it may be, their beds are completely dry, but in the rainy sea-

son become raging torrents. The Lerma is the longest river in Mexico, running its whole length within that country, being nearly 700 miles long. The Rio Grande, which rises in the United States, is over 1,500 miles long. The Pánuco, at Tampico, is a beautiful stream, navigable some 200 miles or more through a tropical country, the banks fringed with that verdure so often described by travelers in the tropics. The navigation of these few miles of deep water in Mexico is to be one of the attractions for tourists in that section. The jetties at the mouth of the Pánuco make the harbor at Tampico one of deep water.

The Rio Lerma rises on the west slope of the Sierra Madre, not far from Toluca, and runs in a northwesterly course till it empties into Lake Chapala, and, curiously enough, leaves the lake again, only a few miles from its mouth, and becomes another river, the Santiago, flowing on to the Pacific Ocean. The Mexican National Railroad crosses the Lerma near its source, east of Toluca, and at Acámbaro, running along its course between the two points. The Central crosses the Lerma three times; near La Piedad, again at La Barca and a third time at Ocotlan, where it becomes the Santiago, after passing through Lake Chapala. Humboldt said that the Lerma could be made a navigable river, as he also said he could drive a carriage on the table-lands from the capital to El Paso; in either case there would be many ups and downs to be encountered. The Santiago, or Lerma, empties into the Pacific near San Blas. The river at Morelia, along which the National Railroad runs near that city, is called the Morelia River, though there are other names. The Grijalva River, named for the commander of the Spanish fleet, who was the first white man who ever saw it, rises in Guatemala, and empties into the Gulf at Frontera. The Rio Usumacinta also has its source in Guatemala, and empties into the Gulf near Frontera. The Rio Balsas, also called Mescala and Zacatula, rises in the State of Tlaxcala and flows westward, and empties into the Pacific at Zacatula. The Papaloapan rises in the mountains and empties into the Gulf at Alvarado. The Rio Coatzacoalcos rises in Oaxaca and empties into the Gulf at the town of the same name. Atoyac is a favorite name for rivers; there are several of them in the States of Puebla and Vera Cruz. Nearly all of the rivers in the south of Mexico, as the Papaloapan, San José and others, are navigable for light draught boats for some miles—but withal of interest to the more venturesome traveler.

The Rio Nazas is one of the rivers that loses its waters in the marshes of the great Bolson de Mapimí. The Sonora, Yaqui and Mayo rise in the mountains of western Mexico and empty into the Gulf of California.

Lakes—The lakes of Mexico are of exceeding great beauty. Than those of Chapala and Pátzcuaro no prettier waters are anywhere in the world—not even the romantic Como, the tales of whose beauties are so eloquently told, can surpass their islands and wooded shores, and only the villas are lacking to make them as picturesque as Como or Maggiore. Lake Pátzcuaro is the highest navigable water in Mexico, and next highest on the continent, Yellowstone Lake only having a higher altitude. The islands look like the peaks of submerged mountains with only the tops above the water; on their rugged sides, seeming to cling to them, are some huts of the fishermen of the lake, and up near the top of one the square white tower of a church rises above the trees, the sonorous sounds of whose bells float over the beautiful waters.

There are canoes for freight and passengers, and a few rude sail boats making voyages between Pátzcuaro and the islands and mainland ports up

the lake, and to Tzintzuntzan, where the celebrated picture by Titian is, in a ruined church. Lake Pátzcuaro is near the city of that name on the western division of the Mexican National Railroad; it is about thirty miles long and twelve miles wide.

Lake Cuitzeo is also on the same division of the National, thirty miles west of Acámbaro, the junction point with the main line. Lake Cuitzeo is forty-five miles long and ten wide. The islands are very much like those in Lake Pátzcuaro; some of them are inhabited. One, "La Isla de los Burros," is the objective point of a very interesting voyage from the station at Queréndaro, where canoes may be obtained. The island is inhabited by a hardy tribe of Indian fishermen, who know little of the main land, and care less—a happy contented lot, living off of what they can catch, the little white fish about the size of a minnow or whitebait, which, when they are dried in the sun, are ready for the table, if there was one on the island. The lake is literally alive with water fowl, and so unused to the gun that many a good shot may be had. On the eastern shore there are some old salt works, and near the station of Queréndaro some hot springs, the

LAKE PÁTZCUARO.

steam rising from the marsh in white columns. Near the track, where one of the largest springs rises, is a pool so arranged that the waters can be turned in or out, as the water may be too cold or hot. On the bushes, on the trees, on the rocks, and stuck in the ground, are rude crosses made of sticks and twigs, left there by grateful bathers whose ills have been cured by the genial waters.

Lake Chapala is the largest lake in Mexico. It is nearly 100 miles long and is thirty-three miles at the widest point. It is near the line of the Guadalajara division of the Mexican Central Railway near the city of that name. The stations of La Barca and Ocotlan are at the head of the lake from which ports small steamers and sail boats depart for the beautiful lake side resort of Chapala and other villages.

"La Libertad" was the name of Lake Chapala's first steamboat. She ran from La Barca to the towns and villages up the lake, and the voyage was one of the most delightful in Mexico, through the "floating islands" to the towering cliffs with sparkling cascades tumbling into the lake from far up the rocks, by the picturesque towns and villages, of which the town of Chapala is a resort of ancient renown, from its pure and healthful climate, its hot springs and most picturesque scenery.

The steamer "La Libertad" had her machinery built in California, and was transported by piecemeal on burros over the mountains from San Blas.

In the Bolson de Mapimí are several lakes, of which Mayran and Parras are the largest—twenty to thirty miles long by ten to fifteen wide. In the Valley of Mexico and near the City are Zumpango, Xaltocan and San Cristóbal on the north, Lake Texcoco on the east and Xochimilco and Chalco on the south, La Viga and the other canals connecting them with the City. All are very shallow and without an outlet, except what results from the great drainage canal and tunnel.

The steamboat has not made its advent on the lakes of the Plain of Mexico; transportation is carried on by long flat-bottom boats propelled by poles in the hands of strong men. There are regular packets between the City and the towns and villages on the lake shores, some of them of capacity for fifty or sixty passengers, and where voyages cover many miles and two or three days' time, they have accommodations for eating or sleeping in the most primitive style. The passengers are mostly country folk bringing their wares or garden truck to the city markets. The burros and dogs lend their presence to make up a picturesque ship's company.

ON LAKE CHAPALA.

Cortéz came across Texcoco in some such flat-bottom boats from the eastern shore when he laid siege to the City of Mexico; but there was deeper water in those days, and the feat was not without its merits. If you are rowing or sailing on any lake in Mexico let it be done in the early morning or at least before noon; winds will come up very soon after mid-day and will not subside till the sun goes down—not that there is danger, but smooth water makes more pleasant voyages.

Mountains—Ask a native, "What mountains are those?" His answer—no matter where he is or where the mountains are—is "Las Madres." Another appellation is "las sierras;" the word "sierra" means a saw, the sharp peaks resembling the teeth. Certain peaks here and there take names from their fantastic shape, curious color, or from an incident of history or legend, as Ixtaccíhuatl is the "White Woman;" Malintzi, called "Malinche," was named from an appellation of La Marina, the guide, interpreter and wife of Cortéz. There is no mistaking the Saddle Mountain at Monterey, as a perfect saddle is on its crest; or the Mountain of the Mitres in the same valley—the bishop's mitre is as plain as if cut out with a scissors. The only active volcano is that of Colima.

Above ranges high peaks are raised to the line of perpetual snow, and

volcanoes still produce fire and brimstone. The following are the most important:

Ajusco, Federal District	13,612
Cerro de Culiacan, State of Guanajuato	10,640
Cerro del Proaño, State of Zacatecas	7,762
Cerro de Patamban, State of Michoacan	12,290
Cofre de Perote, or Nauchampatepetl, State of Vera Cruz	13,403
Cumbre de Jesus María, State of Chihuahua	8,230
Gigante, State of Guanajuato	10,653
Ixtaccíhuatl, States of Mexico and Puebla	16,060
Las Navajas, State of Hidalgo	10,528
Los Llanitos, State of Guanajuato	11,013
Matlalcueyatl, or Malintzi, State of Tlaxcala	13,462
Nevado de Colima, State of Jalisco	14,350
Nevado de Toluca, or Xinantecatl, State of Mexico	15,000
Orizaba, or Citlaltepetl, State of Vera Cruz	17,356
Pico de Quincéo, State of Michoacan	10,895
Pico de Tancítaro, State of Michoacan	12,653
Popocatepetl, States of Mexico and Vera Cruz	17,782
Veta Grande, State of Zacatecas	9,965
Volcan de Colima, State of Jalisco	12,728
Zempoaltepec, State of Oaxaca	11,965

Table-lands—The plains of Mexico vary in extent from a score of square miles to many thousands; they are arid and they are fertile, they are as a desert and as a marsh. The Bajio, in the State of Guanajuato, is a very fertile district well watered, and near to it the Cazadero (hunting place), in Querétaro, a district of grazing. The Plains of Apam are noted for the growth of the maguey and its production of pulque; on one side of these fertile lands is the arid Plain of San Juan; to the north and east, just on the edge of the terrace, are great marshes almost covered with water. In the State of San Luis Potosí a desert extends from a few miles north of the capital nearly to Saltillo. In the States of Coahuila, Durango and Chihuahua are the lagoons and marshes of the Bolson de Mapimí.

On the table-lands of the interior altitudes the cereals of the temperate zone are grown to the extent, in many places, of two crops a year where the lands are well irrigated; in the Nazas Valley cotton grows so luxuriantly that it does not require replanting till from four to five years.

The Coast is almost devoid of harbors and safe roadsteads except at Tampico, where the mouth of the Rio Pánuco has been jettied over a thousand feet out into the Gulf. The outward scour of the river cleans the sands from the bar, affording an entrance for the largest ships and a safe harbor large enough for all purposes. At Vera Cruz ships anchor opposite the city and discharge cargoes and passengers under the lee of a great sea wall, so that the lighters are dispensed with and ships discharge and load at the piers. It has taken nearly 400 years to find out that a safe harbor could be made at Vera Cruz.

At Coatzacoalcos, the Gulf terminus of the Tehuantepec Railway, a deep water harbor has been secured, as the physical advantages of the port are capable of great improvement by jetties. On the Pacific Coast the harbor of Salina Cruz, near Tehuantepec, the sea wall and harbor works are about completed. At Acapulco is one of the finest harbors in the world; at Manzanillo, Mazatlan, San Blas and Guaymas are protected harbors. The mountains on this coast are washed by the sea, while on the Gulf are wide expanses of lowlands with the hills farther to the interior.

Agriculture and Forests—The lands of Mexico, with its diversified climate, grow the vegetable products of the world—corn, wheat, rye and barley, of the temperate zone, on the uplands; sugar cane, coffee, the finest in the world, vanilla, cotton, indigo, rubber, tobacco, jalap and cocoa in the hot lands, while every variety of cactus produces something of use, from the fibre of the ixtle to the pulque, tequila and mescal of the maguey.

The Maguey, the American Aloe, is probably the most popular plant that grows in Mexico; from the various branches of the maguey family are produced the intoxicating drinks of the country, pulque, tequila and mescal. The maguey is what we call the Century plant, from the idea that it blooms once in a hundred years—which is correct—it blooms but once in its life. Tequila and mescal, both transparent liquors, are obtained by a distillation of the root and the lower leaves after roasting; the liquor is very strong,

GATHERING PULQUE.

having a large percentage of alcohol. Pulque is the fermented sap or juice of the maguey. When the plant is about to bloom the stem that would in a few days run up to a height, is cut out, forming a bowl, into which gathers the sap that would otherwise produce this long stalk; this juice or sap, called *agua miel*, honey water, is gathered a gallon or two each day till the plant is exhausted, when it dies and another one is put in its place that will not produce for eight or ten years. A peon and a burro laden with empty hog-skin bags or bottles go through the fields; finding a plant that is ready the peon takes a long slender gourd that has a small hole in each end; one end in the bowl of sap in the plant the other in his lips he draws the sap into the gourd until it is full, then empties it into the hog-skins, and when they are full they are emptied into a cask on a near-by cart, taken to the hacienda, fermented overnight and taken to the City in the

morning. Pulque spoils (if it can really spoil) within twenty-four hours. If drank at all it must be done at once; which may account for the energy of the Mexican in this direction.

All the vegetables and fruits known in North America are found in the gardens and orchards of Mexico, and all those of the tropics are in the fields and forests of the tierra caliente—oranges, lemons, pine-apples, bananas, and scores of others as the granadita, mamey and the chirimoya that are never heard of except in Mexico. There is an infinite variety of flowers in Mexico, comprising all those of temperate and torrid zones.

In the forests are all the hardwoods, mahogany, rosewood, ebony, as well as the oak, pine and cedar of less value. In a great extent of country, in the interior, wood of any kind is scarce, and timbers for manufacturing purposes are freighted from distant points. The possibilities for agricultural improvement are unbounded.

BRINGING OUT SILVER.

Mines and Mining—This subject may be treated in one word, silver. It is everywhere, in every state, in every hill and mountain. It is probable that the total production of silver in Mexico, since the opening of the mines to date, would reach $4,000,000,000. Gold exists in small quantities. It is a curious fact that the ornaments found by the Spaniards in the houses of the native kings and nobles were all of gold; silver was hardly mentioned among the trophies taken to Spain. There is little iron, except at Durango, where there is a mountain of it that is from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of pure metal. Coal of fair quality is mined extensievly. Lead there is, and some copper; also quicksilver, cinnabar, salt, bismuth, alum, asphalt, naphtha and petroleum; sulphur is taken in huge blocks—pure sulphur from the

crater of Popocatepetl, the mining of which has been going on since the time when Cortez' soldiers let themselves down by ropes and baskets to gather material for powder for the conqueror's cannon.

The most primitive methods of mining are yet in use in Mexico, but modern machinery is being introduced. The shafts, sometimes hundreds of feet deep, are worked with a windlass and mule-power, and in some places the miners pass up and down on ladders or steps cut in the side of the shaft. The peon miners do not mind the heat or the water, but trudge along day after day for the smallest wages or a percentage of what he handles.

The old patio process, for the amalgamation of silver, invented by Bartolome Medina in 1557, is still the most popular method. The ore is first crushed in a mill which consists of an immense rolling stone turned by mules; the smaller particles fall through a seive, the larger ones are crushed again, and so on, are passed through other revolving stones till the ore becomes a powder; this powder is carried by water through a trough to a paved patio or court, and when the mass is about two feet deep, blue vitriol, salt and quicksilver are thrown into it by handfuls till sufficiently impregnated, then a herd of mules is driven round and round in the patio till the mass is thoroughly mixed, taking from two to four weeks. The silver mud is then taken to the washers, or tanks, and stirred in the water till the amalgam of silver and quicksilver, being heavy, sinks to the bottom; this mass is taken then to a sort of distillery and the mercury, separated by distillation, leaves the pure silver to be smelted into ingots.

Manufactures—Mexico has advanced wonderfully in manufactures in the last decade, till, within herself, she could supply all wants of her people without the imports from the outside world, could clothe them from head to foot, feed them, give then wine to drink and houses to live in. Statistical information as to manufactures is not expected here. The percentage of increase is not easily calculated. The advance has been from the primitive hand loom of reeds to the factory of the most improved machinery. The lack of the important factor of fuel will necessarily relegate the manufactories to the timbered regions, or to the line of the water-powers of the country, where fuel is not needed. The forests are for the most part in remote sections and in the hot lands. Coal is not yet mined in sufficient quantities, though it exists in many parts of the Republic, and there are abundant evidences of petroleum, and some flowing wells.

The water-powers have never been utilized to their fullest capacity, and there are great possibilities in this direction, as at Juanacatlan, near Guadalajara, where a wide river makes a sheer fall of seventy-one feet. It is used only for an electric light plant, and one mill and a factory, but the whole river from its source to the mouth has scores and scores of sites for other factories and mills.

Carpets and woolen cloths are made at Soria, near Celaya, at Salvatierra, and several other points; calicoes and cotton goods in the Federal District and in many of the larger cities; blankets and zerapes at Durango, Saltillo, San Miguel de Allende, Aguas Calientes, Guadalajara and San Luis Potosí; saddles, bridles, shoes and leather goods at Leon, Maravatio and the City of Mexico; cigars and cigarettes at Vera Cruz, the City of Mexico, and the larger cities; breweries are at Monterey, San Luis Potosí, Chihuahua, Puebla, Orizaba, Guadalajara and Toluca; foundry and rolling mill near the iron mountain at Durango. Chihuahua and Monterey are the largest manufacturing centers of the country; the factories include almost every branch of trade.

The great Hercules Mills near Querétaro are among the finest cotton factories in the world and second to these only are the mills on the line of the Mexican Railway near Puebla, and at Nogales near Orizaba.

Smelters and reduction works for getting out silver are located in all the great mining towns. Sugar mills are in the cane country, but as yet the refineries are very few. Crockery and pottery are made at Puebla, Guadalajara, and in very many smaller towns and villages. The onyx of Puebla is famous for its delicate beauty. It is manufactured into very handsome ornaments and used extensively in the manufacture of tops for stands and tables, altars, fonts, etc., for shrines and churches. All of Mexico's manufactures are infant industries, but growing very rapidly.

CURVED BRIDGE ON THE MEXICAN NATIONAL RY.

TRANSPORTATION.

Mexican Railway was the first completed line in Mexico. It extends from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, 263 miles, passing through a very rich region, both in the tropics and the table-lands. Córdoba and Orizaba are the principal cities in the *tierra caliente*. The line is famous the world over for the beauty of its scenery, and that between Maltrata and Esperanza is beautiful beyond all description. From Esperanza the line runs through a succession of fertile plains; the most noted are the famous pulque Plains of Apam. A tramway extends from Esperanza to Tehuacan. A branch from Apizaco to Puebla and from Ometusco to Pachuca. Connections are made

at Puebla with the Mexican Southern Ry.; at Córdoba with the Vera Cruz & Pacific; at Pachuca with Mexican Central and Hidalgo & Northeastern.

Mexican Central Railway from El Paso, Texas, crossing the Rio Grande to the old town of Paso del Norte, now called the City of Juarez, runs almost due south 1,224 miles to the City of Mexico. Passing the cities of Chihuahua, Jimenez, Gomez Palacio, Torreon, Calera, Zacatecas, Aguas Calientes, Lagos, Léon, Silao, Irapuato, Salamanca, Celaya, Querétaro, Tula and San Juan del Rio on the main line.

Connections of branches and other lines are made as follows: At Chihuahua with the Chihuahua & Pacific, and Kansas City, Mexico & Orient; at Escalon, Mexican Northern; at Conejos, Central Durango; at Bermejillo, Mexican International and Mapimí Railroad; at Torreon, Mexican International and Coahuila & Pacific and Monterey divisions; Parral, Parral & Durango; Jimenez, Parral branch; Gomez Palacio, San Pedro branch; at Paredon, Saltillo branch; Adrian, Santa Barbara branch; San Bartolo, Rio Verde branch; Salamanca, Mex. National; Irapuato, Guadalajara division; Silao, Guanajuato branch; Aguas Calientes, San Luis Potosí and Tampico division; Rincon de Romos, Tepezalá branch; Pachuca, Panuco branch; Lecheria, Tulancingo, Pachuca and Apulco branch; Yuricuaro, Zamora branch; Guadalajara, Mazatlan and Ameca divisions; La Vega, San Marcos branch; Celaya, Mexican National; San Luis Potosí, Mexican National; Tampico, Monterey & Gulf division; City of Mexico, with Cuernavaca division.

It is impossible to enumerate the points of interest; they are in almost every mile. The most important are: the view of Chihuahua on the west side; San Pedro Bridge; Bolson de Mapimi on the east side; approach to and passing of Zacatecas and Guadalupe, seen from the east windows; Barranca de La Encarnacion; approach to Lagos and Leon; Irapuato for strawberries and Celaya for dulces, both every day in the year; Querétaro for opals; and just south of the city the road passes under the great stone aqueduct of the city's water supply and into a fine valley, and afterwards to the Plain of the Cazadero to Leña, the point of highest altitude, 8,140 feet. At Tula are the ruins of Toltec temples; the road, continuing, runs through a beautiful valley to the great Nochistongo Canal, seen on the west side. From Huehuetoca may be obtained the first view of the great volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccíhuatl, and the plain, valley and City of Mexico.

The scenery on the line from San Luis Potosí to Tampico is unsurpassed in Mexico, and the roads to Guadalajara and Guanajuato are rich in scenic beauty, as also the Mazatlan division.

Cuernavaca Division of the Mexican Central extends from the City of Mexico to Cuernavaca, Puente de Ixtla, Iguala, and the Rio Balsas, with an ultimate destination on the Pacific coast at Acapulco. The road crosses the broad plain of the Valley of Mexico, passing historic points, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, Padierna and Contreras. The scenic beauty of the line, as it passes up the hills on the southern border of the plain, is magnificent, and the views southward in the State of Morelos and beyond are grandly beautiful.

Mexican International Railroad enters the Republic of Mexico at the City of Porfirio Diaz, crossing the Rio Grande from Eagle Pass, Texas, and runs 383 miles westward to its junction with the Central Railway at Torreon. Connection is made at Reata for Monterey. The principal cities and towns are Monclova, Jaral and Paila; near the latter are the famous vineyards of Parras. The road skirts the southern border of the Bolson de Mapimí, and all along the line are fine views of mountain scenery, making the ride an interesting one.

After Torreon the road enters the San Juan Valley and extends, southwesterly, 157 miles across the plains, over a fine roadway to the beautiful city of Durango.

There are branch lines at Sabinas for Hondo; at Baroteran for Musquiz; at Pedriceña for Velardeña; at Torreon for Tlalmalilo; at Durango for Guanacevi; at Horizonte for Bermejillo; at Monclova for Cuartro Cienegas; at Hornos for San Pedro; and at Matamoros for Tlalmalilo; at Mesquite for Carbon.

Interoceanic Railroad has its main line from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz. On the eastern division the principal points of interest are Texcoco, Irolo, San Martin, Puebla, Perote, Jalapa and Vera Cruz. On the western division are La Compañia, Tlalmanalco, Amecameca, Nepantla, Cuautla, Yautepec and Puente de Ixtla. The scenery is pleasing beyond description; the great volcanoes are in full view for many miles; in fact, scarcely out of sight during the entire journey. Leaving Mexico, the road passes along the shores of Lake Texcoco, seen from the east windows, while Lake Xochimilco and Chalco can be seen from the other side. At Los Reyes is the junction of the Morelos division. On the main line the points of interest are the hacienda of General Gonzales—Texcoco—Molino de Flores—the pulque Plains of Apam, Puebla, Pyramid of Cholula, Volcano of Orizaba, Perote and beautiful Jalapa. From San Lorenzo there is a "cut off" to Oriental, which shortens the line to Vera Cruz.

From Los Arcos on the main line five miles west of Puebla, the Matamoros branch leads off in a southwesterly direction, extending into a rich sugar district around Cuautla. From Virreyes a branch extends northward to San Juan, and another to Teziutlan. Connections at Puebla with Mexican Southern, and Ixtla with Mexican Central.

National Railroad of Mexico has its northern terminus at Laredo, Texas, Nuevo Laredo being the city in Mexico on the opposite bank of the Rio Grande. The line runs in a southwesterly direction 802 miles, to the City of Mexico, passing the cities of Monterey, Saltillo, Catorce, San Luis Potosí, San Miguel de Allende, Querétaro on the main line, with Celaya, Salvatierra, Acámbaro, Maravatio and Toluca on the old line.

At Monterey the road crosses the Monterey & Gulf division of the Mexican Central and connects with the Matamoros division to the Gulf, and Mexican International Ry. At Saltillo the connections are with the Coahuila & Zacatecas and the Coahuila & Pacific division of the Mexican Central. At Vanegas connection is made with the Vanegas, Matehuala & Rio Verde Railroad. At San Luis Potosí is the crossing of the Tampico division of the Mexican Central; at Rincon there is a branch to San Luis de la Paz and Pozos. At Gonzalez the old line runs due south to Acámbaro crossing the Mexican Central at Celaya. From Soria there is a branch to Salamanca and Jaral. Acámbaro is the junction for Morelia, Patzcuaro and Uruápan. At Maravatio connection is made with the Michoacan & Pacific; at Toluca with minor branches.

All roads lead to the capital, and all have their points of interest. These are not lacking on the National, and daylight schedules are to be chosen whenever it is possible. To be especially noted are the following: the beautiful Monterey Valley, the City, Saddle Mountain, Mitre Mountain, Bishop's Palace, on the east side; the ride through the cañons to Saltillo; on the east side see the mountain peak with a hole in the top, as if made with a monster cannon shot; Hacienda Ramos Arispe and approach to Saltillo; battlefield of Buena Vista, just south of Saltillo; Catorce, station for the great mining town of the same name; Bocas, with its beautiful hacienda (on the east side) and

village; San Luis Potosí, on the west side; Dolores Hidalgo, once the home of the patriot priest; San Miguel de Allende, the city on the hill, seen from the east windows; the cañon and valley of the Laja. From Gonzalez the main line is through a picturesque region of fertile valleys, hills and cañons—see the aqueduct of Querétaro the Hercules Mills and from Huehuetoca the first views of the Volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. On the old line are the cotton mills at Soria; cañon near Maravatio; cañon of the Zopilote, south of Solis, where is shown the rock of El Salto de Juan Medina, where the famous bandit leaped his horse from the top to the chasm below, rather than be captured; Zirizícuaro, on the east side; valley and city of Toluca; ascent of the Sierra Madre to a point 10,000 feet above the sea; passing around the village of Ocoyocac, and a few minutes later a thousand feet above it; grand view of valley and volcano of Toluca; mill and aqueduct of Jajàlpa; battlefield of Las Cruces; grand view from the mountain top after passing La Cima; the plain and valley of Mexico; the City and the volcanoes on the east side; descent of the eastern slope; the "Moonstone" near Rio Hondo; Naucaulpan; Los Remedios on the west; Chapultepec on the east; old aqueduct on the east side. On the western division, connection at Acámbaro, the attractions are no less. as it passes through the beautiful lake region, Lake Cuitseo and Lake Pátzcuaro, and to the cities of Morelia, Pátzcuaro and Uruápan.

Mexican Northern Railway extends from Escalon on the Mexican Central to Sierra Mojada, 78 miles.

Mexican Southern Railway runs from Puebla to Oaxaca, 228 miles, passing through the important towns of Tecomavaca and Tehuacan, with an ultimate destination at a Pacific port on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

A tram line leads from Tehuacan to Esperanza on the Mexican Railway. The road has a good passenger equipment, and runs through a country wildly picturesque, where primitive Mexico may be seen as nowhere else. Convenient schedules are operated to and from Puebla, connecting with those of the lines from the capital. The line runs at the bottom of the cañons, instead of on the cliffs, as in the case of almost all the other lines, presenting views unlike those seen anywhere else. Just below the beautiful city of Oaxaca, reached by a broad, level carriage road, are the big trees of Santa Maria del Tule and the wonderful ruins of Mitla. Connections at Rosendo Marquez and Tlacotepec with Tlacotepec & Huajuapam de Leon Railroad; at Oaxaca with Oaxaca & Ejutla Railroad.

Hidalgo & Northeastern division of the Mexican National Ry. runs from the City of Mexico to Pachuca and the mining cities beyond; the road runs through a country rich in scenic beauty. There is a branch line to Irolo the main line now reaches Tortugas with an ultimate destination at Tampico.

Montery & Gulf Division of the Mexican Central Railroad extends from Tampico, on the Gulf, 387 miles to Treviño, on the International Railroad, crossing the Mexican National Railroad at Monterey, passing the cities of Victoria, Linares, Montemorelos and numerous smaller towns and villages of more or less interest to the traveler, in the newly opened country through which the line passes.

The constantly changing scenes in the mountains and valleys from Treviño and Monterey to Linares and Victoria make the journey over the Monterey & Mexican Gulf road a pleasing one, to which are added those of tropical beauty on the southern division of the line south of Victoria and all the way down to Tampico.

Sonora Railroad runs from Benson, in Arizona, to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, 353 miles, passing Hermosillo, the capital of the State of

Sonora, and through a country intensely interesting and possessing a wealth of scenery. The harbor of Guaymas is one of the finest on the Pacific coast, land-locked by high mountains that make it a very beautiful as well as a very safe one. This line is being extended south to Guadalajara, at this writing has crossed the Yaqui River at Torin.

Parral & Durango Railway runs from Parral to Durango through a rich timber and mining district.

Coahuila & Pacific Division of the Mexican Central from Saltillo on the National runs westward to a connection with the main line and the International at Torreon, passing the city and wine district of Parras.

Vera Cruz & Pacific Railway has its northern and eastern termini at Córdoba and Vera Cruz, connecting at the south with the Tehuantepec Railway at Santa Lucrecia. The line traverses a rich and very interesting tropic country, where rubber, tobacco, sugar, coffee and all the tropic fruits are grown in profusion. This is the shortest transcontinental line north of Tehuantepec.

Occidental Railway runs from Altata on the Pacific coast to Culiacan, the capital of the State of Sinaloa.

Vera Cruz Railways run from Vera Cruz down the coast to Alvarado.

Coahuila & Zacatecas runs from Saltillo on the National to Conception del Oro, with an ultimate destination at Zacatecas.

Chihuahua & Pacific from Chihuahua has the Pacific coast for its final destination.

Jalapa & Cordoba Railway will in the near future connect those two cities. The line is through a tropical country, and the ride over it to Coatepec, Xico and Teocelo is one of the most interesting in Mexico, through coffee and orange groves, pineapple and banana gardens.

Xico & San Rafael Railway east from the City of Mexico is to extend to Puebla.

Oaxaca & Ejutla Railway from Oaxaca southward traverses a rich mining district.

Nacozari Railway runs south from Agua Prieta in the State of Sonora to Nacozari.

Mexican National Construction Company's Railway has a line from Manzanillo on the Pacific coast to Colima, the capital of the state of that name; also a line from Zacatecas to Guadalupe and Troncoso.

Merida & Valladolid, Merida & Progreso, Merida & Peto and Merida & Izamal Railways in Yucatan form a system reaching from Progreso to the interior of the state.

United Railways of Yucatan run from Mérida southwesterly through Yucatan to Campeche, with branch lines to interior points.

Tlacotepec & Huajuapam Railway runs from Rosendo Marquez on the Mexican Southern southward through a fertile agricultural and rich mining country, and north to San Marcos.

The minor railways are Consolidated Copper, from Naco on the El Paso & Southwestern Railway; Córdoba & Huatusco, from Córdoba, on the Mexican Railway; Cardenas & Grijalva; Monte Alto Railway, from Tlalnepantla, on the National and Central; F. C. del Desague del Valle de Mexico, from Grand Canal, on the Mexican Railway; Ixtlahuaca, Mañi & Nijini Railway, from Ixtlahuaca, on the National; Torres & Prietas Railway, from Torres, on the Sonora Railway; Potosí & Rio Verde Railway, from San Luis Potosí; Mexican Mineral Railway, from Monterey; El Oro Railway, from Tultenango, on the National; Chihuahua Mineral Railway, from Chihuahua; Oblatos Railway, from Guadalajara; Salamanca & Jaral Railway, from Salamanca, on the

Central; Toluca & Tenango Railway, from Toluca; Toluca & San Juan, from Toluca; Cazadero & Solis, from Cazadero, on the Central; San Gregorio Railway, from Marfil, on the Central; Mapimí Railway, from Bermijillo, on the Central; Chalchicomula Railway, from San Andres, on the Mexican Railway; Juanacatlan Railway, from El Castillo, on the Central; Durango Central, from Conejos, on the Central.

Vanegas Cedral & Matehuala Railway runs from Vanegas to Cedral, Matehuala and Rio Verde.

From Matehuala the Provenir de Matehuala Railroad runs to El Pilar.

Rio Grande, Sierra Madre & Pacific Railway runs southwesterly from Ciudad Juarez, opposite El Paso, 155 miles to Terranza, with an ultimate destination on the Pacific Coast or that of the Gulf of California.

Tehuantepec Railway. The completion of the Tehuantepec Railway makes the shortest possible transcontinental line north of the Isthmus of Panama. The road runs from the fine harbor of Coatzacoalcos, on the Gulf, to that of Salina Cruz, on the Pacific Coast. Both harbors are amply protected and possessed of sufficient water for all practical purposes. The harbor of Coatzacoalcos was discovered by a band of Cortéz' explorers. As there was no safe road where his ships could ride off the coast of Vera Cruz, he sent an exploring party down the coast, and Coatzacoalcos was the harbor they looked for. Tehuantepec is a few miles inland from Salina Cruz on the Pacific Coast. The importance of this railroad is realized in the immense sailing distance saved on both sides, which is from 1,500 to 2,000 miles on the Gulf, and about the same on the Pacific. The Tehuantepec Railway is 192 miles long, while the Panama road is only fifty miles, but this difference does not count; when freight or passengers have to be transferred it is as well to travel 192 miles as fifty, when the saving of sea voyage is considered.

Kansas City, Mexico & Oriente Ry. is in operation east from Chihuahua, where it connects with the Mexican Central, 70 miles; west from Miñaca 35 miles and east from Topolobampo 75 miles with gaps under construction.

Steamer Lines. The principal steamer lines to and from Mexican ports are the Ward Line, New York & Cuba Mail Steamship Company, with weekly steamers between Vera Cruz, Tampico, New York and Havana, touching at Progreso, Campeche, Tuxpan and Frontera.

Other American and the European steamers make the same ports. The Atlantic & Mexican Gulf Steamship, Mexican-American; Texas City Transportation Companies operate lines between Tampico, Vera Cruz and the Gulf and Atlantic ports of the United States.

The Pacific Mail steamers, between San Francisco and Panama, touch at Salina Cruz, Acapulco, Mazatlan, Manzanillo and San Blas.

The Pacific Coast S. S. Co. operates a line of steamers between San Francisco, Cal., and the Mexican ports of Guaymas, Santa Rosalia, Pichilingoe, Topolobampo, Altata, Mazatlan, San Jose del Oabo, Magdalena Bay and Ensenada.

Inland navigation in Mexico is at present very limited; small steamers are run on Lakes Pátzcuaro and Chapala, and on some of the larger rivers of the States of Tabasco, Yucatan and Vera Cruz, and up the coast to the ports of Vera Cruz and Tampico, touching intermediate ports. The Ward Line and the Mexican Navigation Company have coastwise steamers up and down the Coast from Tampico down to Vera Cruz, Coatzacoalcos, Frontera, Campeche and Progreso. The Rio Pánuco and Támesi River are also navigated a short distance into the interior. But every one of these lines have their attractions that do not obtain on any other waters of the western world.

HERNANDO CORTEZ—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE HOSPITAL DE JESUS —CITY OF MEXICO.

Historical.

What might have served to enlighten upon the history of the earlier races that inhabited the land, was destroyed by the fanatics, who saw in the temples they found, evidences of a civilization almost superior to their own, and of a religion so nearly identical, that it seemed only a creed of the one they professed; the jealous bigotry that threw down the graven stones, and tore the pictured parchments to fragments, wiped out volumes of history and placed bloody chapters in their stead. The bigots pulled down that which in their day and generation they could not build up, placed a period and a finis to the story of the races that were there for centuries before they brought their bloody banners to these shores, till there is only here and there a sculptured wall, with mosaics more intricate than any builded since, or massive monoliths set up in pillars to grace a corridor of grander proportions than their own, and, if they could, they would have destroyed all of these works of a people who had passed away under the assaults of barbarism, at a period prior to all traditions, leaving no name, and no trace of their existence save these monuments, which, neglected and forgotten by their successors, have become the riddle of later generations.

There was a survival of the fittest. The bigot and fanatic passed away in the fire of his own kindling. The good men and true saved, as brands from the burning, some scrolls of picture writings, and from destruction saved the marvelous carvings, that hung up for ornaments, and set as treasures within our modern walls, tell us of a departed civilization, but with only a drop of the knowledge of it.

It is to be regretted that from the wreck of this primitive civilization some of the arts peculiar to it were not saved. The methods by which its astronomers succeeded in determining the apparent motion of the sun and the length of the solar year; of working and polishing crystal and other stones; of manufacturing delicate articles of use and ornament of obsidian; of casting figures of gold and of silver in one piece; of making filigree ornaments without soldering; of applying to pottery even and transparent glazes, such as are used by makers of fine ware, with colors that, after remaining

for centuries under ground, still are fresh and brilliant; of weaving extremely delicate tissues of cotton mixed with silky feathers and rabbit's fur.

The earliest data of record is in the coming of the Toltecs to Anahuac, A. D. 648, and the movements of the various tribes in the succeeding centuries till the foundation of Tenochtitlan in 1325, nearly 200 years before its destroyers came. But these dates are determined by tradition only, on which no two of the ancient chroniclers agree, but their differences are not material.

The picture writings, the only and very meager record extant, are for the most part on a cloth made of a fibre of the maguey. Most of these were destroyed by order of the over zealous of the clergy. A few of these pictures remain, some in the National Museums, some in private collections and some in the libraries of Europe.

Historians agree as to these dates:

The Toltecs appeared in 648 A. D.

The Chichimecs in 1170 A. D.

The Nahuals in 1178 A. D.

The Aztecs or Acolhuans in 1196 A. D.

It will thus be seen that the Toltecs and Aztecs that are so often spoken of in the same breath were 600 years apart.

This is the record of the nations; the names of the rulers before the 12th century are not known; the first Chichimec king named in that century was Xolotl, then through the 13th and 14th centuries in this order came Nopaltzin, Quinatzin and Tecotlalla; in 1406 Ixlilochtli commenced his reign; he was followed by Netzahualcoyotl in 1426, and he in turn by Nezahualpilli in 1470. Cacamatzin began his reign in 1516, was succeeded by Cuicuitzcatzin in 1520 and he by Coanacotzin in 1520.

Of the Aztecs little is known except that their country was known as Anahuac, and the capital Tenochtitlan, where the valley and City of Mexico is now.

The empire of the Montezumas was established about the year 1460 and continued till the arrival of the Spaniards in 1521, when Montezuma II was killed by the arrows of his own warriors when Cortéz forced him to go upon the portico of his palace to quell if possible the rioting Aztecs, who under Cuautemoc were attempting his rescue. Cuautemoc, the nephew of Montezuma, became his successor and was the last of his line, the last of the Aztec kings.

The Conquest—The name of Cortéz is synonymous with the conquest, but it was not his privilege to be the first of his race to reach the shores of the land of his brilliant adventures.

Francisco Hernandez de Córdoba discovered the coast of Yucatan, March 4, 1517. A year later another expedition was sent out by Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, under command of Don Juan de Grijálva, who came to the shores of Mexico and landed on the island of San Juan de Ulúa, opposite the present city of Vera Cruz. A good report of the land was sent back to Cuba by one of the captains, Pedro de Alvarado, later a famous officer under Cortéz, and still another fleet, larger than the others, was fitted out and placed under the command of Hernando Cortéz. Before the fleet was ready to sail the governor determined to remove Cortéz from command, which coming to the ears of the Conqueror, he prepared his ships for sea, and sailed before his removal could be accomplished, on the night of November 18, 1518, from Santiago de Cuba, touching at several other ports on the island for supplies. Cortéz finally sailed for Mexico February 18, 1519. The fleet consisted of eleven ships, carrying 110 sailors, sixteen cavalry men

MEETING OF CORTEZ AND MONTEZUMA.

with their horses, 553 foot soldiers, 200 Cuban Indians, a battery of ten small cannon and four falconets; with this army went two Indians as interpreters, captured by Córdoba in Yucatan two years previous.

On his ship Cortéz raised the standard of the conquest, a black ensign, emblazoned with the arms of Charles V., bearing the crimson cross borne in clouds, with the motto: *Amici, sequam crucem et si nos fidem habemus vere in hoc signo vincemus*—"Friends, let us follow the cross, and if we have faith we will conquer." Under this flag and the patronage of St. Peter, Cortéz sailed. On the island of Cozumel a shipwrecked Spaniard, Geronimo de Aguilar, was picked up; having been there for nearly nine years he had acquired the language and was a valuable acquisition as an interpreter.

The first landing was on March 20, 1519, near the Rio Tabasco, where there was fighting with the natives and a number made captives, among

SACRIFICE ON THE TEOCALI.

whom was La Marina, a native of Jalisco, sold here as a slave. She understood the language of the uplands as well as the coast, and thus, through her and Aguilar, Cortéz could communicate with the people. La Marina soon learned the Spanish language and became the interpreter, ally and wife of the conqueror, and bore him a son, who was called Martin, as was another son by his Spanish wife.

Leaving the River Grijalva, Cortéz sailed up the coast and dropped his anchors off Vera Cruz, April 21, 1519. Efforts to secure a peaceful reception on the part of the natives were unavailing. Discontent arose among the Spaniards. Cortéz, acting with his customary decision, burned his ships, and on the 16th of August began his march toward the capital of the Aztecs.

With little incident or opposition the brave band of adventurers reached the table-lands and after a fight with the Tlaxcalans secured them as their

allies. At Cholula, Cortéz put down a conspiracy reported to him by La Marina, which was attended by a great massacre of the Cholulans. The natives were completely terrorized by the cannon and fire-arms, and the horse and rider of the cavalry were regarded as almost a god, or at least one being, as they had never seen a horse, so the invaders proceeded on their march, unopposed, passed over the causeways of Tenochtitlan, and entered the present City of Mexico, Tuesday, November 8, 1519. The Aztec King, Montezuma, came out to meet Cortéz, tradition says, on the site of the present Hospital de Jesus, founded by him in commemoration of this meeting. The aggressions of the Spaniards, and their oppression of the Mexicans soon turned their apparent friendship to hatred, and they drove them out of the City over the Tlacopan causeway, now called Tacuba, on the night of July 1, 1520, called *la noche triste*, the Dismal Night; retreating, Cortéz fought another battle at Otumba on the 8th of July, where the Tlaxacalans came to his rescue and turned the tide of war in his favor, and he halted in the city of these allies. While at Tlaxcala reinforcements came from Cuba; powder for the cannon and small arms was made from the sulphur taken from the crater of Popocatepetl. The bergantines, small flat-bottomed boats, were built, to be put together and launched on Lake Texcoco, when Cortéz returned and commenced the siege of Tenochtitlan, December 31, 1520, operating from the town of Texcoco with a force of forty cavalry, eighty arquebusiers and cross-bowmen, 450 infantry, armed with lances and swords, and a battery of nine small cannon. This was the Spanish contingent. The native allies numbered about 125,000.

TREE OF LA NOCHE TRISTE.

Montezuma died on the 30th of June, the day before the Noche Triste, and his nephew, Guatemotzin, called also Cuautemoc, who, it is said, shot the arrow that caused Montezuma's death, was placed in command. The

siege continued till the native garrison was starved into submission, and the Spaniards made their second and triumphal entry into the City of Mexico, August 13, 1521; but they found a different city than when the meek Montezuma met them at the city gates. Almost all the treasure had been destroyed or concealed, and to extort the secret from Guatemotzin, Cortéz cruelly put him to torture, but without avail; the wealth of jewels, gold and precious stones had been thrown into the lake.

Cortéz was born in the town of Medellin, Province of Estramadura, in 1485, the son of Don Martin Cortéz de Monroy. He came to Cuba before he was twenty years of age, and later married Doña Catalina Juarez under compulsion, whom he murdered in the garden at Coyoacan. During the

DEATH OF MONTEZUMA.

conquest La Marina took the place of Doña Catalina, by whom no children were borne. A son, Don Martin, was born of La Marina, and three daughters by other Indian women of rank.

After the conquest Cortéz married Doña Juana de Zúñiga, who was called his second wife, and by whom he had three daughters and one son, also named Martin, who was heir to the conqueror's titles and estates. There was a son, Don Luis, by Antonia Hermosillo.

The two sons, both named Martin, entered into a conspiracy to secure the rulership of the province to Don Martin, the son of Doña Juana. For this his estates were confiscated, but finally restored to him. He married and left a son, Hernando, the third Marques of the Valley, whose son, Don Pedro, the fourth Marques, lived on the estates until 1629, dying in that year without male issue. Through the daughters the property passed to the Neapolitan Dukes of Monteleone, which family still controls the vast estates.

Hernando Cortéz, the Conqueror, died in the town of Castelleja de la Questa, in Spain, December 2, 1547.

The Viceroys—Mexico was under the dominion of Spain for 300 years, during which time there were five Governors, two Audencias and sixty-two Viceroys. Cortéz was the first Governor; the others were military commanders of the time. The Audencias, composed of three to five members each, were torn by envies and jealousies and proved entirely unsatisfactory, so the government by the Viceroys was resorted to. The most prominent, with the important incidents of their administrations, are recorded here. Don Antonio de Mendoza was the first Viceroy, continuing in office from 1535 to 1550. He brought the first printing press and printed the first book in Mexico. He extended the domain to Morelia and Guadalajara, and opened the mines of Zacatecas and Guanajuato, and during his administration the first money of Mexico was coined.

Don Luis de Velasco, the second Viceroy, held the office from 1550 to 1564, and extended the territory of the province northward to Durango. He freed 150,000 Indians held as slaves by the Spaniards, and founded many important institutions, among them Hospital Real and the University. During his time the patio process for the reduction of silver was invented at Pachuca by Bartolomé de Medina. He built the dyke of San Lazaro after the first inundation of the city in 1552. Loved and lamented, he died in the City of Mexico, July 31, 1564.

Don Martin Enriquez de Almanza was the fourth Viceroy, from 1568 to 1580. The first stone of the Cathedral was laid during his reign and the Inquisition established.

The seventh Viceroy was Don Alonzo Manrique de Zúñiga, 1585 to 1590; he was instrumental in extending the commerce of the country.

The eighth Viceroy was Don Luis de Velasco, son of the second Viceroy, who established internal manufactures and commenced the extension of territory into New Mexico in the years 1590 to 1595; after an absence as Viceroy of Peru he was again Viceroy from 1607 to 1611, during which time the great Tajo de Nochistongo was begun, and the Alameda established.

The ninth Viceroy was Don Gaspar de Zúñiga y Acevedo, Conde de Monterey, who ruled from 1595 to 1603. He extended the domain to California and founded the town of Monterey, California, and the one in Mexico; he removed the city of Vera Cruz to its present site. Don Diego Carrillo Mendoza, Marques de Galves, was the fourteenth Viceroy, 1621 to 1624, doing much to exterminate the bandits that infested the highways of Mexico. For the honor of this Viceroy the town of Galveston, Tex., was named. The twenty-second Viceroy, Don Francisco Fernandez de la Cueva, Duque de Alburquerque, in 1653-60, colonized New Mexico, and founded the town of Alburquerque.

The worthy Fray Payo de Rivera Enriquez was the twenty-seventh Viceroy, and also Archbishop of Mexico, from 1673 to 1680. During his reign, the causeway and aqueduct of Guadalupe was built. Don Melchor Portocarrero Lazo de la Vega, Conde de la Monclova, twenty-ninth Viceroy, 1686 to 1688, built, at his own expense, the aqueduct of Chapultepec, colonized the State of Coahuila, and founded the town of Monclova. Don Gaspar de la Cerdo Sandoval Silva y Mendoza, Conde de Galve, was the thirtieth Viceroy, from 1688 to 1696, during which the domain was extended to include Texas, and under his direction the town of Pensacola, Fla., was founded, in 1692.

The thirty-second Viceroy was Don José Sarmiento Valladares, Conde de Moctezuma, which title of Conde came through his wife, a lineal descendant of Moctezuma II. Don Juan de Acuña, Marques de Casafuerte, was the thirty-

seventh of the line of Viceroys. During his reign, from 1722 to 1734, the first newspaper, Gaceta de Mexico, was published. Don Pedro Cebrian y Agustin, Conde de Fuenclara, was the fortieth Viceroy, from 1742 to 1746, during which years the State of Tamaulipas was colonized.

Don Joaquin de Monserratte, Marques de Cruillas, forty-fourth Viceroy, established the first regular army in Mexico between 1760 and 1766, and caused the houses in the City of Mexico to be numbered. Don Carlos Francisco de Croix, Marques de Croix, was forty-fifth Viceroy, from 1766 to 1771. He expelled the Jesuits from Mexico and extended the Alameda to its present dimensions.

The forty-sixth Viceroy was Don Antonio Maria de Bucareli y Ursúa, from 1771 to 1779. Mining and minting was greatly increased during his reign, and nearly $130,000,000 was sent to Spain. He died in Mexico, and is buried in the church at Guadalupe; a bronze tablet in the floor of the great church of Guadalupe marks his last resting-place. He fostered the military, but encouraged the commerce of the country till it reached an unprecedented activity. Besides other great public works he completed the aqeduct of Chapultepec at his own expense.

TORTURE OF CUAUTEMOC.

Don Juan Vicente de Güemes Pacheco de Padilla, Conde de Revillagigedo, was the fifty-second Viceroy and the great reformer of the period, 1789-94. He paved and sewered the city, executed bandits, and sent out exploring expeditions, one of which penetrated Alaska. He attended the erection of public works in person, and was on the alert day and night, so that nothing escaped him. It is said that one night he tripped on an uneven piece of pavement, and had the workmen called from their beds and told them to have it fixed before morning. On another occasion he found a street that was barricaded by some native huts. He sent for an officer and ordered the street opened, so he could pass through on his way to mass next morning. To this day the street is called Calle Revillagigedo.

Don Miguel de la Grua Salamanca, Marques de Branciforte, was the fifty-third Viceroy. During his reign, 1794-98, Florida was ceded to France—that portion east of the Perdido River.

Don José de Iturrigaray, the fifty-sixth Viceroy, 1803-8, for his favors to the native element during the interregnum between Ferdinand VII. and Joseph Bonaparte, was arrested, imprisoned on the island of San Juan de Ulúa, and sent back to Spain. The fifty-seventh Viceroy was Don Pedro de Garibay. He executed the Licenciado Verdad, the first martyr of Mexican independence.

Garibay was succeeded by the then Archbishop of Mexico, Francisco Javier de Lizana, as fifty-eighth Viceroy.

The Revolution—The Viceroys from 1809 were beset in all directions by the revolutionary spirit that was afire throughout the country. The first conspiracy was discovered in Michoacan and promptly stamped out. In 1810 the first decisive steps of the Revolution were taken by the joint action of the patriot priest, Hidalgo, in the town of Dolores, in the State of Guanajuato, and Allende, Aldama, together with the officers of the Queen's regiment (then garrisoned at San Miguel), and greatly assisted by Doña Josefa Ortiz of Queré-

STATUE OF CHARLES IV.

taro, who, under pretense of a literary society, was holding patriotic meetings at her house. These plans were discovered and the patriots compelled to act before they were quite ready. During the night of the 16th of September, Sunday, the comrades came to the house of Hidalgo, in Dolores, and told him of the discovery of the plot. The padre said they must act at once; at early mass he told the people that the yoke was no longer Spanish, but French, and the time for its throwing off had come; his people responded and he set out with Allende and his companions at the head of a band of 300 men armed only with clubs and knives. As they passed the Santuário de Atotonilco,

Hidalgo took from the altar the banner of Guadalupe, and it became the standard of Independence. At San Miguel, the regiment of Allende joined the insurgents, the march to Guanajuato was commenced, the people of the country flocked to his aid, and he came to the town with a heavy force; the Alhondiga de Granaditas was taken, and the city occupied by the patriots.

The march thence was toward Morelia, then called Valladolid, and thence towards the capital, his forces being constantly augmented, and at Las Cruces, almost within sight of the city, October 30, 1810, met the Royal troops and drove them back, but for some reason Hidalgo himself decided to retreat, and retired towards the interior, encountering the Royalists again November 7th, near Aculco, where he was defeated and driven back, but reached Guadalajara in safety, and organized a government there. Hidalgo met the Spaniards again January 16, 1811, on the bridge of Calderon and had his little army dispersed.

The defeated patriots made their way northward with the hope of reaching the United States in safety, but were betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards, and were captured in the little town of Acatita de Bajan, on the 21st of May, 1811, and conveyed to Chihuahua, where they were executed, Hidalgo on the 31st of July, Allende, Aldama and Jimenez on the 26th.

The death of these leaders had only a stimulating effect on the cause of Independence. The entire country was aroused and a desultory war carried on in every district for more than four years, until the execution of Morelos at the orders of the Inquisition, December 22, 1815, at Valladolid, now called Morelia, in honor of the patriot. As fast as they were captured the patriots were shot, but others came to take their places, and in some cases came over from the Royalist forces, as in the case of Yturbide, who captured and shot Matamoras at Valladolid, February 3, 1814, and seven days later himself promulgated the cause of Independence; the famous Plan of Iguala, which was the establishment of the Roman Catholic church to the exclusion of all others; the absolute Independence of Mexico as a moderate monarchy, with a Spanish prince on the throne; the union and equality of Mexicans and Spaniards. These three clauses were called "the three guarantees," represented in the national colors: green, union of the Mexicans and Spaniards; white, religious purity; red, independence.

Yturbide's army, known as the "Army of the Three Guarantees," finally accomplished the Independence of Mexico.

The cities of Valladolid, Querétaro and Puebla were captured, the latter on August 2, 1821, and at once commenced the siege of the capital. The last Viceroy, Juan O'Donoju, had just arrived at Vera Cruz. He found that he could not reach the City of Mexico and set about arranging a personal interview with Yturbide, which occurred at Córdoba, on August 23, 1821, and an agreement, known as the Treaty of Córdoba, was drawn on the lines of the Plan of Iguala, with amendment that O'Donoju should be one of the regents to govern Mexico until a king could be selected. This arrangement practically ended Spanish rule in Mexico. Yturbide returned to his army, and on September 21, 1821, entered the City of Mexico in triumph. The territory within the boundaries of Mexico at that time included Guatemala, all of the present Republic of Mexico, and that part of the United States from the Red and Arkansas Rivers to the Pacific Coast, extending north to the British possessions,—one of the greatest empires of the earth.

Agustin de Yturbide was born in Valladolid, now Morelia, September 27, 1783, joined the army at the early age of fifteen, and by his merit as a soldier was rapidly advanced. He was never in favor of the Republic, though he desired the Independence of Mexico, and probably hoped for his own enthronement, which was accomplished for a brief season.

On the 24th of February, 1822, the first Congress of Mexico assembled in the capital. Their election had been provided for by a committee of regency based on the Plan of Iguala and the Treaty of Córdoba. Almost immediately there were two important factions among the people. They resolved themselves into two political parties, one composed of the army and the church, that had for its object the placing of Yturbide upon the throne. The other party, composed mostly of prominent people, had an idea of an Empire under a prince of Spain. The Spanish Cortéz had, in the meantime, February 13, 1822, annulled the Treaty of Córdoba. This gave encouragement to the army

MONUMENT TO HIDALGO, CHIHUAHUA.

and clergy party, and Congress was forced to make selection of an Emperor. On May 19, 1822, Yturbide was elected by a vote of 67 to 15, and on the 21st of July of that year Yturbide and his wife were crowned in the Cathedral as Emperor and Empress of Mexico. The Emperor was titled Agustin I. The Empire was short-lived. Congress, which had been friendly to Yturbide, was dissolved by him and a sort of parliament organized, called a "Junta."

Before the end of the year the Empire came to an end by the proclamation of a Republic on December 6, 1822, at Vera Cruz, by General Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, and early in January the entire country had gathered under the banner of the Republic, leaving only the City of Mexico as the Empire. Yturbide called Congress together, tendered his resignation, which was not accepted, as the election had not been regarded as legal, and his actions as Emperor were also illegal. He was banished from the country, but granted a pension of $25,000 for his previous services to the country.

He went to England, and from London wrote to the Government warning them of the machinations of the clergy for the restoration of the Spanish rule in Mexico, and offering his services in defense against them. Congress did not accept the information or his services, and at once a decree was issued pronouncing Yturbide a traitor and placing the penalty of death, should he return to Mexico. Yturbide was ignorant of the issuance of this decree and returned to Mexico, landing at Soto la Marina, a little town on the Gulf coast, in the State of Tamaulipas, north of Tampico. He was arrested at once and taken before the legislature of Tamaulipas, then in session, condemned to death, and shot July 19, 1824.

The second Congress, really the first of the Republic, assembled in the capital on the 7th of November, 1823, adopting a Constitution very similar to that of the United States, giving to the several states of Mexico similar rights to those of the United States. It created a National Congress, to be composed of a Senate and Chamber of Deputies, placing the executive power in the hands of a President, and the judicial in the Supreme and Circuit Courts. This Constitution was proclaimed on the 4th of October, 1824, and on the 10th of that month the first President of Mexico, General Guadalupe Victoria, took the oath of office. Congress was dissolved on the 24th of December, 1824, and the first Constitutional Congress convened January 1, 1825. In that year Fort Juan de Ulúa, the only place held by the Spanish, was evacuated and the Republic of Mexico was recognized by the United States and England.

From 1828 to 1846 there was a series of revolutions, growing out of the disregard of the election between the Centralists and the Federalists. The second election for President occurred in 1828, when General Gomez Pedraza was elected, General Santa Ana dissenting and starting a revolution, which placed General Vicente Guerrero in office.

Congress passed an act on the 20th of March, 1829, banishing all Spaniards from Mexico, which, of course, brought retaliation from Spain. A force was organized in Cuba, which landed at Tampico in July, 1829. This invasion was met by the opposition of all the people in Mexico. Santa Ana organized a force at Vera Cruz and proceeded to Tampico, which was reënforced by General Mier y Teran. A battle occurred on the 9th of September, which, on the 11th, was followed by the surrender of the Spanish invaders. This was the last act of the Spaniards to regain possession of Mexico, and was followed by the recognition of the Republic by Spain, December 28, 1836.

The Liberal Congress, in March, 1833, commenced the enaction of laws against the clergy, tending to the abolishment of monasteries and convents, and to forbid the priests teaching in State or National schools. This law was, however, withdrawn by Santa Ana in 1834.

While these stormy scenes were being enacted in Mexico, that part of the great Empire known as Texas had been settled, to some degree, by Americans, who, in 1835, under the leadership of Sam Houston, declared their Independence.

General Santa Ana was in command of the army sent to quell the revolution, and was met by the Texans in several bloody battles, among which was the massacre of the Alamo on the 6th of March, 1836, and at Goliad on the 27th, in which nearly 600 Texans were slain.

General Santa Ana was defeated at the battle of San Jacinto, near Galveston, and the next morning, April 22nd, was made prisoner. This battle and the capture of the President and Chief General of Mexico practically ended the war and made Texas an independent State.

Texas existed as a separate Republic until 1844, being recognized by the United States and the European powers. On the 12th of April, 1844, a treaty was concluded between President Tyler and the Texans, by which Texas was

HOUSE OF CORTEZ AT COYOACAN.

admitted as one of the United States. This treaty was ratified by Congress in March, 1845, which action, of course, did not meet with the approval of the Mexicans. As Texas was an independent power and had been recognized as such by the Mexican Government, their right to be annexed by the United States was not questioned by any other power.

This was the beginning of the Mexican War, and the first battle was fought April 24, 1846, in which sixteen Americans were killed and wounded, and the remaining force captured. In the next battles, which were Palo Alto, on May 8th, and Resaca de la Palma on the next day (both of these places in Texas), the Mexicans were defeated.

General Taylor crossed the Rio Grande at its mouth, on May the 18th, and occupied the Mexican town of Matamoros. The Americans had provided for the prosecution of the war by an appropriation of $10,000,000 and 50,000

volunteers were called for. Before the war commenced an envoy of the United States, Mr. Slidell, had been refused an audience by General Paredes, who had obtained the place of the Presidential office of Mexico, so that all efforts looking to a peaceful settlement were abandoned. General Taylor advanced from the Rio Grande, captured Monterey September 20, 1846, and on the 23d of February, 1847, fought another battle at Buena Vista, about five miles south of Saltillo.

Generals Doniphan and Price marched through New Mexico, where they had engagements with Indians, then proceeded in the direction of Chihuahua, which they occupied on the 28th of February, 1847, after the battle of Sacramento. General, then Captain Fremont, acting under orders from the Government at Washington, started a revolution against Mexico in California, and on the 7th of July, 1846, Commodore Sloat occupied the town of Monterey, Cal., and the next day Commander Montgomery occupied San Francisco. On the 17th of August, Commodore Stockton issued a proclamation taking possession of California, complete occupation of the State being made by Stockton and Kearney.

The expedition against the Mexican capital was under General Winfield Scott, who landed at Vera Cruz March 9, 1847, and captured the city after five days' bombardment, on the 27th of March. On his march toward the capital he met General Santa Ana at Cerro Gordo, and defeated him on the 18th of April. Without further opposition General Scott reached Puebla, and entered the Valley of Mexico on the 9th of August, defeated the Mexicans at Padierna, August 20th, and marched to the field of Churubusco on the same day.

On the 8th of September occurred the battles, Molino del Rey and Casa Mata, and, on the 12th and 13th stormed the castle of Chapultepec, so gallantly defended by the cadets of the military academy, and took possession of Belem and San Cosme, entering the City of Mexico on the 15th of September, 1847. A treaty of peace called the "Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo," was concluded on the 2d of February, 1848, by which Mexico ceded to the United States all the territory north and east of the Rio Grande, for which the United States Government agreed to pay to Mexico the sum of $15,000,000, thus concluding a war, whose settlement, on its face, would seem to be the most liberal in the history of wars, but concluding a war that General Grant pronounced the most unholy and unjust ever waged by a stronger nation against a weaker one.

In 1851 Mariano Arista was elected President. In less than two years, in the midst of a revolution, he resigned the place. The following two years, from 1853 to 1855, General Santa Ana was Dictator. On December the 12th, 1855, Comonfort was elected President, commencing his administration with the enforcement of the laws against the Church.

In 1856 he ordered the sale of all landed estates owned by the Church, the Church to receive the money, and the ownership of the lands passing to private individuals. In the same year, September 16th, he announced the suppression of the Monks, which was instigated by a conspiracy of the San Franciscans. During his administration a new Constitution was framed and adopted, February 5, 1857, Comonfort remaining as President until the election under the new Constitution, when he was elected to succeed himself. He entered upon his second term, December 1, 1857, and one of his first acts was to overthrow the Constitution that he had sworn to support. He dissolved Congress in December and imprisoned Benito Juarez, who had been elected his successor. All of his plans failed, he left the country in 1858, and did not return until the French Intervention, when he joined the Mexicans against

Maximilian. After the departure of Comonfort, Juarez became the Constitutional President, but was compelled to abandon the capital, and at once set out for Guadalajara, where his Government was organized. He proceeded to the Pacific Coast, thence to the United States, returning to Vera Cruz, from which point he administered the Government. During this time another Government was in existence in the City of Mexico, under Felix Zuloaga, whose administration commenced a vigorous prosecution of the War of the Reform, which extended over the entire country. In this Juarez took prominent part by his proclamation of the Laws of the Reform at a time when there seemed the least possible chance of success. This was the bitterest war in the history of Mexico. Juarez' proclamation was dated July 12, 1859, and had the effect of

MINT AT CHIHUAHUA, HIDALGO'S PRISON.

a settlement of the causes of the dissensions of fifty years. Juarez entered the City of Mexico, January 11, 1861, and commenced operation of the Laws of the Reform from the capital.

In 1861, July the 17th, the Mexican Congress passed a law suspending payment on the bonds and interest of the Republic held by foreigners. This law gave the European powers an excuse for the intervention. The first intervention in Mexican affairs, however, was during the administration of General Bustamente, when a claim of $600,000 was made by France for damages suffered by French subjects during the various wars.

One of the items of this claim was made by a French cook for $60,000 worth of pies, alleged to have been stolen from him by the soldiers. This claim of the French was derisively called "La Reclamacion de los Pasteles," the claim of the pies. A French fleet arrived off Vera Cruz October 27, 1839, and captured the city on the 5th of December, on which day the French were attacked

and driven back to their ships by General Santa Ana, who in this battle lost his leg. A treaty was concluded in March, 1839, when the full claim of $600,000 was paid.

The intervention of 1861 was then the second, and the outcome of an agreement called the Treaty of London, entered into October 31, 1861, between France, England and Spain, binding these nations to occupy the coast of Mexico, with the idea to put the Mexicans in a position to establish a government of their own.

The fleet of the allies arrived at Vera Cruz in December, 1861, and January, 1862, bringing commissioners—General Prim, of Spain; M. de Saligny, of France, and Admiral Wyke, of England—who were authorized to treat with the representatives of the Mexican Government. These commissioners issued a proclamation declaring that their presence in Mexico was for the purpose and question of finance only. A conference between the Government and the commissioners, called the Treaty of La Soledad, signed February 19, 1862, allowed the Spanish troops to advance as far as Orizaba, and the French troops to Tehuacan. The English made no advance of troops into the interior; in fact, only 1,000 marines had accompanied the English fleet as a guard of honor. It was stipulated that the troops should be withdrawn as soon as the treaty should be confirmed by the English and French commissioners. The Spanish forces were withdrawn, and the English and Spanish ships left Vera Cruz. The French troops remained, and were reënforced in March to the number of 40,000 men under Marshal Forey, who arrived in Mexico in January, 1863. Their advance towards the capital was repulsed at Puebla on the 5th of May, 1862, by General Zaragoza's troops. Puebla was captured on the 17th of May of that year.

Juarez abandoned the capital and the French soldiers entered the City of Mexico June 9, 1863. On the 10th of July, 1863, an "Assembly of Notables" was called together in the City of Mexico, and a declaration made by that body to the effect that Mexico should be governed by a hereditary Monarchy, under a Catholic prince, and that the throne should be offered to Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, also a representative of the ruling house of Spain, and brought Mexico, in 1863, practically to the position she occupied in 1821. Maximilian accepted the throne on two conditions: first, that he should be elected by a popular vote in Mexico; second, that the Emperor Napoleon should give him military aid as long as it should be necessary.

Maximilian arrived in the City of Mexico, June 12, 1864, with his wife, Carlotta, daughter of Leopold I., King of the Belgians. They were crowned Emperor and Empress in the Cathedral in the City of Mexico.

Maximilian continued to enforce the Laws of the Reform, and thus increased the opposition of the Clerical party. As President Juarez had, or was believed to have, abandoned the country, Maximilian issued a decree declaring the war at an end and all persons in arms against the Government to be bandits, and when captured should be shot. The decree aroused bitterness of opposition throughout the country, following the execution of Generals Arteago, Salazar, Villagomez and Felix Diaz. The opposition to Maximilian was not confined to Mexico. The United States Government was opposed to the reëstablishment of a monarchy on the western continent. Secretary Seward informed the French in a diplomatic way that, as soon as he could be relieved of some little difficulties that he had on his hands in his own country at that time, he would look upon the occupation of Mexico by the French army as a grave reflection on the United States, and that the United States could not tolerate the establishment of an Empire in Mexico based on military support of a foreign country.

Napoleon, on reception of this note, abandoned Maximilian, and ordered the evacuation by the French in November, 1866. Maximilian had not secured the support of either of the parties of Mexico. He had burdened the country with an excessive debt, due possibly to evil councilors, one of which was Marshal Bazaine. The collapse of the Empire was immediate. The appeal of Carlotta to the French Emperor and to the Pope was unavailing. The last of the troops left Mexico in February, 1867. Maximilian decided first to leave the country, but reconsidered his decision and concluded to remain.

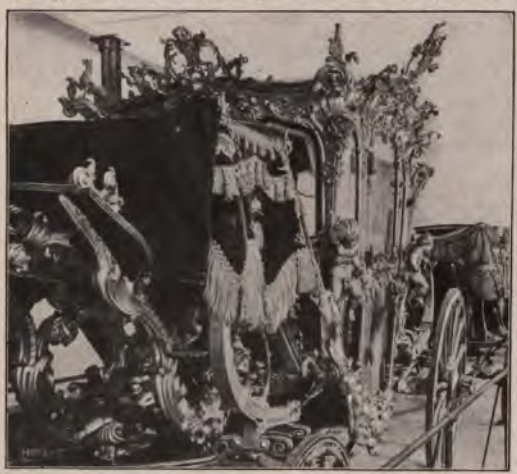
President Juarez had left Paso del Norte and was advancing southward; during all of this time he had maintained his authority as President of the Republic.

THE GARDEN--CHAPULTEPEC.

General Miramon was sent out to capture Juarez and was defeated at San Jacinto on the 1st of February, 1867, and fell back to Querétaro, where he was joined by Maximilian. While these movements were being prosecuted in the North, General Porfirio Diaz captured Puebla on April 2, after a siege of twenty-five days, and defeated Márquez at San Lorenzo on April 11, and at once commenced siege of the City of Mexico. General Escobedo commenced a siege of Querétaro in March and continued it until its capture on the 15th of May. Maximilian was captured on the stony hill called Cerro de Las Campanas, and on the spot where he was captured he was executed, together with

his Generals, Miramon and Mexia, at seven o'clock on the morning of June 19, 1867. A request from the United States Government that the life of Maximilian be spared was not heeded. Nineteen Generals of Maximilian's army were also condemned to be shot, but were pardoned by President Juarez.

The City of Mexico surrendered to General Diaz June 21, and President Juarez entered the capital on July 25, 1867. The Constitution of 1857 was placed in effect throughout Mexico, a new Congress was convened, and Juarez reëlected President October 12, 1871. During this administration the various railway and telegraph lines were projected. They were only slight disturbances that occurred in Mexico after the fall of the Empire. In a subsequent election the opposing candidates were Juarez, Lerdo de Tejada and Porfirio Diaz. Juarez was elected December 1, 1871, and took his seat for the third time, the result of which was a slight revolution, occurring in various parts of the country. These were headed by Porfirio Diaz on his Hacienda of La Noria, in Oaxaca. A manifesto was issued proposing a convention and assembly of Notables, to reorganize a government with Diaz as commander-in-chief of the army, until the establishment of such government. The movement was interrupted by the death of Juarez and the succession of the President of the Supreme Court, Lerdo de Tejada. The administration of Lerdo was peaceful, and he was elected President December 1, 1872, continuing in office for three years, during which time the railroad between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, called the Mexican Railway, was opened on January 1, 1873.



MAXIMILIAN'S COACH OF STATE.

Another Revolution occurred in Oaxaca, January 15, 1876, and once more the country was in the midst of a strife. Lerdo was forced to leave the country, and General Diaz entered the City of Mexico November 24, 1876, and was proclaimed President; on the 6th of May, 1877, he was declared Constitutional President, in which office he remained until November 30, 1880, during which time he put down small revolutions and executed nine Revolutionists on June 24, 1879.

On the 25th of September, 1880, Congress elected General Manuel Gonzales President. During the administration of General Gonzales the celebrated Nickel riots of 1883 occurred, the common people refusing to accept nickel coin in the place of silver and copper, entailing on them considerable loss. The national debt of Mexico was also greatly increased, and his administration was practically a financial failure.

General Diaz was again elected President and took the oath of office December 1, 1884, and at each recurring election to 1906 succeeded himself. On taking the office in 1884 he found an absolutely empty treasury and a country

without credit. It was a condition and not a theory that confronted Diaz—a condition that theories alone could not ameliorate. Urgent and immediate action was the only remedy for the deplorable state of the country. General Diaz was the man of action, man of the hour, and delayed not till the morrow. To perceive a need, with him, was to act at once, and to promote the prosperity and peace of his country was his only aim. The railroads and the telegraphs had only been proposed; the commerce of the country was in a state of lethargy. Diaz' quick, restless, active disposition called it to life, and his liberal, wise and efficient administration of the Government made it possible to complete the enterprises of communication and commerce, and it so promoted the internal improvements in every direction that his own acts have placed President Diaz among the foremost statesmen of the world.

A patriotic Mexican writer says: "With the restless, inconstant character of our race, the long tenure of office by one man is one of the greatest dangers of the peace of the nation. Yet, notwithstanding, General Diaz has succeeded in avoiding shipwreck on this shoal, making himself all but indispensable to the completion of the reconstructive and conciliatory work of which he is the true and only author. The work of pacification accomplished by General Diaz has consisted in the strengthening of the central power, and the discreet use of his personal prestige and influence for the purpose of securing in all the states of the Mexican Union the election of governors attached to him personally, and resolved to second him at any cost in the task of assuring to the country the supreme benefit of peace, as the most imperious necessity of the Mexican people. The patriotic conviction of the urgency, for a nation bleeding and weakened as ours has been, of a convalescent political regime to enable us to recuperate our shattered strength, has facilitated the insensible and voluntary creation of a system of governmental discipline wherein the federated units, like the wheels of an immense machine, receive without shock the impulse of force which is conveyed to them from the great central motor."

ENTRANCE OF CORTEZ INTO TENOCHTITLAN.

IN THE HALLS OF HER ANCESTORS.

Practical Matters.

Travel in Mexico is attended by all the comforts and very many of the luxuries that are found on the railway and steamer lines of the United States, where the science of travel has well nigh been perfected. Passenger trains are composed of coaches of American manufacture and are for passengers of the first, second and third classes, with all the accommodations found in modern cars. Pullman sleeping cars are attached to the through express trains of the trunk lines between the United States and Mexico, and on side lines and branch roads of importance.

The dining-car and buffet service is yet in its infancy, but the wayside restaurant is as a rule good and up to the average.

Railway Tickets are regulated by a code of rules, similar to those in effect in the United States. They are first, second and third class, at prices in accordance with accommodations furnished. Through unlimited tickets, good till used and to stop over, on notification to the conductor, anywhere and for any length of time; limited and excursion tickets are good to stop over within their limit; local or continuous passage tickets must be used through to destination.

Baggage and Customs Regulations. On arrival at the border cities, travelers should have their baggage ready for examination by the Mexican officials, and on the return by the Americans. The duty is quickly and courteously performed, without trouble or annoyance to the well-intending traveler. Hand baggage should be taken to the baggage-room of the station, where the trunks are also taken by baggage men to be opened by the owners, or left in the sleeping-cars, according to local regulations. No fees are required or expected, and it is bad taste to offer them. Nothing except wearing apparel, watches and jewels worn on the person, fire-arms, tools of trade, a camera in use, a broken package of cigars or cigarettes, and such other articles, are on the free list. On the return the American officers are equally polite and courteous, and their examination a mere form, but under the law nothing is free except wearing apparel, hoop-poles, skeletons, sauer kraut, bologna

and joss sticks, zerapes, etc. The 99 cigar fallacy is long ago exploded, idols, antiquities, and presents for friends at home, are all dutiable, though they are passed free in small quantities for personal use, to a total value of $100.

The baggage regulations on the railways are the same as in the United States to holders of tickets purchased in this country—150 pounds free on each full ticket and 75 pounds on half tickets. On first class tickets within the Republic 50 kilograms, or 110 pounds, is the limit of baggage carried free. On those leading to the United States or other foreign countries the full 150 pounds is allowed. Agents of transfer companies board incoming trains as they approach the larger cities and check baggage to hotels or residences, call for baggage to be checked to all points in the Republic and the border cities. Cargadores (public porters, with numbered badges indicating a license) may be trusted with baggage to and from trains. Give the man a written address and take his number.

Money—The money of Mexico is the same as that of the United States—i. e., dollars and cents—called in Spanish *pesos y centavos;* that is the legal way of counting it, as enacted by a law taking effect in 1890, but the people still use the old system to some extent, though they understand both. A *tlaco* is a cent and a half, a *cuartilla* is three cents; these are of copper and now almost out of circulation. The old silver coins were the *medio*, 6¼ cents; *real*, 12½ cents, also called in; the quarter and half dollars are rarely so called, they are *dos reales* (pronounced do re-al-es), and *cuatro reales;* and seventy-five cents is *seis reales*. Regardless of the law to the contrary, prices are quoted in *reales*, up to one dollar, then in most cases it is *pesos y reales*, thus: a dollar and a half is *un peso y cuatro reales;* one dollar and four reales.

The fifty-cent piece is sometimes called a *toston*, and 25 cents a *peseta*, though rarely. The Mexicans make change to a nicety and are credited with splitting tlacos, literally, and with a hatchet.

Gold is little used—but under the recent laws the $5, $10 and $20 coins are coming into circulation. The legal value of the Mexican *peso* is 50 cents gold.

The paper money in circuation is in notes of the National Bank of Mexico, the State banks and the Bank of London, Mexico and South America all

passing at par, except in rare cases some of the State banks beyond the limits of the State where issued, then only at a slight discount.

Silver is to be depended upon at all times, but it is too bulky and heavy to carry in large amounts. The native possessed of a sufficiency carries it in a hand bag attached to a strap over the shoulder.

It is not necessary to buy Mexican money before reaching the border; in fact, it is better not to do so, as better rates of exchange can be obtained there and in Mexico. The ticket agents at Juarez City, opposite El Paso; City of Porfirio Diaz, opposite Eagle Pass, and New Laredo, opposite Laredo, can always furnish sufficient funds to reach the interior, where American paper is par or premium, as also Wells-Fargo or American Express cheques.

The gold and silver is not so acceptable; New York exchange commands par or premium.

Measures and Distances—A *vara* is 33½ inches and corresponds to the yard in the dry goods stores. A *metre* is a yard and a tenth, and a *pie* is about 11 inches, corresponding to the foot, and is so translated into English; a *pulgada* is about an inch. The law recently enacted requires the use of the metric system in selling goods, hence the vara is a thing of the past and the metre is the measure of Mexico. A *kilometer* is about five-eighths of a mile, and a *legua*, in English a league, is about 2.6 miles, the mile (*milla*) not being used except on rare occasions; all measures and weights must have the governmental stamp to show that they are correct.

Climate—Because it is in the far south, because it lies almost wholly within the tropics and near the equator, Mexico is supposed to be a warm country; the contrary is the case. The climate is the most equable in the world; the only difference between summer and winter is, that in the summer it rains almost every day, while in winter there is scarcely a shower during the whole season.

It is the extremely high altitudes of nearly all the cities and towns of Mexico, except those near the coast, that give them the delightful and healthful climate they possess. The rays of a tropic sun are tempered by cooling breezes blowing over snow-clad mountains. The time for a tour of Mexico may be at the tourist's convenience. Traveling is pleasant at all seasons. The only places to be avoided in summer are those in the *tierra caliente*, Vera Cruz, Tampico and other cities very near the sea coast, and except at these places it is healthful at all times. Really, Mexico is seen at its best in the "rainy season"— that is, between May and October—when the fields are green and the whole country is ablossom from the summer rains. There are no long rainy spells lasting two or three days; there is a shower every afternoon or evening; this may be depended upon, and outings arranged for the morning or forenoon. This program should be followed in the winter as well, for if there are any winds to blow the dust and sand of the plains or the waves of the lakes, they will come in the afternoon.

Clothing—The proper clothing is that used in the United States for spring and autumn wear; light overcoats and wraps are needed only after nightfall or at points of extremely high altitudes. For travel in lower levels of the *tierra caliente* summer clothing will be needed and ladies will rejoice in the possession of a "shirt-waist."

Cabs and Carriages—If we could strike an average between the coach of state of the Emperor Maximilian, as shown in the National Museum, and the "red-flag" cab of the streets, the City of Mexico would have the finest cabs in the world; as it is, she has more different kinds than any other city. They are good, bad and indifferent, carrying little tin flags, about two by four inches, when not engaged. These flags indicate the class and rates of fare.

The blue-flag rates are one dollar per hour for one or more passengers. The red flag indicates seventy-five cents per hour and thirty-seven cents per half hour. Ten or twelve cents may be added to these rates as a fee to the driver, and another to the small boy who may have been on the box with the driver and who may have opened the door for you. But this is as you please. If an attempt to overcharge is made, a request for the "*numero*" usually effects his departure in short order. After 10 p. m. the red flag charge is $1 per hour, the blue $2, and on Sundays and Feast days, these rates are increased, the red charge is $1, and the blue $1.50 per hour. Double rates are charged on Carnival Tuesday, Combat of the Flowers, Covadonga Feast and All Souls' Day.

At all times half hour is half the rate; three quarters are counted as one hour; if for longer than an hour, say *por hora* and get in. Compare your time with the driver and dismiss him promptly at the end of the ride. The hackman of Mexico differs not from his brethren in all the other parts of the world, and further advice to the traveler would be a waste of words.

Street Cars—The street car of Mexico, in the smaller towns, is a mule car, the mule figuring as the almost universal motive power, standing still at times, looking without life, but when the word is given he goes with a rush, galloping to the other end of the line with all his might, as if in a hurry to get where he can stand still again. The driver simply holds the reins and lets the mule go, his, the man's, duty being principally to wind the brake, blow a tin horn at street intersections, and to frighten, though he always fails, the droves of donkeys — though this is not the fault of the horn, which is not unlike the campaign horn, or the Christmas horn of the American small boy, as highly hideous in its hootings —but without effect on the burros, which regard them not, and listen even lightly to the hissing whistles and *andele! andele!!* of their own drivers, but the street cars have the right of way and hurry on through the droves, often jostling the heavy loads of the passing burro. There are first and second-class cars going in pairs within a block of each other, the best car first. The first-class cars are painted buff and the others green. The fares are from five to twenty-five cents, according to the distance traveled. The second-class fares are cheaper. The conductor sells tickets and a collector boards the car at certain points and takes them up, thus doing away with the bell punch. At least this was the old way, but the new company has adopted the bell punch and the indicator for the recording of fares, and thus another of the quaint customs of this country has gone by. Special cars may be hired for parties; these bear the legend "Especial" over the lamp, and the public do not attempt to use them. There are also freight cars, box cars and flat cars, and cars for sheep and goats. And there is in Mexico, as nowhere else, a funeral car, with a raised dais and catafalque beneath a four-post canopy capped with a cross. The funeral car is painted black or white. These cars, with a number of "Especiales," with closely drawn curtains, make up a funeral train for those not able to hire a hearse and carriages. The name tramway is in use, and is translated to Spanish as tran-via. The system in the City of Mexico is a fine one, nearly all the lines starting from the main plaza

and returning there. Electricity is the motive power in the Capital and the larger cities. The cars are as fine as are to be found anywhere. There are some splendid open cars for suburban excursions.

Hotels and Restaurants—More has been said against the hotels and restaurants of Mexico than they ever deserved. The only trouble the American has in the Mexican hotel results from his own misfortune, not to say his fault, in not being able to speak the language to make his wants known, but no man who can say *hamone e waivos* or *bif tek e cafe* need go hungry in Mexico. All comers will find clean beds; they may be somewhat hard sometimes, and not as wide as the home bed, but scrupulously clean, as the rooms are also.

On arrival the guest is shown to a room; if accepted then, he may register, and his name is written on a blackboard, with his room number. It is need

HOTEL ITURBIDE—CITY OF MEXICO.

less to use up a hotel register if a room doesn't suit, and what is the use of having a clerk to tell where the guests' rooms are, when the caller may look on the blackboard and see for himself? Once assigned to a room, the guest is left severely alone, the manager's sole duty, after the assignment, being to keep books and collect the bills; and yet everything moves smoothly, and all wants are supplied when made known. A Mexican of mature age presides over the key-rack, and when you have called for the key once, you won't have to again; the master of the keys recognizes you as you approach, has your key ready, with any cards or letters left for you, and with a cheery *buenas noches*, Señor, bids you good-night. The hall-boy—and there is one on every floor—is a sort of Pooh-bah in his way. He is bootblack and porter, messenger and chambermaid, and agent for remote and unknown laundries; he removes soiled linen, and *en manana* has them back again, clean and snowy white, with

no one on earth except himself knowing where in Mexico he takes them or whence he brings them. More than this, the hall boy runs a sort of free school for the dissemination of the Spanish language to the ignorant guests; this he does *con mucho gusto*, and is pleased to tell you the name of anything, if he can catch on to your pronunciation of the question, *como se llama eso?* Almost all hotels are on the European plan. Rooms may be obtained at from one to twenty dollars per day, according to size and location; if two or more persons occupy the same room, a reduction is made. It is well to know the price of the room before engaging it, then there can be no discussion at departure. Rooms may be engaged by mail or wire (the message may be sent in English), and they will be kept and charged for from the time indicated in the letter or telegram. Lights, candles and lamps are provided for rooms, but guests are expected to furnish their own matches and soap. In nearly all the best hotels there are good baths. The baths of Mexico are to be commended, and are appreciated as a comfort and a luxury not expected. Electric lights and call bells are in the best hotels.

In many of the better restaurants there are English-speaking head-waiters, and bills of fare printed in English. There are regular meals at fixed prices, from 25 cents for bread and coffee, 37½ cents for eggs and coffee, to 50, 62½, 75 cents and $1.00 for dinner or supper. Where meals are served a la carte the prices are affixed to each article. Arrangements may be made for board by the day or week, at rates for two or three meals per day, as desired. It is best for persons not speaking the language to take regular meals, table d'hôte, and the meal can be served without trouble and served well. Whatever may be said of the restaurants in Mexico, it should be added that the good ones are managed by natives, and the bad ones by foreigners, as a general thing, and, with few exceptions, the restaurant advertised as English or American is to be avoided.

The hours for meals are somewhat different in Mexico from what they are in other countries, but the "meals-at-all-hours" rule applies to all the first-class places. In the early morning the custom of Mexico—and it is a good one—is to take coffee and bread, and, if you please, fruits; the best kind of fruits are to be had everywhere. About noon is the breakfast hour; the meal commences with soup and follows a menu very much like an American noon-day dinner, ending with dessert, and coffee, of course. The other full meal of the day takes place at from five to eight o'clock in the evening, and is called dinner or supper, as the fancy dictates, and resembles the earlier bill of fare of the noon-day in every particular, commencing with soup and ending with coffee.

The *chili con carne*, chile with meat, of Mexico, when nicely prepared, is as palatable as it is hot. The meats are fresh, with only the fault of being generally overdone; the poultry is fine; fresh vegetables are to be had every day in the year, as well as the fruits of every clime—apples and peaches from the temperate zone, and pineapples and oranges from the hot country. The bread is always good, the coffee stronger than in other countries; little butter is used, and is made and served fresh without salt.

The drinks peculiar to Mexico are many and varied. Pulque is the national beverage, drank in public places by the poorer people, but in almost every family of all the classes. Pulque is the juice of the maguey, taken from the heart of the plant, and after the fermentation of twenty-four hours is ready for use; pulque more than a day old is useless. Tequila and mescal are a distillation from the different varieties of the maguey, the heart of the plant being roasted and then put through the process of distillation. A small quantity of tequila is a drink, taken with a grain of salt; literally the salt is placed

on the tongue before drinking. The wines are for the most part good, the sherry and claret particularly so. The champagnes are all imported, as are also brandies and whiskies, which are used in moderation. Beer and ale are manufactured in Mexico, though large quantities are imported, and the taste for the Teutonic beverage is growing.

Stores and Shopping—Every store and shop in Mexico has a name, and that name is painted over the door; sign reading is as interesting to the newcomer in Mexico as to the country cousin on his first visit to city relatives. The name of the store is not always appropriate, but sometimes it is, as in the case of the drug store called in Spanish the "gate of heaven." This can be questioned only in the last word; a drug store may not be the gate to heaven. One saloon is known as the "Port of New York," though there is nothing in it which resembles New York in any way. Another is more appropriately named; it is called "El triunfo del diablo," the triumph of the devil. The stores are named for cities and countries and have fanciful titles. Other signs, ending in "*ria*," indicate the wares for sale: *Zapateria*, shoes; *relojeria*, watches; *joyeria*, jewelry; *sastreria*, tailor; *bonneteria*, millinery; *panaderia*, bakery, and *plataria*, silverware. The goods are usually in a line of shelves running parallel with the street and very near the doors, so they can be seen by the passers-by. The clerks stand in a line behind the counter like a file of soldiers. Smoking is permitted everywhere, and the clerk on duty enjoys his cigarette at pleasure.

The prices quoted are nearly always higher than it is expected to obtain, as it is presumed that all customers will want to "jew" the figure down, and the sharp driver at a bargain usually succeeds. The moral of which is, never give the first price quoted. This rule applies to the street vender, in the flower market, the markets, and the shops as well, but the larger and finer stores do not practice this generally.

There are many very fine stores in the City of Mexico and the larger cities that will compare favorably with those of the cities in other countries, and there are many novel features to make a visit interesting, whether you buy or not. The shopper will find the round of the shops even more fascinating than among the bargain counters of New York or Chicago. There are novelties to look over that are not anywhere else. Of course there are silks and satins and all that, and there are rebosos of cotton, linen and silk, and tapalos and mantillas and zerapes that are not to be found in New York or Chicago, and opals and bargains in antiquities not found anywhere in the world, to make shopping in Mexico interesting.

Cigars and Tobacco—He never chews, but the Mexican smokes at all times and under all circumstances. Before breakfast and after breakfast, before and after and during his dinner, and between the courses he rolls and smokes his cigarettes, as he does when he goes to bed and when he gets up. Only when he sleeps he does not smoke. The men do this, but the ladies do not smoke, as they have the credit of doing, though a gentleman always offers his cigarettes when he takes one himself. Elderly ladies enjoy a cigarette, and occasionally a ranchero (a farmer) and his wife may be seen smoking in the cars, and many women of the middle or lower classes smoke incessantly, but in polite society it is not the custom among the women to smoke. In the restaurants and hotels smoking is permitted in the dining-room, and is indulged in. In the churches and

in the Pullman cars are the only places where smoking is prohibited. At all other places it is permitted; at the theater, but not during the performance; at the circus and bull fight it is the thing to do. At the bull fight cigars, instead of bouquets, are thrown to the toreadores.

The high and middle grades of Mexican cigars are better than the domestic cigars of the United States, and their best cigars are far better. The Mexican cigar is cheap, but the imported article is very high. Many smokers use cigars, but the great majority use cigarettes made of native tobacco, which they roll dexterously. It is advised to buy only the brands of well-known

A PATIO.

makers, and, above all things, avoid the peddler and street venders; buy from first-class stands always.

Matches necessarily go with the smoker's outfit, and Mexican matches are the best in the world; they are double-enders, light at both ends. A stroke of economy goes with every match—the striking of the other end. If you are asked for a light the unused end is always returned. It is good as a picture to see the courtesy and politeness exhibited in giving and taking a light—the wave of the hand in thanks and the return of the match—and another one to see three or four cigarettes held over the blaze of a single match. The community of interest in that little fire, protected from the blowing out by one man's hand, is wonderful, and the sociability of the scene pleasing to a degree. Some other man of some other race might have blessed the man who invented sleep, but I think every Mexican blesses the man who invented smoke.

Police and Military—The police are not as hard to find in Mexico as in some other countries, and there are soldiers everywhere, not as a menace, but as a protection. Time was when bandit tales had their scenes laid in Mexico, and footpad stories told of her cities, but that is ancient history; the rurales of the country districts, the police and military in the towns and cities, have been regulators that regulated, till now all is peace and protection.

There has never been but one "hold up" of a passenger train in Mexico, and that by American border thugs. Train robbers are ordered to be shot on the spot of the hold up, and orders are obeyed in Mexico. There are no dime museums, hence the bandits must necessarily be shot. The police of the cities are a well-trained, disciplined body of men, and always within call. In the City of Mexico and in the larger cities a policeman stands at street intersections; his lantern is placed in the middle of the street, and the long row of flickering lights up and down, in either direction, tells of the watch-

A WAYSIDE FONDA.

men of the night, who watch while we sleep. Your Mexican policeman never lets the wrong man go; he lets no guilty man escape; in case of altercation, dispute or difficulty he arrests all hands. No matter what occurs, when you are asked to accompany a policeman to the *"comiseria"* it is the part of discretion to accede to his request—no harm can come to the innocent and the matter is quickly settled by the officer in charge. The policeman is a soldier as well, and almost without exception is courteous and obliging, will go out of his beat to show the way or find a place for you. The rule to go to the right in walking on the street does not always apply, the preferred regulation being to give ladies and your friends the inside both in walking with and meeting them, all others take care of themselves and walk where they can, as you will find it necessary to do.

The streets are for the most part well paved and lighted and kept scrupulously clean by constant sweeping. Streets and sidewalks are very narrow except in the newer districts.

A national feast day will show what Mexican soldiery is; a fine, well-trained body of men, whose pride and patriotism is to be applauded. Of the infantry, artillery, or cavalry the *rurales* are the pride and the pink of the army.

The *rurales* are the country police, mounted on the finest horses, and uniformed in the most picturesque manner, with saddles and trappings richly decorated. The men are fine specimens of humanity, stout and well built, wearing the broad sombrero of the country, a short leathern jacket and trousers braided and bedecked, all with silver braid and gold. They are armed to the teeth with latest improved arms, and well they know how to use them, for they were born to their use as their fathers before them. The first corps of the rurales was recruited from the bandits of the country in the seventies.

THE SOLDIERS.

Among other reforms instituted by President Diaz this was one of the most important. He found tribes of bandits scattered all over the country whose fathers before them had been bandits—they were a fine body of men, who knew every hole and corner of the country and could not easily be put down. General Diaz offered amnesty and to organize them into a corps of the army, with a regular pay, higher than any other cavalryman in any of the armies of the world. The bandit accepted the amnesty and became a *rural.* The military education and army regulation is very similar to that of the United States; the West Point of Mexico is at Chapultepec; the officers' grades are almost identical with those of the United States.

The Jefe Politico is the chief political officer of a district comprising several towns or villages; under him is the Alcalde, who is the mayor in the

smaller towns. The police have no discretion in case of a quarrel or fight on the street or elsewhere; all hands are arrested and hurried off to the comiseria; every man is presumed guilty until he proves his innocence.

Doctors and Medicines—The physicians of Mexico rank high among the doctors of the world. A great many of them speak English and French, and Spanish, of course. There are physicians from Germany, France and England and the United States, and many of them prominent in their profession. The country is healthful, but at the same time the information as to physicians and medicines is essential, and one need not be in Mexico without the best medical attendance.

Cargadores—This gentry combines the usefulness of the district telegraph boy and street porter. They are strong, heavy-built men that carry the greatest weights, from a trunk to a piano; they meet all trains and are in and about the hotels ready to take the place of an expressman, and will convey baggage or do errands of any kind. The men are trusty and reliable, are licensed by the City Council, and carry on their breasts a brass plate with the number of their license. The tariff varies according to the service to be performed. In employing a *cargador* always give directions explicitly; better write them down and give him the card. Always take the number of his tag.

Church Visiting—The Mexican venerates the very walls of his church; he does not pass in front of it without removing his hat, and it behooves the visitor to respect what the native venerates. It is not advisable, nor is it necessary, to follow the native customs, but no man will forget himself and wear his hat in the church or treat with levity what the others may do. The attendants in the churches are usually very courteous and willing to show whatever may be there of interest. There is not always a fee for this service, but an offering for the poor of the parish is always acceptable. It is a good custom that will commend you to these people to make a contribution, however small. In the towns and villages throughout this country the best information may be obtained from the priest, and you secure his good will by calling on him for it. The people seeing you on good terms with the *padre* regard you as a person of importance, and will join in their attentions. Without exception the priests are most courteous and obliging, and will often put themselves out for your convenience.

Postage — The rate on letters from Mexico to the United States and Canada is 5 cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof; to all points in Mexico the rate is 5 cents; to all other countries in the postal union 10 cents; the registry fee is 10 cents; newspapers, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof; other printed matter, 1 cent per ounce and three-fourths, or fraction thereof, to the United States and Canada, and 2 cents to European countries. The limit of weight of printed matter is 4.4 pounds. In the larger cities there is a regular system of delivery by carriers, and a letter with its proper address will be delivered promptly.

There is a printed list in the Post Office, posted in the lobby, announcing letters on hand not delivered; these lists are posted daily. Letters from the United States to Mexico are 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof; newspapers the same as to domestic points.

Express Service—The Wells-Fargo Company operate over the Mexican Central and Sonora Railways; the Mexican Ry. and the Mexican National operate their own express service. All other railroads have an express department that connects with the other express companies. The various express companies in the United States connect with those of Mexico.

Telegraph—The Mexican Government owns and controls a system of telegraph wires reaching to all parts of the country. The various railroad

companies also operate commercial wires along their lines, having connection with the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies at the border. The Cable Company has wires from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico and sends messages to the United States via Galveston.

Newspapers— The Mexican Herald, a daily of metropolitan proportions and style, issued every morning, is printed in English. Associated Press and special dispatches from all parts of the world are printed in the Herald. The Mexican Journal of Commerce is printed in English. The Mexican Financier, a weekly devoted to financial and commercial interests, is printed in both English and Spanish, parallel columns. All the American dailies of the larger cities are on sale at the various news stands, and also the latest weeklies and magazines. The Sonora News Company has agents on all first-class trains of the trunk lines in Mexico, with the latest periodicals and literature of the day.

A MILKMAN.

Among the daily papers printed in the Spanish language are El Universal, El Popular, El Tiempo, El Imparcial, Correo Español, El Globo, Imparcial, El Mundo, El Hijo del Ahuizotl, giving foreign and domestic news; these and the English papers mentioned are published in the City of Mexico. The other larger cities of the Republic all have their newspaper publications.

Baths—In the smallest villages and towns, and in all of the larger cities are unusually good baths. They are not always to be found in the hotels, but in some central location, or convenient place near a street-car line. As a rule the baths are good and clean. The piece of soap furnished is just the size necessary for a single bath. The attendant furnishes this, together with towels, comb, brush and a small bottle of oil, presumably for the hair, and a wisp of the fiber called ixtle, all of which is included in the price, which varies from 12½ to 25 cents.

Servants—The servants in the hotels and restaurants are polite and attentive, which politeness and attention is always greatly enhanced by a fee, and which is always expected. They are not accustomed to large fees, and a medio or real is about the average; this custom applies also to the hackmen, who always expect this in addition to their regular fare.

Dulces—The dulces of Mexico are very toothsome. These sweets come from Celaya, Querétaro and Morelia, places most famous for these delicacies.

Streets—An effort has been made by the government of the City of Mexico to rename the streets and renumber the houses, but it is a difficult

matter to change a name that has been known for centuries, hence the old names of streets are still in use, in spite of city ordinances and blue enamel signs proclaiming the new ones. The new system is as intricate as the old and it is probable that only a police officer or cab driver is conversant with the new. The changes are deemed inadvised for many reasons, besides that of the confusion among the masses, and an important one is that of the historic and romantic incident that gave the old names is lost sight of in the new, and both visitor and inhabitant are loth to part with those so full of interest. They do not want to change the Calle de Revillagigedo, even if it is hard to pronounce, for South street; or the Avenida de los Hombres Ilustres, the "avenue of illustrious men," for plain, commonplace Western avenue. I think

THE PASEO, CITY OF MEXICO.

ancient street names were not sacrilegious when they called one the street of the Love of God, *Amor de Dios;* street of the Holy Ghost, *Espiritu Santo;* or the street of Jesus—probably only a trifle overreligious, as what we would call profanity of names, the Mexican does not consider in that light.

Many of the Saints' names are given to the streets in Mexico, but that is done in all countries, and it is explained that the streets named for the Deity or the Saints take their names from the churches located on or near them. Many are curiously named, as the ***Calle Niño Perdido***, street of the Lost Child: *Indio Triste*, the Sad Indian; but as many record names and dates of history, as "*Cinco de Mayo*," the 5th of May; Juarez, Hidalgo, Commonfort and Zaragoza. A street may have a dozen names, as each block often has a different one, but if one name is continued for several squares a numeral prefix is used, as 1st San Francisco, 2nd San Francisco, etc. San Francisco is the main thoroughfare of the city, the fashionable down-town

promenade, extending from the Alameda, where it is called the Puente de San Francisco, and ending at the Plaza Mayor, in the name of Plateros, the intervening blocks being called 1st and 2nd San Francisco.

A reason is given—they are too numerous to quote—for the name of each street; that of the Sad Indian from the finding of the quaint piece of sculpture, El Indio Triste; Cinco de Mayo is named for the battle of the 5th of May, 1862, and the defeat of the French at Puebla. The Calle de Revillagigedo was named for erratic old Conde and Viceroy of that name, whose lively administration did so much to improve the streets of the City of Mexico. He had them cleaned, paved and lighted, and they have remained so to this day, better than in a more modern city.

The word *Puente,* or abbreviation, *pte.,* signifies that there was originally a bridge over a canal in that street. *Calle* is a street and *Callejon* an alley or small street; *Calzada* means a causeway; *Rinconada* means a corner, and *Avenida,* an avenue; *Paseo,* a boulevard. Under the new system the streets are numbered north and south and the avenues also numbered cross them east and west at right angles; it is difficult for the novice in the Spanish language to remember these numbers, and much easier to recall the old names. A map may be of assistance, but a cab is the surest way to find a street or number.

Customs and Costumes—I had heard of the courtesy and hospitality of the Spaniard, and remembered, when I entered a Spanish home, being welcomed and told "this house is yours," and when I had admired some object, was informed that it was mine; when I came to Mexico I found the descendants of old Spain had lost no whit of cordiality, and the welcome at place of business or the home, was warm and spontaneous to a degree. Every house was mine, all that was in it my own, and everybody at my orders.

The dress of the Mexican is a picturesque one, of which the wide sombrero is the feature, often richly trimmed in gold or silver lace, with a crest or monogram on the crown. This elaborate head-gear often costs fifty to sixty dollars, though a less ornate hat may be bought for fifty cents without a corresponding decrease in size. A short jacket coming to or a little below the waist is also trimmed in gold and silver; the tight-fitting trousers, wide at the sharp-pointed shoe, have two or three rows of gilt buttons. The complete costume always includes a zerape of many colors; a *zerape* is a blanket or shawl worn over the shoulders, thrown in a knightly fashion, with the fringed and tasseled end over the left shoulder. Men of all classes wear the zerape. Overcoats are almost unknown, except among the better classes. The principal and favorite part of a costume is the sombrero. A Mexican may go barefooted, and wear cotton trousers, but he'll have a thirty-dollar hat if he can get it. The man on

horseback in Mexico is a symphony in gold lace and buttons, and the trappings of his horse and saddle are most elaborate.

There are dudes in Mexico. They call a dude "*un lagartijo.*" He wears the most gold lace and buttons, the tightest trousers and the widest hat. In other respects he differs not from the dude of other countries, and further space need not be wasted here.

For ladies of high degree, the Spanish mantilla of black or white lace still does a fascinating duty in place of the hat or bonnet, and the Spanish costume from shoulder to high-heeled pointed slipper. The middle classes wear a black *tapalo*, a shawl which is both wrap and headgear. The lower classes and Indian maidens wear in the same way a scarf of cotton, usually blue or brown; this is the *reboso*. Mexican women are almost without exception of fine form, healthy and robust. There are thousands of pretty faces, of richest color, long lashes, soft and downy ear-locks, black as jet, and with long, inky black hair Under the tápalo or reboso is many a Venus; the corset is unknown, and nature forms to perfection.

Ladies embrace each other at meeting, and kiss on the cheek. Men embrace their friends, and pat each other on the back. In passing on the street, instead of saying "How'dy," they say "Adios—Good-by." Other salutations are: Before noon it is *buenos dias;* after noon, *buenos tardes;* after dark, *buenas noches.*

Politeness and courtesy are characteristic of Mexico, and it is seen constantly everywhere; a Mexican will not enter a door or pass up a staircase ahead of his companion without an insisting "*Pase señor,*" urgently put, till it is seen that one must go first, and then age or rank, or guest takes precedence.

Following the customs of their ancestors, the young people of Mexico have not that freedom of association as in America. A young lady may not indulge in the society of her young man except in the presence of others; in fact, he may not even call upon her, as in this, or other English speaking countries. He must win her by *haciendo del oso*—playing bear. This does not mean that the young man indulges in any idiosyncrasies of the bear, when he (the bear) catches a victim. At a certain hour in the day the devoted lover comes under the lady's window, and when she comes to the casement he may stand and look at her, exchange glances, smiles and nods, go away and come back again to-morrow and do it all over again. Anywhere else this would seem to be flirtation itself, but here in Mexico it is "playing the bear," and is perfectly proper. If he is faithful and keeps this up for two or three years, he may finally be allowed to call and see her in the presence of another member of the family. If all goes

smoothly they "marry and live happy to the end of their days," as in the fairy story.

They are a music-loving people, whose souls are moved by a concord of sweet sounds, and if love of music is the test, few Mexicans are fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. No *jacal* is too humble but what its adobe walls listen to the tinkle of the guitar, and no village so small but its band of native musicians will play in the little alameda in the evenings. In the larger towns and great cities there is music in some plaza or park every day by the military bands—an example set by the Government in giving the people music, that might be emulated by the United States greatly to its credit.

There are fiddlers in Mexico and some violinists. The fiddlers sometimes come under the car window of a passing train, and in hopes of a centavo

A COUNTRY LAUNDRY.

thrown, give samples of native music. There are some who carp at these crude musicians, but they are those who do not appreciate fiddling as a fine art, or the difficulties thereof. Themistocles said he "could not fiddle, but he could make a small town a great city," proving that the attainment of proficiency in fiddling is attended by hard work. When the weird sounds come into your window let the centavitas go, for whatever work the player may not have done, he has learned to fiddle.

There is music everywhere, there's music in the air, a music peculiar to the country and the people, a music of song, of stringed and wind instruments that plays at morning, noon and night. There are songs of praise and songs of mirth, and love songs.

There are songs of home. The people have their "Home, sweet home" in the notes of La Golondrina. Since music, heavenly maid, was young, she hath not ceased to soothe the heart of savage and civilized man, and her songs of home have been sweetest and dearest to his ear. That song of "Home, sweet home" is one that touches the American heart, as La Golondrina melts the Mexican and brings memories of his, whether it be of adobe

or of stone. Whether the soft melodies are picked from the strings of a guitar, or señorita sweetly sings the touching notes, or organized orchestra fills the ambient air with its tuneful tones, all there is of sentiment even in the stoutest, sternest heart, wells up in tenderness when the home song's music greets the ear, brighter, glistening eyes and quicker heart throbs tell that the melody strikes the soul.

Official Permits—Permits or passes are required to visit the various public institutions, such as the Palace of Chapultepec, the National Palace, etc. They are obtained from the Governor of the Palace, who is very courteous and obliging. When visiting an hacienda or for the ascent of Popocatepetl, permits should be obtained from the owners, most of whom reside in the city.

Laundries—The laundry as it exists in this country has not been established in all the cities in Mexico. Where there are no steam laundries the bell boy on your floor of the hotel is agent for numerous and sundry *lavanderas*, washerwomen of more or less proficiency, but who in the main do very satisfactory work. The bell boy will attend to all details, and the linen delivered to him will be safely returned. Lists should be retained and checked with the returned articles, and any missing pieces will be looked up; rarely is anything lost through these people, and their work is, for the most part, promptly and carefully done. Prices are about the same as in cities of the same size in other countries.

Banks—The system of banking in Mexico is very similar to that of the United States and other countries. There are many reliable institutions under Mexican, American and English management, with correspondents in all parts of the world. Bank drafts, letters of credit, and all classes of foreign exchange received and issued and foreign money bought and sold.

FLOWER MARKET, CITY OF MEXICO.

A HOLIDAY DRESS OF TEHUANTEPEC, MEXICO

Amusements.

Teatro Principal—In the old Aztec days, the days when the gladiators fought before Tzins of Tenochtitlan, there had not been any dearth of amusement for the people of the ancient capital, and as the pagan priests of those days incited the warriors to combat with the victim prisoners for the honor of their gods, so the priests of later times were the promoters of more modern, but less bloody amusement, and the church was responsible for the building of the first theater in the City of Mexico. The Brothers of the Order of San Hipólito, to raise funds for the benefit of the Hospital Real, erected a small wooden building and employed a company of players who gave the initial performance on the evening of January 19th, 1722.

The play on the first program was "The Ruin and Burning of Jerusalem." History gives no details of the success of the performance and we are left in the dark as to the names of "the star" and his support, but we are informed that the Burning of Jerusalem resulted in the burning of the theater, a consummation that was looked upon by the natives as a direct visitation of Heaven for the unholy method taken to obtain money for a holy cause. The piece underlined for the second evening was "Here Was Troy," but there was no theater and the performance was indefinitely postponed. Nothing daunted, the energetic brethren of Hipólito immediately set about building another theater, and in 1725 erected a third building in the street now known as Coliseo Viejo, and in 1752 the building the Teatro Principal was com-

menced and was completed in the next year on Christmas Day, and opened with the appropriately named comedy "Better It Is Than It Was."

Up to that time the theater was the property of the Hospital Real, and continued in that possession until the institution ceased to exist, when it was conveyed to the College of San Gregorio by an order dated October 11th, 1824, where the title remained till 1846, when it became private property.

For many years the entrance to the old theater could be seen under the portales, but it has disappeared, as has much of the original building, but the old walls remain, except in the facade, which is of recent construction. The interior arrangement, though, shows the massive style of architecture of the olden times, with the thick stone walls around the parquet and between the boxes and stalls, and although you may not understand the language of the players it may be worth your while to visit the ancient play house and oldest theater in Mexico. The leading attractions are not shown at the Principal but it is eminently respectable, and while the audiences are not composed entirely of the best people you will be in tolerable company as at the average theater of to-day.

The National Theater, which was the grand opera house of the Mexican capital, has been torn down to make way for the opening of the Calle de Cinco de Mayo, the street that is to run from the Cathedral to the Alameda. The national government is to build a magnificent opera house and theater in the block between San Francisco and Mariscala—fronting on the Alameda and San Francisco Street.

The Renacimiento Theatre on the Calle de Puerta Falsa de San Andres is the fashionable theater at this writing, and will be until the National Theater is completed. The Renacimiento has a seating capacity of 1,800 to 2,000 people. Here may be found Italian and French opera, as well as Mexican and Spanish dramatic art.

In most Mexican theaters you may pay for and see one act or the whole show at 25 cents per act, or *tanda*, as it is called. A collector passes through the audience after the first act to collect for the second.

Between the acts those of the male persuasion who do not "go out to see a man" put on their hats and stand in their places, surveying the audience. Smoking is not allowed as formerly, and cigarettes are relegated to the foyer. The lorgnettes of the ladies have their busy time at this period of the performance.

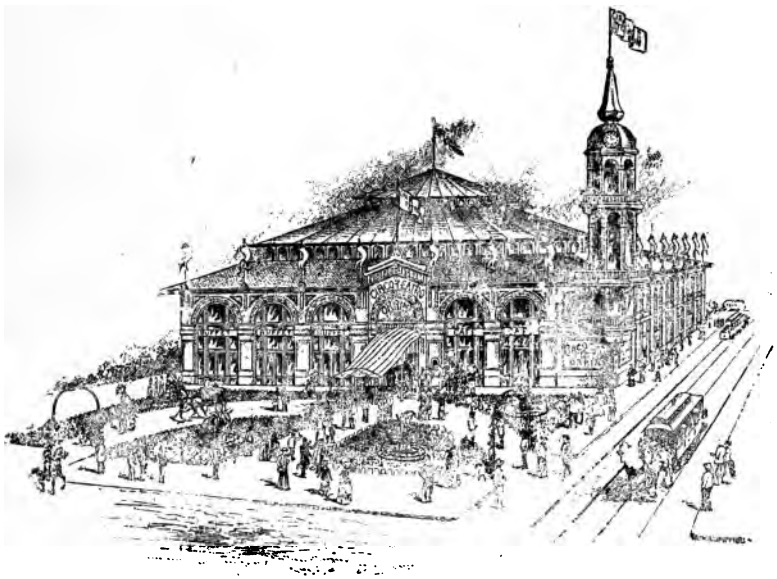
The Arbeu Theater is in the street of San Felipe; it was opened in 1875. The Hidalgo Theater is in the Calle Corchero. These are the theaters of the middle classes, considered respectable, but the performances are not always of a high order, and they are the places for the carnival balls.

Salon De Conciertos is the hall for concerts in the Conservatory of Music, where high-class concerts by students, and social performances are given. It has an auditorium with full theatric and operatic facilities, and is one of the handsomest in the city.

Circo-Teatro Orrin is a circus theater, as its name indicates. It is the outgrowth of the circus of the Orrin Brothers, formerly housed in a tent on the Plaza de Santo Domingo, and moved to the present handsome iron building that cost $100,000 on the Plazuela Villamil. Here is a theater and circus merged in one. The ring is surrounded by a dress circle and tier of private boxes, beyond which is a circle of gallery seats, and when the ring is not in use the space serves as a parquet, in front of which is a very pretty stage, with the circus performers' entrances on each side of the orchestra. The ring may be transformed into a miniature lake, deep enough to float canoes, small sail and steamboats, or it may be made into a palace

while you wait, and from the region beyond the curtain may come in a tiny coach of state the Prince and Cinderella, a pretty transformation, in full view of the audience, one of the novelties for which the management is noted. The winter months are the season for the circus, while light opera holds the boards during the summer, but at all times there are novelties worthy of the metropolitan amusement places of greater cities.

The Orrins have long been known for their liberality and many charities, giving frequent benefits for charitable institutions, hospitals, both native and foreign. Fashionable and gala performances are of frequent occurrence, then there are handsome decorations of bunting and flowers. The boxes are profusely ornamented, corsage bouquets and boutonnierres are presented to



CIRCO-TEATRO ORRIN.

the occupants, who, in coming to their places, have literally walked on roses, and on state occasions the President attends. His private box is in the center of the box tier, is always reserved for his use, and never occupied by anyone else; it may be recognized as always adorned with the national colors. The Circo-Teatro Orrin is easily the most popular resort in the capital.

Ball Games are popular in Mexico, and fine buildings called "Frontons" are erected in different parts of the city, in which are played a Spanish variety of handball or basket ball. Performances are given under electric lights in the evening in addition to the afternoon games. Baseball and cricket have their votaries, but mostly among the American and English colonies.

Races at the Indianilla and Peñon tracks are under the direction of the racing association and of the Jockey Club.

Bull Fights—The spirit of Tauromachy inherited from old Spain lives in the most popular amusement of Mexico, that is if it may be called an

"amusement" and if we call it "popularity" that enjoys the largest patronage. An honest effort has been made by the government to stop the cruel sport by the enactment of laws interdicting the functions in the Federal District and other metropolitan localities, but the laws were repealed as often as enacted, so great was the pressure of popular demand from the masses, and notwithstanding the influence and example of non-attendance of the best people, the Plaza de Toros is easily the most popular amusement in Mexico.

"The better the day the better the deed" may not be a Mexican maxim, but the better days are given over to the bull fight. Sundays and feast days are chosen, and on no other day are the plazas open.

AT THE BULL FIGHT.

The *Plaza de Toros* is the bull ring—a great circular building of stone or wood with an interior that is an immense amphitheater seating thousands of people. The seats are in tiers rising to the top where the private boxes are, and as there is no roof except over the outer circle shading the boxes, there is a shady side called "*sombra*" and a sunny side, "*sol*," with prices in accordance with the location, from 25 to 50 cents in the sun and $1 to $3 in the shade, the private boxes with eight to ten chairs cost from $12 to $20 according to the reputation of the company giving the performance, as they vary greatly as the stars and support in a theatrical troup, and what may be the price when only local talent are on the bills will be largely increased when a star matador and his company are underlined. Tickets may be bought at the gates, but it is always best to buy them in advance, usually

on sale at some cigar store frequented by the toreadores or at the city offices of the bull-ring, the locations of which are announced in the advertisements.

The ring itself is an arena about a hundred feet in diameter encircled by a strong board fence about five feet high with a foot rail on the inside two feet from the ground. This is to assist a *torero* too closely pursued by the bull to escape by a leap over the fence to the passage way that extends around the ring between the fence and the seats. But it is not always an escape, since the bull often leaps the barrier in pursuit of his tormentor or to get away from him, and at intervals in the passage way short barriers are placed just far enough from the wall to admit the body of the man and not wide enough for the bull's horns. There are gates that open into the ring and at the same time close the passage and thus the bull is forced to return to the ring. There is a "president" to preside at each *corrida* or performance, to direct the details and to decide all differences of opinion between the people and the performers. There are always questions to be decided, and the president, usually a state or municipal officer, must be a man of executive ability and well posted in tauromachy. His seat is in a gorgeously decorated box near the center of the shady side, and when he enters, with a staff of high-up, well-known lovers of the sport, it is the signal for much cheering, especially so if he is a president whose decisions have been favorable to the people.

COMING OF THE COMPANY.

The president has the general direction of the *corrida*, when he is ready the company must be, and when he has given his permission for the bulls to be killed then the killing commences. A bugler stands at the president's side to call the signals to remove the horses, or a bull that may prove too tame, to call the *banderilleros* and announce the killing of the bull. Hence it may be seen how easily a president may be popular or unpopular with the masses, as he may or may not give them quite enough of bloody action on the scene. Any deviation from the program must be with the consent and approval of the president, and the performance cannot end until he is satisfied that the advertisement has been carried out. There is music by one or more brass bands that may be heard by those sitting very near, but the shouts and cat-calls of the canaille drown all semblance of music for those on the opposite side of the arena, but the musicians are there and you can see when they are playing. A company of soldiers stationed within call of the president with another company deployed about the arena to do police duty, and try to prevent the too enthusiastic members of the audience from taking charge of the whole thing, throwing the seats into the ring, or other mild methods

THE PICADOR.

ENTRANCE OF BULL.

of evincing their disapproval of an act or presidential decision. The soldiers are rarely called into active service; their presence has a wholesome effect, and while the mad enthusiast who would like to see a horse gored just once more, and gets madder because the president says there has been enough of it, feels like fighting the whole company, he is usually pacified by a gentle touch on his shoulder by the gendarme and growlingly subsides.

The scene is a brilliant one and the tension of nerves is great in anticipation of what is to come, the feeling is one of amazement and anxious expectation. The bands are playing, or seem to be, and the thousands of impatient spectators are shouting, whistling and yelling themselves hoarse. There may be five thousand people, but there is noise enough, and seats too, for twenty thousand, and if there is a star matador they will all be occupied. The president and his companions are in their places, and the applause grows greater as the gates on the other side of the arena open to admit a gaily costumed horseman mounted on a splendid horse; he is the *alguazil;* he rides directly to the front of the president's box and asks permission to kill the bulls. Permission granted, the president tosses to him the key of the *toril*, which he catches, and gallops back to receive the company. If he catches the key there is applause; if he misses it, a storm of hisses. The gate opens again and the coming of the gay company is loudly announced with a grand flourish of trumpets. It is a brilliant spectacle, this company of nimble-footed athletes in costumes of silk and satin, gold and velvet, as they march quickly across the arena to make their obeisance to the president and then to the audience. First in the gay procession come the *matadores or espadas*, the stars of the company, who handle the swords to the death of the bulls; next the *banderilleros*, second only to the matadores in the profession; these gentlemen are they who place the *banderillas* in the bull's shoulders, and then the *capeadores*, third in rank, who hope to be *banderilleros* and some day *matadores*, but now have only

ATTACK OF THE PICADOR.

PLACING THE BANDERILLAS.

BURSTING THE BARRIER.

to manipulate the capes to distract the bull's attention or place him in proper position for the *banderilla* or the sword. The picadores follow on horseback, their long lances in hand. Then four mules, gaily caparisoned, harnessed together and driven to an arrangement of traces for dragging out dead bulls and horses. Behind these, two men with wheelbarrows, shovels, rakes and brooms, for cleaning up the ring, and then the attendants, "*sabios monos*," the wise monkeys, as they are called from their good suggestion and advice to the performers—*diestros, toreros or toreadores*, as the bull-fighters are called. The *toreador* is recognized on the street by a costume as distinctly his own as the one of silk and satin, gold and velvet that he wears in the ring; it is a short "round-about" jacket with very tight trousers; the hat has a straight stiff brim with a low flat top felt crown; under the rim of the hat is a little queue of plaited hair, called a *coleta;* what this is for does not appear, but if any offense against the ethics of the sport is committed this queue is cut off, so the possession of it may be regarded as a reward of merit, that when a *torero* is retired is cut off with a scissors of gold.

Proceeding to the president's box, and having received his acknowledgments, the company parades around the arena to receive the plaudits of the people.

Now all is ready, the beautiful capes of satin and velvet are thrown to admirers in the audience, for it is an honor to hold a toreador's cape; as they are not used in the ring, cheaper and stronger capes of bright-colored oilcloth are taken instead. Every one except the toreros have left the ring and for a brief moment there is complete silence. The bugle sounds. All eyes are turned to a low door on the other side that is suddenly thrown open. From a dark stall beyond the bull is coming. As he passes under the rail a barbed steel point covered with flowing ribbons is placed in his shoulder; the colors of these ribbons indicate the ranche or hacienda from whence he came, as the bulls are bred on certain farms for their fighting qualities, and your smallest sport can pick out a good fighter when he sees the ribbons as easily as a Kentucky boy does the winner in a horse race by the colors of the jockey's jacket. The bull comes from a dark stall where he has been kept previous to the fight, finding the gates suddenly opened and a possible way of escape, gallops through a scarcely less dark passage that leads him to the open arena and to certain death. Startled by the pricking of the steel dart in his shoulder and maddened by its stinging he bounds forward to the center of the ring, where, with head

LEAPING THE BARRIER.

PLAY OF THE CAPES.

up and tail lashing the air, he stops a second. It is a magnificent sight now before the carnage begins. The splendid animal stands and bids defiance as he throws the dust over his back, pawing and shaking his shaggy head with mingled rage, surprise, and fear, perhaps but little of fear, for in a second he has decided upon a plan of attack. The shouting thousands and the blare of trumpets would frighten a more fearless beast, but if it scares the bull there is no hint of it in his action. A look to right or left and the unequal fight is on. The throwing of a cape in front of him and the thrower is chased to the barrier around the ring and the man is over it none too quickly, as he may believe when he hears the boards cracking behind him as a pair of sharp horns are thrust through them as if they were paper. Foiled here, the bull turns about and finds a horse in his way, a poor broken down horse, with eyes blindfolded that he may not see his danger. There is no way of escape for the horse, his rider spurs him on, and while the *picador* with his lance may for a moment turn the bull and save the horse, it is but deferring the inevitable for the time. Passing by this horse the bull finds another on the other side; this time the horse does not fare so well; the bull rushes upon him with all his might, the sharp horns sink into his flesh as needles into a piece of cloth, the horse is lifted bodily into the air and tossed over on the ground with the rider underneath perhaps.

A *capeador* throws a cape over the bull's face, distracts his attention from the fallen *picador* and wounded, or more probable, dead, horse. *The capeador* deftly leads him to the other horse that just now escaped, but now his time has come, the bull has learned that the horse is defenseless, the pricking of the *picador's* lance is nothing. While it is intended that the bull should be held off and the horse saved it is rarely done, and this one is disemboweled—it may be that if he does not die in his tracks he is ridden on around the ring dragging his intestines under his feet, only to be gored again and again till he is dead, for without the blood of the horses no bull fight is complete. The two horses slain, or so badly disabled that they cannot be ridden, the bugle sounds, and unless the president panders to the clamor of the crowd for more horses the first act with the first bull is over and the *banderilleros* are ready.

Now comes the really artistic and interesting feature of the bull fight, the placing of the *banderillas*. The *banderilla* is a dart about two feet long with a sharp barbed point and covered with fancy colored paper or ribbons. The *banderillero*, a man without cape or means of defense, takes two *banderillas*, one in each hand, walks out in front of the bull, holding them up, shaking the ribbons to call the bull towards him, and as he approaches the darts are placed in his shoulders where the barbs cause them to hang as if they were for ornaments instead of goads to further rage and madness. The man is an athlete and a nimble one. It is the rule that the darts must not be thrust except while the bull is in action and on the attack, so it must be done quickly. It is said that the bull in the moment of attack closes his eyes, so it is but a quick decision of the instant to thrust the darts, step to one side, and the bull passes by, only to find another *ban-*

derillero on the other side with another pair of *banderillas* for his further decoration. Another rule is that the banderillas must not be placed back of the shoulder. If they are properly placed and so firmly that they are not shaken out, loud and long is the applause, otherwise the hisses are shrill and sharp. The *banderillero* is a favorite with the lover of tauromachy as well as with the first-timers at the fight. It seems with his lack of defense, and depending entirely on his agility he is the hero in this contest between human skill and brute force, so that it is often the *matador* comes back from his advanced position as a star, much to the delight of the audience, to try his hand and thrust an extra pair of *banderillas*. In all well-regulated companies there are two *banderilleros*, each with two pairs of *banderillas*, making eight in all, that, if their work is well done, are hanging from the bull's shoulders, and the president's bugler announces the end of second act and calls the *matador* to kill the bull. As the star in some great drama is received with plaudits as he enters upon the stage, so is the *matador* with shouts and throwing of hats, that is, if he is indeed a star *matador* known to kill his bulls with a single stroke of the sword. The *matador* takes his sword and muleta, and while the *capeadores* are leading the bull to further weariness on the other side of the ring, advances to the front of the president's box, hat in hand, dedicates the bull to something or somebody, some State or County, some man, or girl, and tells the president that he will kill the bull in the most approved style, then, tossing his cap to an admirer in the shady seats, proceeds to do his part, or after saluting the president, he may cross to the sunny side, as it is sometimes well to cater to the rabble, and tell the people there that he will kill the bull in their especial style and toss his cap there to be held in great honor while he does it.

THRUST OF THE SWORD.

Then advancing toward the bull, the *matador* holds in his right hand a long, perfectly straight, sharp-pointed, keen-edged sword; in his left he carries the *muleta*, the "red rag" of the Spanish bull fight, and used only in the last act, in the killing of the bull. The muleta is a piece of red flannel three or four feet square, held on a stick, near the ground and in front of the bull, kept in a fluttering motion before his eyes, which seems to infuriate further the already enraged animal. He lowers his head and makes a rush for the *muleta*, which is held, although in the left hand, across to the right of the *matador;* this gives him a fair play for the stroke of the sword, and as the bull lowers his head to attack the "red rag" the right hand of the *matador* drives the sword to the hilt into the bull's shoulders, or between

them, cutting the spinal cord or piercing the heart, which if it has been well done brings the bull to his knees and he lies down to die, but it may not be death until the "stroke of mercy" has been given by the *cachetero*, an attendant with a short dagger—who comes from behind and gives the bull a quick, sure thrust between the horns to instantaneous death. While this is being done the matador is bowing his acknowledgments to an enthusiastic audience, who have gone wild and thrown their hats, canes, coats, cigars and coin into the ring; the hats, canes and coats are thrown back to their owners, but the cigars and coin are kept for future reference. But—if the killing has been bungled and the *espada's* work not well done, then instead of canes, hats and cigars the disapproving enthusiast pulls up the boards, and with the chairs and anything that is loose or that he can loosen, throws them into the ring. Four mules gaily harnessed are then driven in, a chain fastened about the heels of the dead bull and he is dragged out. Even before the dead first bull has disappeared and the dead horses dragged out, the two picadores appear on other horses worse than the first, if possible, the bugle sounds again, and another bull bounds into the ring to meet the fate of the first; after the second another and another till five or six are killed, and if you have been there you are to be the judge whether your Sunday afternoon has been well spent. The upper classes, as a rule, do not frequent the bull-ring, though there are many and brilliant exceptions; you may see on the Paseo almost any day the most elegant equipage on that grand boulevard among whose occupants are little children dressed in the full ring costume of the toreador. The Mexican small boy plays at bull-fighting as the American does at baseball, or as the more sporty one puts on the gloves with his fellows—is it then any wonder that the custom prevails since the children are taught to admire it?

DEATH OF THE BULL.

DRAGGING OUT THE DEAD.

The City of Mexico.

Two hundred years before the Spaniards came to Mexico there was a great city in the midst of the lakes that spread out their bright waters in the Vale of Anahuac, but it was nearly a thousand years before, that the Toltec tribes came down into the beautiful valley. Whatever of chronological data there may have been in the picture-writings of the Aztecs was destroyed in the fanatical fires that destroyed the temples of Tenochtitlan.

The not altogether reliable data given by Clavigero places the arrival of the Toltecs in Anahuac in the year 648, remaining there till A. D. 1051, when they abandoned the country. The Chicimecs came in 1170, the Acolhuans or Tezcucans in 1200; the Mexicans or Aztecs came to Tula in 1196, and in 1325 founded the city of Tenochtitlan, and after Tula was their capital city, near the center of Anahuac, an empire that comprised some sixteen thousand square leagues, though the name Anahuac, which means "near the water" was first applied to the plain and valley of Mexico, of only about seventy leagues in circumference.

The Aztecs were a migratory people, not always successful in their wars, and at one time were a nation of slaves, but their ferocity soon brought them freedom and set them upon their wanderings again; it was at this time that they halted on the southern and western shores of Lake Texcoco. Such a body of water seemed a sea to them, and the Casique, with a retinue of chiefs, sought up and down the shores for a camping place till they came to a rocky point jutting out into the lake—here they beheld, perched on a stem of prickly cactus, a golden eagle of great size and beauty, with a serpent in his talons, his outstretched wings were towards the rising sun—this was taken as an

auspicious omen indicating a site for their city—the legend is preserved on the banner of Mexico—for here the city was built.

From this miraculous incident the city was called Tenochtitlan, from "tunal" a cactus on a stone, but in after years came to be called Mexico, from Mexitli, the great war-god of the Aztecs.

The first houses were of reeds and rushes on foundations of piles set in the shallow waters and thus began the building of a Venice of the western world that soon came, with its ambitious walls of stone, palaces and temples to a greater magnificence even than the beautiful Queen of the Adriatic. The primitive houses of reeds and rushes were soon replaced by massive structures, totally unlike any other found on the western continent and resembling more those of Egypt. The great teocali or temple of the Aztec gods was a pyramidal structure over a hundred feet high, requiring a hundred and fourteen steps to reach from the ground to the esplanade that was broad enough and "with ample room for thirty knights to run their courses in a regular tourney."

Cortéz stood on the top of this temple and looked down upon the city of Tenochtitlan with its streets and canals, that are the same streets to-day, with newer streets where the canals had been—the causeways that led to the main land are the causeways of to-day and are called by the same names—the streets led out in all directions from the great teocali, as to-day they lead out in all directions from the great Cathedral that stands on its site.

The Spaniards under Cortéz entered the City of Mexico on the 8th of November, 1519, coming from the southeast and passing over the causeway between Lake Texcoco and Lake Chalco. The Spaniards remained in the city until the 1st of July, 1520, when their barbarities caused the people to rise in their might and drive them out.

After the defeat of the Dismal Night, "*la noche triste*," the Spaniards retreated over the causeway of Tlacopan or Tacuba, passed around to the north of the city and the lakes, fought a battle at Otumba and marched to Tlaxcala, thence to Texcoco and laid siege to the city December 31, 1520, crossing the lake in bergantines. The defense under Guatemotzin was a gallant one and lasted till the 13th of August, 1521, when Cortéz made his second triumphal entry into the Aztec capital.

Guatemotzin was put to death and the city destroyed, the great temples razed to the ground and the Christian city founded in the year 1522 by the erection of the Atarazanas, or navy yard, for the bergantines on the site now occupied by the Church of San Lazaro.

When the Spaniards had made their occupation of the city permanent the population decreased as to the Mexican element and increased in Spanish inhabitants till in 1600 there were only about 10,000 Indians and nearly that many Spaniards, and from that time the increase in numbers, both of the Spaniard and mixed population, was rapid till the middle of the next century there were nearly a hundred thousand people and at the end of it there were 125,000 people in the City of Mexico, making it the metropolis of the western world. Which honor, as the largest city on the continent, it retained for more than 250 years.

Not until the reign of the fifty-second viceroy, Juan Vicente de Güemes Pacheco de Padilla, Conde de Revillagigedo, in 1789, did the ancient capital begin to assume the metropolitan proportions of a civilized city. This viceroy paved the streets and lighted them, built sewers, established a police system, rid the city of foot-pads by hanging the captured highwaymen, and created very many reforms; the old Conde was very vigorous and emphatic in his methods and permitted no delays in the carrying out of his orders; the work

NATIONAL PALACE

of improvement was required to be promptly and effectively done and his orders were not to be disregarded in the slightest particular.

It is told of the Conde Revillagigedo that he went about the city unattended, day or night, and that when he found anything wrong he required it righted then and there. One night he struck his foot against an uneven place in the pavement—he sent a messenger for the contractor telling that he was wanted, and waited there till he came and told him in language forcible, but of Castillian politeness, that the pavement must be repaired before morning. At another time the Conde was driving through the streets in the early evening and came upon a barricade of huts completely shutting off the passage of a street; he ordered his coachman to summon the official in charge of streets, while he waited there; the officer was ordered to clear the street and have it open so the Conde's carriage could pass through as he drove to mass the following morning. It was done, and till this day the street from the Alameda to the Plazuela de la Candalaria is called Calle de Revillagigedo in honor of the eccentric but practical reformer of the olden times.

The rules and regulations of the modern city are scarcely less stringent, and a clean, well-kept city is the result—but a monument to the old Count should have a place at every corner in the city as a reminder.

It is probable that the ancient city of Tenochtitlan, covering about a quarter of the territory of the present city, was at the geographical center of the Aztec empire and of the territory within the boundaries of Anahuac, but the City of Mexico is far from the center of the Mexican Republic. It is, by direct air lines, 1,500 miles from the extreme northwest boundary, 200 miles from the Gulf, 400 miles from the Pacific and 600 miles from the boundary

of Guatemala on the south, in latitude 19° 26′ 5″ north and 99° 6′ 45″ west from Greenwich.

The city is in the midst of a broad plain completely surrounded by high mountains forming the rim of a bowl or basin, from which there is no natural outlet for the streams that rise in the hills, hence the accumulation of waters that may have, at one time, covered the entire face of the plain, and since the establishment of the city great inundations have occurred as in 1552 and again in 1629, flooding the streets and drowning thousands of the inhabitants. To prevent the recurrence of the floods and consequent disaster the dyke of San Lazaro was built in 1552, the great canal, called the Tajo de Nochistongo, was commenced in 1607, but neither served the purpose of the drainage of the valley and the city is subject to the rise of the waters in the very wet seasons, but inundations will be prevented by the great tunnel completed in 1896, bored through the hills of the eastern rim of the bowl. The tunnel is connected with the lakes by canals which makes a perfect drainage of the city and of the valley.

The city is in what is called the Federal District, covering an area of some four hundred and fifty square miles—the government of the district like the District of Columbia is directed, by the national legislature, administered by the Ayuntimiento, or city council, the city and district being presided over by a Governor appointed by the President of the Republic. The population of the district is in round numbers nearly 600,000, and of the city proper about 400,000.

The great Lake of Texcoco is eastward of the city, Xochimilco and Chalco to the southeast, Zumpango and San Cristóbal to the north. It is probable that before the filling up by the building of causeways, and the made-lands from the grading, both for the old city of Tenochtitlan and the newer City of Mexico, that these lakes were all one immense body of water, completely surrounding the ancient cities.

The altitude of the City of Mexico, 7,349 feet above the level of the sea at Vera Cruz, only 200 miles away, gives it a most delightful climate and a most even temperature. The average mean range of thermometer from October to April is 56 degrees and from May to September 63 degrees; practically the only difference between summer and winter is that it never rains in the winter and it does almost every day in the summer—but only in showers, and never with long periods of rainy weather—and the only cold weather results from a norther that blows up from the Gulf and lasts not more than a few hours or a day. With the clean, well-kept streets and delightful climate, the Mexican capital is a most delightful city whether the sojourn may be in the winter or summer months.

National Library—Biblioteca Nacional, is located in the old Church of San Agustin on the street of San Agustin, three squares south of San Francisco. The building is one of the finest in the city and has on two sides a pretty little garden surrounded by a high iron railing, the posts of which are surmounted by busts of Mexicans of prominence in literature, beginning with Netzahualcoyotl, Ixtlilxochitli Tezozomoc, the ancient writers of the country, then Carpio, Tagle, Pesado, Navarrete, Gorostiza, Clavijero, Veytia, Alaman, Ramirez, Peña y Peña, Nájera, Sigüenza y Gongora, Alzate, Loza, Cardoso and Lafragua.

Over the main door is a fine image of San Agustin, a remaining decoration of the ancient church. The interior is superb in its architecture. Ionic columns support the arches of what was the choir and now the vestibule. The nave is now the stately library hall, and where the chapels were are now the alcoves of bookshelves. Around the walls are statues of Isaiah, Confucius,

Valmiki, Homer, Plato, Cicero, Virgil, Aristophanes, St. Paul, Origen, Alarcon, Dante, Copernicus, Descartes, Humboldt and Cuvier; above these is a statue of Time and the Arms of the Republic. On either side of the entrance are medalion portraits, one of President Juarez, who decreed the establishment of the library, the other of Don Antonio Martinez de Castro, Minister of Justice, who signed the decree. The old chapel of Tercer Orden opening into the main building is a storeroom for unclassified books.

The collection of books made from suppressed monasteries and convents comprises nearly 200,000 volumes which, considering the source from which they came, are mostly religious works, but a most valuable library is being collected that comprises the choice books of the world.

There are old books and new; books on vellum and parchment; books that the British Museum have not, but would like to have. There is an atlas of England printed in Amsterdam in 1659, with steel plates and in colors that are as bright and fresh as if just off the press. Another volume bears date of 1472, and another is still older, printed in two colors with a most perfect register. There is a Spanish and Mexican dictionary, printed in Mexico in 1571. There is a book of autographs of notables and soldiers of Cortéz. A roll of deerskin shows some original dispatches (painted pictures), sent by Montezuma to his allies, but intercepted by Cortéz. There are original manuscripts and immense volumes with every old English letter done with a pen. There are rare books of all ages and nations, from a Chinese dictionary down to the latest works of the day.

The Library is open daily, feast days excepted, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., and is free to all.

Other Libraries—Each department of the government has a library of appropriate books, as also the National Museum and the Academy of Fine Arts; the School of Engineering has 8,000 volumes; the Law School, 16,000; the Preparatory School, 10,000; and in the old Church of Betlemitas, on Cinco de Mayo street, is a free library of 10,000, open daily, except feast days, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m., and 3 p. m. to 7 p. m. The National Palace has an extensive library composed of the archives of the nation.

National School of Fine Arts is called also the Academy of San Carlos. Drawing and painting was first taught in Mexico in the College of San Juan de Letran, founded by Pedro de Gante, although Rodrigo de Cifuentes, a painter of some renown, made portraits of Cortéz at the time of the Conquest. About the year 1600 came the great Sebastian Arteaga, who has been called the founder of art in Mexico. At about this time came Alonzo Vasquez, Baltazar Echave and his wife, who was called La Sumaya. Among the artists of the next century were Andreas Lopez, Herrera, Aguilera, Juan Correa, Cabrera, a native Indian of Oaxaca, and his pupil, Vallejo; Ibarra, José and Luis Rodriguez, Lopez, Saenz, Esquirel, Nicolás Juarez, Zendejas and Alcibar, these were the painters; the sculptors were Cora and Patiño Instolinque, but perhaps the greatest of all these was Francisco Eduardo Tresguerras, painter, sculptor and architect, who flourished in the latter part of the eighteenth and first part of the nineteenth centuries.

The work of these men are in the churches of the land throughout its length and breadth and in the Academy of the City of Mexico.

The school of Fine Arts originated in the school of engraving connected with the mint, established under a royal order of Charles III, dated March 15, 1778, under the direction of Don Geronimo Gil, the chief engraver, who opened the school in May following. The Director of the Mint, Don Fernando de Mangino, obtained the consent of the Viceroy Mayorga to the establishment of an academy of painting, sculpture and architecture. Classes

HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS, NATIONAL PALACE.

were organized November 4, 1781; the King being informed, issued a royal order December 25, 1783, licensing the institution under the name of La Academia de las Nobles Artes de San Carlos de la Nueva España. The Academy was opened with imposing ceremonies on the 4th of April, 1785.

The first teachers came from Spain, the painter Aguirre and Velasquez, painter and architect. In September, 1791, the Academy was removed to its present quarters in the building formerly occupied by the Hospital de Amor de Dios, then came the architect Manuel Tolsa and the painter, Rafael Jimeno. Tolsa brought with him, as a present from Charles III, a fine collection of casts valued at nearly $50,000, and under those auspicious circumstances the Academy prospered, interrupted though by the wars and revolutions of the times, and was closed from 1810 to 1821. In 1824 the city coun-

AN OLD-IRON MARKET.

cil voted a small annuity for the support of the Academy, which continued till 1843, when the proceeds of a lottery rendered a more adequate support and the Academy was formally reopened January 6, 1847. Under the Juarez government an annual allowance of $35,000 was made and in 1868 the name was changed to the National School of Fine Arts, when prizes were offered, among which is one of a pension of $600 per annum for six years. Tuition is free.

The notable pictures are the "Martyrdom of San Apronianio," "The Holy Family" and "The Adoration of Magi," by Echave. "Christ in the Garden," by Luis Juarez; "San Agustin," by Antonio Rodriguez; "Justo and Pastor" and "Life of St. Alexis," by José Juarez; "Mary and Elizabeth" and "Christ and St. Thomas," by Arteaga; "Santa Ana and the Virgin," "The Holy Sepulchre" and "The Meeting of Mary and Elizabeth," by Echave. "Virgin of the

Apocalypse" is by Cabrera, and there is also a portrait of that artist painted by himself. In "The Adoration of the Magi," by Nicolás Juarez, the artist has introduced his own portrait, the figure on the left in blue. Among Ibarra's pictures are "Woman of Samaria" and "Woman Taken in Adultery;" and those of Cabrera are his "Virgin of the Apocalypse," "Bernard" and "Anselm." There is also a "Crucifixion" by Arteaga; a "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," by Luis Juarez, and a fine "Virgin de la Purisima," by Aguilera.

There is a "San Juan de Dios," a "San Rafael," a "San Juan en el Desierto" all by Murillo, also a "San Francisco" and a "San Antonio de Padua" that are also attributed to that great artist. There is a portrait of "Rubens" and a "Christ Tormented," both by Rubens. There is a "Seven Virtues" on wood by Leonardo and a "San Sebastian" by Van Dyke; a portrait of "Murillo" by Velasquez. Among others are a "Saint Gregory;" "Santa Catalina de Sena," "Santa Teresa," and a portrait of "Maria Ana of Austria, Wife of Philip IV," a "Las Casas" and numerous others more or less interesting and by various artists. The Academy of Fine Arts is on the Calle del Amor de Dios, two squares east of the Cathedral and one square from the National Museum. The hours are from 12 noon to 2 p. m., daily, and from 9 a. m. to 12 m. Sundays and feast days.

COLOSSAL HEAD.

National Museum, or Museo Nacional, half a square east of the Cathedral and just in rear of the National Palace, contains a fine collection of antiquities and objects of natural history, excellently arranged and altogether the most interesting place in the capital. The collection was formerly a department of the National University and when that institution was closed in 1865 the relics were removed to the present building, which until that time was occupied by the Mint. The collection is constantly being added to by the reception of relics from all parts of the country—the government very wisely having decreed an ownership on all antiquities wherever found within the boundaries of the Republic, and has caused them to be brought to the National Museum until it contains one of the finest and most interesting collections in the world. There are many examples of the prehistoric races of the country, idols from their temples and ornaments from the palaces; jewels, arms, shields and utensils of the Toltecs and Aztecs, with some of their picture writings; there are portraits, parchments and paintings through all the years of the country's history from the days of the Conquest.

The Sacrificial Stone is in shape similar to the calendar stone. The carvings indicate very clearly its uses; the basin hollowed in the top

with the canal leading to a niche on the edge seems to have had the purpose of catching the blood of the victim and carrying it away. The figures on the rim show the victorious chiefs under Tizoc dragging their victims by the

INTERIOR MUSEUM, CITY OF MEXICO.

hair to the place of sacrifice to be offered to the sun. This stone was found near the Cathedral in 1791, and as it was too heavy to handle conveniently, was about to be broken up and used for paving stones, but the destroyers' work was arrested and a most interesting relic was preserved.

The Calendar Stone, sometimes called the Stone of the Sun, was originally set in the walls of the great temple of Tenochtitlan, and after the destruction of the temple was buried in the earth for many years on the spot where the temple stood, on the Plaza Mayor; it was resurrected and placed in the west tower of the Cathedral, where it remained till 1886, when it was removed to the Museum, where it is preserved. An effort by some writers, who have spent little time in research, to discredit the interesting theory of its use as a calendar, meets with but very little favor, as its drawings and divisions

SACRIFICIAL STONE.

clearly indicate the calendar idea, which has been carefully and clearly worked out till it is apparent to the most casual observer. The critics of the calendar have only succeeded in a small way in appearing wise, and to know something which for some reason they do not divulge, and prefer to say it was not a calendar stone just because somebody else said it was, and yet fail to say what its uses were, beyond a hint at sacrificial purposes, although another stone with more appropriate carvings stands beside it.

The tradition goes that both the Sacrificial and the Calendar stones were taken from the ancient quarries near Coyoacan and dragged over the causeways on wooden rollers to the walls of the teocali, and that they each broke down the bridge of Xoloc, were lost in the lake and a second pair of monoliths were quarried and through the efforts of 5,000 men were safely moved over the causeway and the renewed and strengthened bridge in 1478. By order of the king Axayacatl, the engravings were made and by the priests they were dedicated through the sacrifice of 728 human beings.

CALENDAR STONE.

The Goddess of Water, is a huge monolith nearly 11 feet high, over 5 feet across. It weighs nearly 40,000 pounds. Very much disfigured in its carvings, it is still nearly perfect in form. It came from Teotihuacan near the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, and is an idol of prehistoric origin.

Huitzilopochtli was the war god of the ancient Mexicans. The very elaborately carved idol has two faces dissimilar in feature, and is perhaps two figures, one of which has been called Teoyaomiqui, though this latter name does not appear in Mexican mythology, and the theory that one part is a god and the other a goddess is hardly tenable, though there is repulsiveness and ugliness for more than two figures. The idol is nearly ten feet high by about three in diameter.

El Indio Triste, the Sad Indian, was found in 1828, in the street now called by that name. Why the image was called the Sad Indian does not appear, for while the countenance may not be called pretty, it is by no means sad. Writers agree that the statue was set upon a wall with a torch or standard in each hand, and was more for the purpose of ornamentation than an object of worship, and was not an idol. On the walls of the Temple of

Huitzilopochtli were Indians of stone with candlesticks in their hands, and this may have been one of them, although it was dug up (1828) in the street that now bears its name, the Calle del Indio Triste. How this piece of sculpture came by its name tradition does not narrate.

Two Serpents' Heads of gigantic size were originally in the walls of the Temple of Tenochtitlan and were a part of the cohuatepantli or wall of serpents. They were discovered by Señor Garcias Cubas where they had been buried beneath the original Cathedral.

The Feathered Serpent is one of the most curious sculptures of the museum; it is coiled and has an unmistakable snake's head; this form of serpent is found in smaller examples in the museum. They came from all parts of Mexico, in fact have been found in various parts of the continent. It is called Quetzal-coatl and represents an ancient myth of Mexico of a

CARVED VASE, NATIONAL MUSEUM.

white man with a long flowing beard who taught the people religion and civilization; a religion that the earliest comers to Mexico found very similar to Christianity. The legend goes that this mysterious teacher was one of the Apostles, St. Thomas, but why he should be represented by a feathered serpent is not apparent.

Chac-Mol, the God of Fire, is a recumbent figure in stone, lying upon its back, with both hands holding upon the stomach a round disk as an emblem of the sun. This particular Chac-Mol was found in Yucatan, other and similar figures from other parts of the Republic are in the Museum. There are scores of other sculptures brought from all parts of the country about which little is known as to their origin and of which history and tradition are silent, and which the catalogues can only enumerate.

A Colossal Head of a human is one of the finest pieces in the Museum. It is exquisitely carved in diorite; it is three feet high by two feet through the neck and about seven feet in circumference. It was found in 1830 in the street of Santa Teresa in the City of Mexico, in excavating for the foundation of a building and was presented to the Museum by the Abbess of the Conception. Authorities disagree as to its origin or use, though its carvings relate in some way to the Aztec calendar. In the front of the cap are thirteen shells, that may mean the thirteen religious days of the man. In the back of the head dress are twenty shells and there were twenty days in the civil month; these and other carvings correspond in numbers to those on the Calendar stone. In the other halls of the Museum are many interesting relics prehistoric, and of the age of the Toltecs and of the Aztecs, arms and munitions of war, darts, javelins, clubs and shields. Among the shields is one of Montezuma's. There are also implements and objects of home life, jewels, dresses and costumes of the earlier races of the country, and some of the famous picture writings showing the wanderings of the people.

Of the later centuries there is the Banner of the Conquest, a portrait of the Conqueror Cortéz, and some of his armor, and the arms carried by the soldiers under him, among which is a helmet and cuirass worn by the gallant Captain Pedro de Alvarado, and of the post-conquest days there are some portraits of the Spanish viceroys. The standard of the war for independence, the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe taken by Hidalgo from the little Church of Atotonilco, near San Miguel, in the State of Guanajuato, his musket, cane, chair and handkerchief are to be seen also—and of the later days the coach, chariot of state and silver dinner service of the Emperor Maximilian and the carriage of President Juarez. These and many other objects of interest representing all ages of the country make this Museum one of the most notable in the world, containing as it does so much that is to be found in no other, called from times and tribes of a people wholly different and distinct and with no link to connect them with any other on the face of the earth.

HUITZILOPOCHTLI.

The Monte de Piedad is the National pawnshop, founded by the Conde de Regla Don Pedro Romero de Terreros, the then owner of the great Real del Monte mines, near Pachuca, with an endowment of over $300,000; approved by the Crown, June 2, 1774, and on the 25th of February, 1776, the doors were opened for business. At first no interest was charged on the loans. This was with the

idea to protect the people from the usurious charges of pawnbrokers that have been the same sharks in all ages and countries. It was expected that on the redemption of the pledge that the borrower would make some gift for charitable purposes, but as his gratitude did not always materialize it was found necessary to charge a nominal rate of interest. So low are the charges that it is in reality a boon to the people, and the liberal rules of redemption make the business one fair transaction. When the interest on an article fails to be paid, it is exposed for sale with a fixed price. At the end of a month the price is reduced, and again at the end of the second or third month, when it reaches the amount of the original loan and interest, which usually effects the sale, but if the article is sold during the first or second month the excess over the loan and interest is paid to the borrower—an unheard-of and unprecedented proceeding. The idea of paying a borrower anything on an unredeemed pledge simply because it sold for more than the loan is absurd, and such a ridiculous plan does not exist except in the Monte de Piedad of Mexico.

The institution was established first in old college San Pedro y Pablo, afterwards removed to the street of San Juan de Letran and later to the building erected especially for it on the street of the Empedradillo, opposite and just west of the Cathedral, on the spot where once was one of the palaces of Cortez.

The original capital became very much reduced in 1814 by bad management, but changes in the administration and reforms restored the deficit; again in 1884, during the administration of President Gonzalez, the capital was again impaired and has never fully recovered, but there is still sufficient to do a very large business and the institution remains a practical benevolence. Not so much as in the earlier days of its existence, but there are still to be found among the pledges some very good bargains in articles of vertu and interesting relics of persons who have seen better days.

Schools and Colleges—The school system of the City of Mexico is fully abreast of the times. So much progress has been, and is being made that it is impossible in a work of this kind to give data or statistics. What might be written this year would be all wrong next, hence no figures are given here. Suffice it to say that information in detail is easily obtained from the Department of Justice and Public Instruction. There are many private schools and institutions of learning and public schools supported by the National, State and Municipal governments, some of the most important of which are noted here.

The Conservatory of Music was established in 1877 in a building erected in 1787 on the site of the first building of the University of Mexico, on lands that belonged to the estate of Cortez. There is a fine patio with flowers, and surrounded by old cloisters; a splendid concert hall and a fine painting by Vallejo. The library and collection of music is very complete.

The School of Mines, La Mineria, on the Calle de San Andres, was founded in 1777 by Don Velazquez de Leon and Don Lúcas de Lasaga. The building is a magnificent one, erected in 1813 at a cost of nearly $200,000. There are fine patios, stairways and columned galleries, and is considered one of the finest edifices in all Mexico. The decorations are superb, especially in the chapel where there is a fine bronze altar, and frescoes by Jimeno. There is a fine observatory, library and extensive cabinets of specimens. Under the front portal are some immense meteoric stones weighing tons, that have fallen at different points in Mexico. During his visit to the capital, in 1880, General Grant was quartered in this magnificent building.

The School of Medicine was authorized by a royal decree dated March 16, 1768, followed by numerous other decrees down to the final one of 1833, and after being located at different points in the city was finally established in 1854 in the building formerly occupied by the Inquisition in the Plaza of Santo Domingo. The college has a fine theater, lecture-rooms, library and apparatus.

The Preparatory School for advanced students to prepare for the colleges was originally an institution of the Jesuits and is still called by the old name of the School of Ydelfonso. The present building was completed in 1749 at a cost of nearly half a million dollars. The patios are surrounded by galleries handsomely decorated. The various halls contain some handsome paintings by Vallejo and other noted artists, among which is "The Holy Family" and the "Feast of Pentecost." The library, museum and apparatus are in keeping with the importance of the institution.

The School of Agriculture is located just outside the city on the Tacuba road, on the hacienda de San Jacinto, and is an important institution, with all modern appliances for agricultural education.

The Colegio de la Paz, called also the College of San Ygnacio Loyola, had its corner stone laid in 1734, but was not completed till 1767, when the cost was estimated to be $2,000,000. The school was originally directed by the Biscayan Brotherhood, but upon the banishment of the order was taken charge of by the government. It is supported by its endowment and an appropriation. There are primary and secondary departments where, in addition to the regular branches of education, sewing, embroidery, etc., are taught. The original school was founded by three philanthropists through pity of the numerous poor children of that part of the city who were without schools, and with their own money bought the original site and commenced the first building. Their names should be perpetuated. They are Don José Aldaco, Don Ambrosio Meave and Don Francisco Echeveste. The building is one of the most extensive and finest in the city.

Other Schools—Among the other schools are the Industrial School for Women, Industrial School for Men, School for Deaf Mutes, Industrial School for Orphans, School of Correction, School for the Blind, Commercial College Law School, a Theological Seminary, Schools of the Lancasterian Society, Benevolent Society and of the Catholic Society, in which there are changes constantly being made, so that detailed information here would in a short while be unreliable.

HOSPITALS.

Concepcion Beistigui is one of the newest hospitals of the city, having been founded by Señorita Concepcion Beistigui and opened March 21, 1886. It was remodeled from the old convent of Regina Coeli, and is one of the finest in the city. It is located near the Plaza de Regina, six squares south of 2d San Francisco street.

Hospital del Divino Salvador is for the care of insane women. It had its foundation in the charity of a pious carpenter, Jose Sáyago, who took the unfortunate creatures he found on the streets and cared for them in his own house, till the Archbishop Aguiar y Seijas gave him a larger house and supplied him with money for expenses. After the death of Sáyago and the archbishop in 1698 the hospital passed to the care of the Jesuits, and after the suppression of the order it came under the control of the government, when a liberal appropriation was made and an improved mode of treatment put in effect. It is located in the Calle de Canoa, three squares north of 1st San Francisco.

Hospital de Jesus Nazareno was founded by Cortez about the year 1590, and was amply provided for in his will, but the administrators misapplied the funds, until the management was undertaken by Don Bernardo Alvarez and matters put in proper shape and the provisions of the will firmly established, so that all attempts to break it have failed, and it is still supported by the endowment made by the conqueror. The hospital is on the Calle de Jesus, three squares south of the Plaza Mayor.

Hospital Municipal Juarez was once a church, a college and a barracks. The college of San Pablo was built on the site in 1575, and a church in 1581, and remained as important institutions for some two hundred years, when they fell into decay and were leased by the government for use as a barracks. The first uses as a hospital were in 1847, after the battle of Padierna with the Americans near San Angel, on the 19th of August of that year, when the wounded soldiers were brought in to this place. Afterward, through the good offices of Dr. José Urbano Fonseca, it became a municipal hospital, and later, with the merging of hospitals of San Hipólito and San Lázaro, became, since 1862, the Hospital Municipal Juarez, though sometimes called by the old name of San Pablo. It is located on the Plaza de San Pablo, one square east and six squares south of the Plaza Mayor.

Casa de Maternidad was founded by an imperial decree of the Emperor Maximilian, dated June 7, 1865, and opened on the anniversary a year later under the direction of the Council of Public Charities, of which the Empress Carlotta was the president, and who became so thoroughly interested that she sent from Europe a complete set of surgical instruments and a large sum of money for the support of the hospital, which is located on the Calle Revillagigedo, half a square south of the Alameda.

La Cuna, the cradle, is a foundling asylum, known also as La Casa de Señor San José de Niños Expositos, and was founded by the Archbishop Lorenzana January 11, 1766, and supported by his private purse and alms through his hands even after his return to Spain. The succeeding archbishop, Don Núñez Haro y Peralto, continued the work by organizing a Congregation of Charity for the custody and management of the asylum, which received a royal approval, and by a decree of the king of Spain dated July 30, 1794, the foundlings were declared legitimate and endowed with the rights of citizenship, and it was further provided that the children should receive the name of Lorenzana in honor of the founder of the asylum. The children receive a practical education, the boys a manual training and the girls are taught sewing, embroidery and music. The asylum is three squares east from the south side of the Plaza Mayor.

Hospital Morelos was originally a foundling asylum, known as Hospital de la Epifania, to which was attached the Hospicio de Nuestra Señora

de los Desamparados, Our Lady of the Forsaken, and was founded by the good Doctor Pedro Lopez in 1582. In 1604 it came under the control of the brothers of San Juan de Dios, who built the present fine church and hospital, and who administered the charity for more than two hundred years, till the order was suppressed in 1820 and the hospital closed, but through the good offices of Don Gaspar Ceballos it was reopened March 8, 1845, under the name of the Hospital Morelos, in honor of the patriot soldier of the war of independence, but it is still called also by its old names. It is near the Plaza de Morelos, immediately north of the Alameda.

Hospital de San Andres was originallv a pest-house in use during the plague of 1779, though it was a Jesuit foundation of a century earlier. After the termination of the plague it was made a general hospital, and under the Laws of the Reform became the property of the Ayuntamiento, or city government, and so remains to the present time. A department for the free treatment of the diseases of the eye is maintained. The hospital is on the Calle San Andres, a square and a half east of the Alameda.

Hospital de San Hipólito was founded by a retired merchant of Peru, a native of Andalusia, Bernardino Alvarez, who took upon himself the care of the sick and became a hospital nurse, but, not being satisfied with the treatment of the sick, resolved to establish a hospital of his own. A lot near the church of San Hipólito was given him, with permission to build his hospital, which he did with his own property and contributions made to him, and set out to gather patients, not only in the city, but from as far away as Vera Cruz he gathered the lame, the halt and the crazed. A brotherhood was formed for the carrying on of the good work, which received the sanction of the Pope, Gregory XIII; approved, in 1585, May 1, by Sixtus V. Under a bull of Clement VIII, October 8, 1604, the brothers were ordered to take the vows of hospitality and obedience, and in 1700, under a bull of Innocent XII, they became a monastic order under the rules of the Agustinians, and all the privileges pertaining to that order, and were known as the Hipólitos, the Brothers of Charity, which was purely a Mexican order. Under this administration the hospital became an insane asylum for males. The present building was erected in 1773. The order of Hipólitos was suppressed by the Spanish Cortez in 1820, October 1, and the property, amounting to nearly $200,000, confiscated, but the brothers, as individuals, remained in charge. The municipality has since had charge. The hospital is on the Calle de San Hipólito, one square west of the northwest corner of the Alameda.

Hospicio de Pobres was founded by Dr. Fernando Ortiz Cortez, under a royal order dated July 9, 1765. The asylum for the poor was opened March 19, 1774, and so great was the demands of the charity that a few years later it was greatly enlarged by Don Francisco Zúñiga. The support was derived from an allowance of $1,000 per month from the government lottery, a most appropriate appropriation, since the lottery is your greatest factor in creating paupers. There are different departments for the old and young, male and female, with accommodations for a thousand or more. The hospicio is on the Avenida Juarez, nearly opposite the southwest corner of the Alameda.

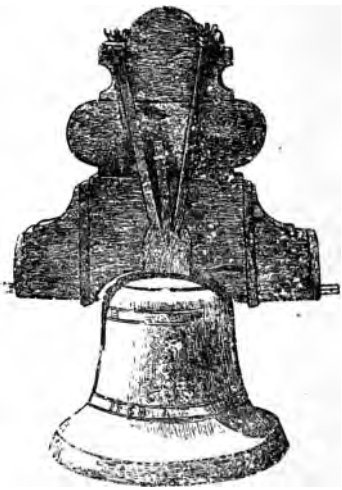
Other Hospitals—The American Hospital was founded in 1886 through the good work of the American colony and visiting Americans, and has its sole maintenance from their charity and contributions from the philanthropists of our country.

The English, French, German and Spanish Benevolent Societies look after their sick in a charitable manner.

PUBLIC AND NOTABLE BUILDINGS.

The National Palace, Palacio Nacional, on the east side of the Plaza Mayor, is the Capitol of the Republic of Mexico, as it was the Vice-regal palace when the country was a province of Spain, and before that period was the site of a palace of Cortez, and was the property of the Conqueror; the land fell to his share when the city lots of Tenochtitlan were divided among the Spaniards. At that time the site was occupied by what was known as "the new palace" of Montezuma, which, being destroyed, Cortez built in its place, a house flanked with towers. The estate was confirmed by the king to Cortez in 1529 and remained in the possession of his heirs till 1562, when it was bought by the crown for the residence of the Viceroy, and remained as the vice-regal residence until 1692, when the house was destroyed in the riots of that year.

The present building was begun in 1692, and from time to time has been added to until it extends over the entire east side of the Plaza Mayor, having a frontage of 675 feet, extending down the side streets proportionately, the whole surrounding an immense patio or court, with accommodations for the various departments of the Federal Government, the Executive offices, Senate Chamber, Treasury, and barrack room for several regiments. The Presidential apartments are in accord with the high office and the dignity of the government, magnificently appointed and splendidly decorated—it is not the Presidential residence, only the offices of the President and of the Government. The most noted room is the Hall of the Ambassadors, an apartment of regal dimensions and adornment. It extends its elegant proportions along the palace front, the immense windows looking out upon the Plaza. The walls are hung with portraits of the illustrious men of the country's history, including the martyrs of the War of Independence, Hidalgo, Allende, Morelos, Matamoros and others; Yturbide, and Presidents Arista, Juarez and Porfirio Diaz; there is also a fine portrait of George Washington. Other paintings are an allegorical representation of the Constitution and the battle of the 5th of May, respectively by Monroy and Miranda, Mexican artists of high repute. On the 16th of September, 1896, there was placed over the main gateway of the palace the bell from the tower of the church of Dolores, in the State of Guanajuato, near San Miguel de Allende, rung by Hidalgo incidentally to call the people to mass, but in reality to call them to arms for the cause of Independence; hence became the Liberty Bell of Mexico.



MEXICO'S LIBERTY BELL.

In the old tower of the little church at Dolores, nearly a hundred years ago on that September night when the stars shone bright, rang out the clear tones of a bell. The people listened and wondered at its ringing at such an hour, but well knew that it rang not except upon the order of the faithful padre, the good Father Hidalgo, and came from their homes quickly to answer the summons and hear what he might say. Assembled there under the dim light of the flickering candles of the altar, the patriot priest

told his people that the hour of independence was at hand and that they should follow him and march then to do battle for their country and against the Spanish king. The march was announced at the hour, with the banner of Guadalupe taken from the little church of Atotonilco as their standard the people followed Hidalgo, they knew not where, they only followed Hidalgo, and thus was born the bell of liberty in Mexico.

Long ago the banner of Guadalupe of Atotonilco was placed in the National Museum of the capital of the Republic, but the Liberty Bell of Mexico was but yesterday placed above the gates of the National Palace, and on the night of the 16th of September of 1896 rang out again as it did in that night of 1810 for liberty and independence.

It is in history that the hour when this bell first rang, except for mass or matin, was at eleven o'clock, and forty minutes of the night between the 15th and 16th September, 1810, then Hidalgo rang it in the call to arms and liberty, and when the people answering, assembled under the darkening shadows of its tower he pronounced the Grito of Mexican independence.

It has long been the custom of the President of Mexico to go upon the balcony over the main gateway of the National Palace at the hour and there pronounce again the Grito as Hidalgo said, and now he may ring the bell that Hidalgo rang and all the people shout their *vivas* now, as did the little band of patriots in 1810.

The bell had remained in the towers of the church at Dolores since Hidalgo rang it on that eventful night, but on Independence Day of 1896 it was brought to the capital, and on the 16th of September, with all the pomp and circumstance of state, was carried in grand procession and placed over the palace gate. The triumphal car bearing the bell, the central figure of a glittering pageant, rolled on golden wheels, whose spokes were trimmed with flowers. An eagle with outspread wings on the front of the car seemed to fly before the precious relic as if to lead the way. In the shadow of the eagle's wings rested an old brass cannon, cast by Hidalgo, on which is inscribed, "Para defender la Fé y la Pureza de Maria Santisima"—For the defense of the Faith and the Purity of Holy Mary. The bell and the cannon were surrounded by trophies of the war of independence, muskets, swords, cannon, sponges, picks and pikes; the entire group surmounted with a wreath of laurel and oak, ending in a background of tropic trees, entwined with the colors of Mexico.

The car was drawn by six magnificent horses, mounted by postilions and guarded by an escort of rurales; the grand procession following was composed of the dignitaries of state, civic and military, the army and the people. The lookers-on in Mexico were massed to the walls on the sidewalks, every window and balcony was filled and so were the housetops, from whence came showers of flowers and serpentines in green, white and red, and the vivas drowned the music of the band, as the people cheered the grand old bell on its progress to the home of the nation.

When the car arrived on the Plaza in front of the Palace, the bell was removed and hoisted over the central gate, in the façade of the Palace, and as it reached its final resting-place a thousand doves with tricolor bands about their necks rose up from the archway, circled around and flew away to the four quarters, carrying the glad news.

The President and his Cabinet watched the hoisting of the bell from a pavilion, and when the work was completed it was formally received from the commission that had brought it from Dolores Hidalgo. The patriotic speeches of presentation and reception were received with wild applause and the ceremony continued till the evening.

All day long the crowds had not left the Plaza, only thinned out a little

now and then, and when night came it was packed again until the hour of eleven drew on and there was a solid mass of humanity within the walls of the great square.

At 11:35 President Diaz came from the Hall of the Ambassadors to the balcony where, till now, he had only pronounced the *Grito*, took the rope in his hand, a silence fell on the multitude till the hands of the clock crawled to forty minutes past, and he gave the bell four lusty strokes, and a mighty shout went up and re-echoed to the surrounding hills; then rang all the bells in every tower. A star of electric fire surrounded the bell and cascades of colored fires poured down from the Cathedral towers and the Palace walls, bands played and people shouted, and almost wept from patriotic joy—the indescribable scene may not be written in the words of any language, great was the boon of him who saw the dedication of Mexico's Liberty Bell.

The Casa de Moneda, the Mint, on the Calle Apartado, six squares north of the cathedral, was one of three established by the Spanish Government in 1535, the other two at Potosi, in Bolivia, and at Santa Fé, New Mexico. At first there was only an assay office from which ingots and bars bearing the official stamp were issued and were current as money.

The present building was completed in 1734 at a cost of something over half a million dollars. The increasing output of gold and silver of Mexico caused the establishment of mints in other cities, notably at Zacatecas, Guanajuato, Guadalajara, but the mint of Mexico is the principal one, the coinage having reached the enormous sums of over $100,000,000 gold and nearly $3,000,000,000 in silver. The mints may be leased to private parties, as they often are, but the coinage is always under the espionage of the government. Coins of the Spanish king, of the Republic and of the Empire under Maximilian have been issued from this mint, with machinery from France, England and the United States.

Aduana, the Custom House, occupies the Plaza and ancient church of Santiago Tlaltelolco, in the northwest quarter of the city.

Camara de Diputados, the Chamber of Deputies, or House of Representatives, is in the Yturbide Theater, four squares north of San Francisco street from the corner of Vergara, the original hall in the National Palace having been destroyed by fire in 1872. The theater has been remodeled and adapted to legislative uses.

Arzobispado, or the Palace of the Archbishop, on the corner of Calle Arzobispado and Seminario, was established in 1530 by the first Archbishop of Mexico, Juan Zumárraga, and decreed by Charles V. in 1533 to be the home of the Archbishops forever, but the Republic of Mexico decreed otherwise and in 1861 declared it to be the property of the State, and is now occupied by various governmental offices.

The Palace of Yturbide, so called from its occupancy by the Emperor Yturbide I. during his brief reign, now occupied (since 1855) as a hotel, on 1st San Francisco street, was built by the Marquesa de San Mateo Valparaiso during the eighteenth century on lands that formerly belonged to the Convent of Santa Brigida.

The House of Tiles, on 1st San Francisco street, is one of the curiosities of the city. It was built by the Conde del Valle de Orizaba early in the eighteenth century, now occupied by the Jockey Club. It is a magnificent house, with its walls completely covered with tiles. There is a Spanish proverb applied to a spendthrift, "He will never build a house of tiles," that the building of this beautiful house would seem to completely controvert.

Near by, fronting on the Plazuela de Guardiola, is the splendid residence of the family Escandon. The house of Bazaine, on the Puente de Alvarado,

noticeable from its recessed front, was occupied during the reign of Maximilian by his perfidious minister, the Marshal Bazaine.

On the Tacuba road, near the Garita de San Cosme, is the house of the Masks, *la casa de los mascarones*, so called because of the stone masks which adorn its walls. This curious house was designed and partly built by the Conde del Valle de Orizaba, in the year 1771, who died after having spent $100,000 on it, and left behind him this most unique architectural monument.

The City Hall, Palacio del Ayuntimiento, is on the southeastern side of the Plaza Mayor, on a site set apart by Cortéz for the municipal palace, and has been since so occupied, The present house was finished in 1722. The lower floor is occupied by the fine dry goods stores of the city, in front of which are the finest portales in the city.

SAN FRANCISCO STREET CITY OF MEXICO.

There are many notable houses in various parts of the city, whose walls could tell tales of history and romance if they had ears to hear them in the centuries gone by. Among them the house of the Condes de Santiago, just beyond the Calle de Parque del Conde, so-called from the park that originally surrounded the magnificent house with its carved doors and miniature cannon used as water-spouts. The patio is large and of exquisite proportions. The lower part of the house is occupied by stores and shops. On 3rd Calle de San Augustin is the house occupied by Humboldt, the great German traveler, in 1803. A tablet recording this fact was set in the walls on the 100th anniversary of his birth, September 14th, 1869.

PLAZAS, PARKS, PASEOS AND PANTEONS.

Plaza Mayor, the main plaza, or to be explicit, the Plaza Mayor de la Constitucion, is in the city's center, where stood the great teocali, the temple of the Atzecs, and where stands the Cathedral, and facing it the National Palace. When the Aztec temples were destroyed and the city being built, an open space was left here that soon became a market place and filled with shops and booths. These were destroyed by fire, after the royal order of January 18, 1611, creating the space a public plaza, only to be rebuilt and subsequently destroyed in a riot in 1692, the fire destroying the building of the Ayuntamiento, City Council, and injuring the palace, with a loss of valuable records, a portion only being saved through the efforts of Don Carlos de Siguenza y Góngora, the custodian.

Afterward an elegant stone building, called the Parian, was erected by the municipality, and was rented to merchants of a high class, who brought here their wares, and it became the bazaar of fine trade, but the fruit sellers and vegetable venders surrounded it with their huts again and remained for many years.

The coming of the Conde de Revillagigedo, the viceroy, in 1789, marked the beginning of the present plaza. The hucksters and peddlers were driven off to the Volador market, the open ditches were covered into sewers, the panteons removed or obliterated, and in 1830 the foundation was laid in the plaza for the equestrian statue of Charles IV, that was afterward removed and which now stands at the entrance of the Paseo de la Reforma. The Parian was looted during the revolution of 1828, and later, in 1843, the building torn down and the site included in the plaza.

In the center of the plaza is the Garden of the Zócalo, which derives its name from the *zocalo*, or foundation, for a monument that was never built, a monument to Mexican independence. From this the plaza is often called the Zócalo. A music stand is built on the foundation, and a military band plays here evenings and Sundays for the middle and poorer classes.

On two sides of the Plaza Mayor are the portales, an extension of the buildings over the sidewalks that are supported by columns with arches between, under which are some of the finest stores in the city. On the east side the National Palace extends almost its entire length; on the north the great Cathedral, with its towers, flanked on one side by the flower market and on the other by the Plaza del Seminario, which is only a part of the main plaza. Here is a monument to Enrico Martinez, the noted engineer of his day, who was responsible for the Nochistongo canal, for the drainage of the city. Bronze figures, inlaid in a marble shaft, show standards of measurement and the level of the lakes at different times.

From the Plaza Mayor street cars for all parts of the city and the suburbs start, and the passenger remaining in the car will be brought here again on the return trip; and here are fired the salutes, and the troops reviewed on national days, the 16th of September, 5th of May, 2d of April and other days of national celebration.

La Alameda is the park of the better classes, and is so called from the fact that it was first planted with alamos, or poplars. Every city, town and village has an alameda, but this is *the* alameda of Mexico.

In 1592 a petition was made to the city council to set apart certain ground for a park of recreation, and the old Indian market, the Tianquis del San Hipólito, located on a part of the present Alameda, was selected, and a little later the Plaza del Quemadero, the place of the stone altar on which the

victims of the Inquisition were burned, was added. The Quemadero was removed by order of the Viceroy Marquis de Croix, and the Alameda attained its present size and shape. By his order to remove the Quemadero the Viceroy incurred the displeasure of the bigots of the church, and this same Quemadero came near being his own funeral pyre.

The Viceroy Revillagigedo, famous for his energetic reforms and municipal improvements, inclosed the Alameda with a high board fence in 1791, which was replaced in 1822 by the stone wall that had done duty on the Plaza Mayor in inclosing the unfortunate statue of Charles IV. A trench was outside the wall of the Alameda, but these were all obliterated in 1885. The Alameda is the resort of the fashionables, and here they most do congregate Sundays and feast days to enjoy the music of the military bands. The beautiful trees, the flowers and the fountains make the Alameda a most beautiful park.

The Paseo de la Reforma extends from the city to Chapultepec, commencing at the glorieta of the statue of Charles IV, running in a direct line to the gates of the park at the foot of the Hill of the Grasshopper. It is a broad, smooth, and very beautiful boulevard, shaded by splendid trees, as are the wide walk-ways on each side; along the curb and between the promenades, at certain intervals, are erected statues to the illustrious men of Mexico, presented by the various States of the Republic; massive stone seats are along the promenade under the trees. The Paseo widens into circles, here and there, called *glorietas*, in the center of which are splendid statues, one of Columbus and one of Cuautemoc, the Aztec warrior, nephew and successor of Montezuma. Other statues are to be erected in all the six glorietas. In the glorieta at the entrance of the Paseo is the statue of Charles IV of Spain. The Aztec statues shown here have been removed to the Paseo de La Viga. The Paseo was established during the empire of Maximilian, and became at once the fashionable drive of the Mexican capital, and a more beautiful one does not exist in Europe or America. Here in the late afternoon of every day, greatly increased in brilliancy on Sundays and feast days, is a magnificent display of carriages and equipages of every style, and a more splendid review does not exist anywhere. The fine array passes up one side and down the other, a cordon of cavalrymen in the center keeping the procession in line, and adding to the brilliancy of the scene. There are other paseos in the city, but the Paseo de la Reforma is *the* paseo.

Paseo de Bucareli is sometimes called Paseo Nuevo, the new paseo, although it was opened in 1778, and is now little used as a paseo. This paseo was named for the Viceroy Bucareli, during whose reign it was established, and starts from the statue of Charles IV. In one of the glorietas is

a fountain and a statue of Victory, erected in 1829 in honor of President Guerrero.

Paseo de la Viga runs along the bank of the famous canal of that name, and is a very attractive drive, especially during the fiestas of the Indians, and still more especially on Holy Thursday and on the day of the Feast of the Flowers. The drive is to be taken for the novelty rather than the good road. About midway of the paseo is a bust of Cuautimotzin, the last of his line, and the last of the Aztec kings.

Calzadas, or causeways, connected the city of Tenochtitlan with the mainland. They were narrow roadways built by the Aztecs and improved by the Spaniards, and in later days became streets, as the waters were filled and houses built on the made land.

The causeway of Tlacópan is now the Tacuba road. It was the shortest to the mainland, and was improved from a narrow foot-path to a wide roadway as a means of retreat, as they found necessary, on the night of the 1st of July, 1521, the Noche Triste, and the tree under which Cortéz sat down and wept over his defeat on that dismal night is preserved to a healthy old age. Part of this causeway is called the Puente de Alvarado, from the leap of the Spanish captain over one of the cuts made by the Aztecs on that fateful night. The spot is marked by a tablet in the wall of the churchyard of San Hipólito. This causeway leads west from the city.

The second of the three causeways from the city to the mainland leads southward toward San Antonio Abad, with branches to Coyoacan and Ixtapalapan. Over the latter came Cortéz on his first entry into the city of Tenochtitlan, and met Montezuma in the suburb of Huitzillan, near the corner of the Calle del Paja and Jesus and the Hospital de Jesus. This causeway was an important thoroughfare in the Aztec times, and was widened by the Spaniards in 1605.

There were two causeways leading northward to the mainland between the city and the hill of Guadalupe, called in the old days Tepeyac, and later Tepeyácac, commencing in the city near Santiago Tlaltelolco. The eastern of the two causeways was almost destroyed by the inundation of 1604, but afterward repaired by Fray Juan de Torquemada. The other causeway is of more recent date, having been built in 1675-76. Formerly it was ornamented with glorietas like those on the Paseo, and had fifteen beautifully sculptured shrines erected at regular intervals, where pilgrims to Guadalupe stopped to pray. Some of the shrines are still standing, but alas, to what base uses have we come—this causeway is used for the roadway of the Vera Cruz Railway, and the other is the route of street cars to Guadalupe.

Aqueducts for the city's water supply were commenced to be built more than two centuries ago, but their usefulness has passed and they have given way to the more prosaic iron pipes, and the ancient waterways have been torn down and the material used for street repairs. There were two aqueducts bringing water to the southern part of the city, one from a spring near the Desierto, about twenty miles distant. This aqueduct formerly came to the center of the city, passing by the west side of the Alameda, where it served as a position of advantage for those wishing to see the burning of the victims of the Inquisition. It now ends in San Cosme. Formerly there were nearly a thousand arches of stone and brick, but the whole work cost less than $200,000. The building covered a period from 1603 to 1620.

The other aqueduct brought the water from the spring in the park at Chapultepec, ending in the beautiful fountain called El Salto del Agua, which is still preserved, and the remaining arches may be seen from the street cars of the Tacubaya line. At certain intervals are some beautiful shrines

artistically sculptured. An inscription on the fountain of El Salto del Agua says that this aqueduct was completed March 20, 1779, during the viceroyalty of Bucareli, and that it is built on the line of an ancient aqueduct of the Aztecs, built in the time of the Emperor Chimalpopoca, who obtained the right to take the water of Chapultepec from the king of Atzcapatzalco, to whom the Aztecs owed allegiance until their independence, in the time of Itzcohuatl, in 1422 to 1433.

The more modern iron pipe brings water from the springs near Guadalupe to the northern portion of the city. The *aguador* still does business, carrying water from the fountains to residences. The water coming from the springs is exceptionally pure, as it comes from the hills, and there is no contamination by contact with sewerage.

SHRINE IN THE OLD AQUEDUCT.

Monuments and Statues—The statue of Charles IV of Spain is the most notable of the many in the city, is of heroic dimensions, being the largest single piece of bronze in the world. It is located at the entrance of the Paseo de la Reforma, but was originally in the Plaza Mayor, opposite the National Palace, where before the casting, a wooden model of the statue, gilded, was placed on the pedestal pending the molding of the bronze work. A royal order by the king of Spain was made November 30, 1795, permitting the building of the statue. The cast was made August 4, 1802, at six o'clock in the morning, after two days had been spent in melting the bronze, under the direction of Don Salvador de la Vega, from the model of Don Manuel Tolsa, the work being done under the administration of the Viceroy Branciforte, paid for by the city and private contributions. The statue was not completed until 1803, when it was unveiled with great ceremony on the 9th of December of that year.

The statue remained in the Plaza Mayor until 1822, when the feeling against the Spaniards became so bitter that its destruction was threatened, and a great wooden globe was constructed about it and painted blue to protect it from patriotic missiles thrown by the now independent Mexicans. But the blue globe was not thought to be a complete safeguard, and the statue was removed to the patio of the university, where it remained until 1852, when the animosity against Spain had in a measure subsided, and the great bronze horse and his royal rider was placed in its present position. The height of horse and rider is fifteen feet nine inches, and weighs 60,000 pounds.

STATUE OF CUAUHTEMOC.

The Statue of Columbus, in a glorieta of the Paseo de la Reforma, was the first to be erected to his memory on the continent he discovered, a beautiful work of Cordier's, placed here through the generosity of Don Antonio Escandon. The base is of basaltic stone, supporting an iron balustrade, with lamps at each corner; resting on this is a massive block of red marble; is ornamented on its four sides in exquisite sculpture; the arms of Columbus in garlands of laurel; the rebuilding of the monastery of La Rábida; the discovery of the island of San Salvador; a fragment of a letter of Columbus to Sauris, and the dedication by Señor Escandon. Above this are life-sized figures in bronze of Pedro de Gante, Diego Dehesa, confessor to Ferdinand of Spain, Las Casas and Marchena of Santa Maria de la Rábida. Surmounting the whole is the statue of Columbus drawing the veil that hides the new world.

Guatimotzin, or Cuauhtemoc, the nephew of Montezuma, and last of his line, the last Aztec king, has a monument in the next glorieta beyond that of Columbus, greatly venerated by the Indians, who hold festivals in his honor on the great dates of his life. The monument is a very beautiful one of bronze, the work of Don Francisco Jimenez. On the four sides of the base are wrought in bronze scenes from the life of the great warrior and his torture by Cortéz, in placing his feet in fire to compel the divulgence of the hiding place of the Aztec treasure. A bust of Cuauhtemoc is in the Paseo de la Viga, erected

August 13, 1869, the anniversary of his capture by Cortéz and final conquest of the empire.

Near the entrance of Paseo de la Reforma is the statue in heroic size of Charles IV. of Spain, and at regular intervals on each side of the grand boulevard are statues of the men illustrious in Mexican history.

The Juarez monument, in the Panteon de San Fernando, the work of the Islas brothers, is one of the most beautiful pieces of sculpture in the world. Within a Grecian temple, supported by marble columns, lies the dead president, his head supported by a female, figurative of Mexico, the whole in white marble.

Morelos, the soldier priest, has a monument that was unveiled by Maximilian on September 30, 1865, the hundredth anniversary of the hero's birth. It is in the Plazuela de Morelos, between the churches of San Juan de Dios and Santa Vera Cruz, and in the Plaza of San Fernando is a bronze statue of Guerrero, by Noreña.

In the Plaza de Santo Domingo is a monument to the memory of Señora Doña Josefa Dominguez, the heroine of Mexican Independence, at whose house in Querétaro the first meetings of the patriots were held.

CATHEDRAL AND CHURCHES.

"It was a marvelous time of original and beautiful work that covered Mexico with churches, and set up in all the remote and almost inaccessible villages towers and domes that match the best work in Italy, and recall the triumphs of Moorish art," writes that ardent student of Mexico, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. "The beauty and originality is wholly in the exterior. While nearly all the towers, domes, façades, and outside walls are original in form and color and decorations and have a special charm, the interiors are strikingly alike and generally commonplace. This uniformity is the more remarkable in a people that build their interior domestic courts and decorate them with so much variety. It should be said, however, that some of the interiors of the churches were very rich in silver and gold decorations prior to the sequestration of church property."

"Except in the general form of these churches, there is nowhere any repetition of design. The artists seemed to have had free play to express their love of beauty in towers, domes and façades. Nothing is commonplace; nothing is vulgar. Towers and domes, anyone of which I should like to see in the United States, are common in the republic; but it seemed to me that in this part of Mexico they expressed a feeling not common elsewhere—not Italian (which one encounters in so many lovely cloisters and towers), nor yet exactly Spanish, but rather, I should say, Saracenic. At least this was the impression strongly made upon me. The domes always reminded me of the tombs of sheiks, of the califs, and so on, as one sees them in all Moslem lands, and the slender towers recalled the graceful minarets. These two forms in combination, so constant and so varied, suggested always the Saracenic spirit in the artist. It may be only a fancy, but it is not unreasonable to believe that the Spanish architect who designed them was strongly influenced in his work by the Saracenic forms with which he was so familiar three centuries ago. There is another fancy about the façades of many of the best old Mexican churches which I may have mentioned before. It is a peculiarity which one sees in many village churches, and even in the City of Mexico, and in such suburban towns as Coyoacan and Tacubaya. While the churches were evidently designed by Spanish architects, the workers who executed the façades were evidently Indians; and in the strange stone-work

CATHEDRAL—CITY OF MEXICO.

designs, unlike any other architectural decoration that I know, and very difficult for us to interpret or enter into the spirit of—we have the Indian traditions of a prehistoric art and ornamentation. Much of this work, untranslatable into our terms, has more in common with the carving on the prehistoric temples than with that on any Christian edifices. The subject is one, however, that a layman is incompetent to deal with. It is much to be desired that trained artists should study and describe the old churches of Mexico. Many of them, like the noble edifice of Churubusco, with its interior wealth of old Spanish tiles, are already going to ruin.

"The fascination in pursuing the study of the towers and domes is that there are no two alike. There was no slavish copying from book designs. The style is the same, but each architect followed his own genius in constructing an object of beauty. The edifices are not always simple; the roof masses are bold and grand, often; and there is an effect of solidity, of grandeur, with all the airy grace of form, and the satisfaction of the eye with color. There is a touch of decay nearly everywhere, a crumbling and a defacement of colors, which add somewhat of pathos to the old structures; but in nearly every one there is some unexpected fancy—a belfry oddly placed, a figure that surprises with its quaintness or its position, or a rich bit of deep stone carving, and in the humblest and plainest façade there is a note of individual yielding to a whim of expression that is very fascinating. The architects escaped from the commonplace and the conventional; they understood proportion without regularity, and the result is not, perhaps, explainable to those who are only accustomed to our church architecture. But most of ours, good as it occasionally may be, is uninteresting; whereas you love this, in all its shabbiness of age, and do not care to give a reason why."

The Cathedral—On the very foundations of the greatest pagan temple of the continent is erected the most ambitious house of the Christian Church in the western world—the Cathedral. The Holy Metropolitan Church of Mexico is built on the site of the great teocali of the Aztecs.

The bishopric of Mexico was established in 1527 by Pope Clement VII, and on the 12th of December of that year Fray Juan de Zumárraga, at the instance of Charles V of Spain, was made Bishop, but it was not until a year later that he arrived in the City of Mexico, and on the 2d of September, 1530, was confirmed as bishop-elect and protector of the Indians.

The archbishopric of Mexico was created by Pope Paul II on the 31st of January, 1545, with Bishop Zumárraga as archbishop.

When the Aztec temples that were in the center of the City of Tenochtitlan were destroyed by the Spaniards in 1521, the space was set apart for the building of a Christian church, as before the walls of the teocali were razed to the ground the sign of the cross and the image of the Virgin was shown above the pagan altars, and at the throwing down of the heathen gods and idols, as a consecration of the ground, and when the ruins had been cleared away, the first church in the City of Mexico, the little church of the Asuncion de Maria Santisima, was built where the temple stood.

This church, finished about three years after the conquest, was replaced soon after by the first cathedral, and was preserved until the larger one could be built. It stood in the open court in front of the present cathedral, the first stone of which was laid just beyond the north wall in 1573.

The corner-stone of the present cathedral was laid in 1573; the foundations were completed in 1615, and the walls were well under way; the roof over the sacristy was finished in 1623, the first service held in 1626. The great inundation of 1629-35 greatly hindered the work, so that the dedication did not take place till 1656, February 2, and even then the building was

still incomplete, and it was not until eleven years later, on the 2d of February, 1667, that the final dedication occurred.

The towers were completed in 1791, and the bells placed in position in 1792. The cost of the towers was nearly $200,000, and the great bell called Santa Maria de Guadalupe, twenty feet from the top fastenings to the tongue, cost $10,000. The larger bell, in the other tower, called Doña Maria, cost nearly as much. The estimated cost of the Cathedral, from the laying of the corner-stone to the hanging of the bells, is put at $2,000,000—but that does not represent a tithe of the actual cost if the labor had a fair value put upon it, and the material had been bought at market prices. From north to south the building is over 400 feet in length, the interior measuring 387 feet. From west to east the interior width is 177 feet, the height from roof to the tiles of the floor is 179 feet. The towers are 203 feet 6 inches high. The material of the walls and towers is stone, the roof is in arches of brick and cement. The front is to the south, the facade richly carved and with friezes, statues, etc., in white marble between the two great towers, with their bell-shaped caps and crosses in stone, make it one of the handsomest in the world. On the cornices are statues of saints and great men of the church and religious orders. In the center of the façade is the clock, and below it the arms of the republic. Surmounting the whole is the magnificent dome and lantern of graceful proportions, by the architect Tolsa. The entire cathedral was from the architectural plans of Alonzo Perez Castañeda. The immensity of the great church is apparent immediately upon the entrance. It is Gothic and Doric, with a cold simplicity. Twenty massive fluted columns of stone separate the nave from the aisles and support the vaulted roof, that under the lofty dome is shaped in the form of a Latin cross. The dome is handsomely painted in pictures of sacred history, among which is the Assumption of the Virgin. There are fourteen chapels in the cathedral, seven in each aisle, dedicated to the various saints, each decorated in its own particular style with pictures of scenes from the lives of the respective saints. These chapels were formerly inclosed with handsomely carved wood railings. Now they are behind iron gratings, where there are constantly burning candles and tapers in front of the images of the saints. The most noted of the chapels is that of San Felipe de Jesus, where are preserved some relics of this saint, and in front of which is the font in which he was baptized. In this chapel rest the remains of the first emperor of Mexico, Agustin Yturbide, beneath a monument erected to the honored memory of "The Liberator."

Another chapel is that of Las Reliquias, containing pictures by Herrera of the holy martyrs. In another, that of San Pedro, lies buried the first bishop and archbishop of Mexico, Juan de Zumárraga, and also the remains of Gregorio Lopez, the Mexican Man with an Iron Mask, supposed to have been a son of Philip the Second of Spain.

The choir is enclosed within a high railing of richly carved woods, and in the center of this enclosed space is a large octagonal stand of highly polished dark wood for the music

books, that have their notes so large that they can be read from the seats around the railing. Two immense organs, also in carved wood, rise almost to the arches of the roof. From the choir, leading up the nave, is a passage-way to an altar, inclosed between railings of tumbago, a metal composed of gold, silver and copper. In the rear of the choir is the Altar of Pardon (del Perdon), where at any time may be seen the devotees kneeling in crowds about the base of the altar. Here are two fine paintings, one by the great woman artist, La Sumaya, a San Sabastian, and a Candalaria, by Echave.

The main altar, erected in 1850, was designed by Lorenzo Hidalgo, and cost a fortune in its ornamentations, gilding and carving. The fine altar of the Kings (de los Reyes) is the most imposing in the building, of magnificent proportions. Its top reaches to the arches of the roof. The altar was by the artist who made the *Altar de Los Reyes* in the Cathedral of Seville in Spain. The rich carvings and gildings are the especial admiration of the Indians. A noted Mexican artist, Don Juan Rodriguez Juarez, greatly added to the beauty of the altar by his images and pictures, among which are the Assumption and the Epiphany. Beneath the altar of the Kings are buried the heads of the patriots Hidalgo, Allende, Aldama and Jimenez, brought from Guanajuato in great state and pomp after independence was secured.

In the sacristy are some magnificent pictures that completely cover its walls: The Entry into Jerusalem, the Catholic Church and the Assumption, by Juan Correa; the Triumph of the Sacrament, Immaculate Conception, and the Glory of St. Michael, by Villalpando. In the Meeting Room is a Last Supper and Triumph of Faith by Alcíbar, and a collection of portraits of all the Archbishops of Mexico by various artists. In the Chapter Room is a fine Murillo, the Virgin of Bethlehem, a Virgin by Cortona, and another by an unknown artist representing John of Austria imploring the Virgin at the battle of Lepanto.

The Sagrario Metropolitano adjoins the cathedral on the east side, and is really a part of the main structure and opens into it. It is built on the site of the first parish church of Mexico, the church of San José de los Naturales, mentioned elsewhere, being the first parish church of the Indians. The Sagrario was founded in 1521 and dedicated to Santiago, the patron saint of Spain. The first chapel was built by Juan Rodriguez de Villafuerte for an asylum for Nuestra Señora de los Remedios. The present church was built about the middle of the eighteenth century from plans by the architect Lorenzo Rodriguez. The foundation was laid January 7, 1749; dedication, January 9, 1768. The very intricate carvings of the façade are in striking contrast with the great front of the cathedral adjoining it.

The interior is shaped as a Greek cross; richly carved columns support the high vaulted roof. There is a fine main altar and twelve minor ones. The church has not escaped the repairer's work, but there is much of the antique elegance that renders it intensely interesting. There are some fine pictures; in the baptistry is a fine fresco by José Ginés de Aguirre, the first professor of fine arts sent from Spain and placed in charge of the Academy of Fine Arts. The fresco represents the baptism of Jesus, Constantin, San Agustin and San Felipe de Jesus. There is also a fine St. John in the Desert after Murillo.

The little chapel between the cathedral and the Sagrario was built in 1750 and called San Antonio, from an image placed there. Afterward a pious woman placed there an image of Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, since when it has been known as La Capilla de la Soledad.

Completing the group of churches and chapels about the cathedral is the Capilla de las Animas, adjoining the cathedral in the rear, and really a part

of it, facing on the street de las Escalerillas. This chapel was originally tenanted by a brotherhood whose duties required them to pray for the release of souls from purgatory. The good padre Don Cayetano Gil de la Concha died October 7, at the age of eighty-seven, with an unbroken record of having said mass 45,324 times. The chapel was destroyed by fire March 3, 1748, but rebuilt soon after. One of the altars supports an image of Santa Rita de Casia that is greatly venerated by the Indians.

In all this great cathedral and its adjunct churches and chapels are concentrated the pomp and circumstance of the church of Rome, that for centuries was the power of the land, and within the walls was made much of the country's history.

SAGRARIO METROPOLITANO.

Santa Ana, on the street of the same name a dozen squares directly north of the Cathedral, was founded by the Franciscans. The church was dedicated March 16th, 1754, and became an independent parish in 1770. The font in which was baptized the Indian Juan Diego, to whom the vision of the Virgin of Guadalupe appeared, was preserved for many years in this church.

San Antonio Abad, established in 1628, is on the street of that name in southern part of the city; only a chapel of the original church, convent and hospital now remains.

La Balvanera, originally a convent and church, was founded in 1573. The corner-stone of the present church was laid May 3d, 1667, and dedicated December 6th, 1671, is located at the corner of the streets of Balvanera and Olmedo, about three squares from the Plaza Mayor, south two and east one. The church was built by a wealthy lady, Doña Beatriz de Miranda, but the name of the donor was not known until after her death and that of her attorney, Don Jose de Lombieda, who superintended the building.

Belen de los Padres —Seven squares south from the Alameda on the Calle de los Arcos de Belen. In the early history of the city an Indian woman named Clara Maria owned some real estate near what is now known as the street of El Salto de Aguas, and being piously inclined, gave some land and built a monastery for the Brothers of Mercy, which she maintained until she married and allowed a bad husband to squander her fortune in riotous living, and was herself left in poverty, to be taken care of by the Brothers. Another Indian, Marcos, gave some lands and his service for life; then another woman, Doña Ysabel de Picazo, gave of her money sufficient to build a church, which was dedicated in 1678, but the present church was not completed till 1735, through the beneficence of Don Domingo del Campo y Murga. The church has some fine paintings, and connected with it is the Colegio de San Pedro Pascual.

San Bernardo, one square south of the Plaza Mayor, through the little street of Callejuela, was intended for a convent and was built from money bequeathed by Don Juan Márquez de Orozco, whose desire was for it to be occupied by the Cistercian Sisters, but none of that order being in the country three sisters of the donor opened the nunnery and lived there, and their successors until the suppression of convents. The first church was built by Don José Retes Largache, 1685-90.

Santa Brigida, on the corner of 2d Independencia and San Juan de Letran, one square south of San Francisco street, near the Alameda, is the fashionable church of the city. The order of St. Bridget was introduced into Mexico through the gifts of Don José Francisco de Aguirre and his wife, Doña Gertrudis Roldan, in 1743, and by these pious persons the church was built in 1744 and dedicated on the 21st of December of that year. When the nuns were banished from the country and their property confiscated this church was bought in by a wealthy family, who gave it for church uses. There is nothing of the antique about Santa Brigida; it is the fashionable church of the capital and is kept in repair and up-to-date in its appointments.

San Camilo, five squares south and one east of the Plaza Mayor, on the Calle de la Encarnacion, is now occupied by the Catholic Theological Seminary and the name changed to Seminario Conciliar. The church is a very pretty one indeed, with its tasteful decorations in white and gold. The Order of Carmilists, whose was the care of the sick and consolation of the dying, was established in Mexico in 1755 through Father Diego Martin de Moya.

La Caridad —This church, on the Calzada de Santa Maria, near the Plazuela de Villamil, three squares north of the Alameda, is all that remains of the Convent and College of the Sisters of Charity, established at a cost of nearly $200,000 by Padre Bolea Sanchez de Tagle, who wished to found an institution for the protection of Indian girls whose beauty might expose them to the temptations and snares of the world, but the hopes of the good Padre were never realized, as the building was not completed before his death. The convent has always been called the Colegio de las Bonitas, College of the Pretty Girls, and was used by the Sisters of Charity, whose order was founded in Mexico by Doña Maria Ana Gomez de la Cortina, who paid the passage of twelve of the Sisters from Spain, who arrived in Mexico November 15th, 1844, when the good woman herself donned the habit and joined the order. She died and was buried in 1846 in the patio of the convent, where her tomb now is, and by her will the church of La Caridad was built, at a cost of nearly $150,000, dedicated May 8th, 1854, General Santa Ana acting as sponsor, or padrino. For their good works the Sisters of Charity were for a time exempted from expulsion by the Laws of the Re-

form, but when the Laws became a part of Constitution in 1874 the order was suppressed, and the Sisters left Mexico in February, 1875, being the last of the religious orders to leave the country.

El Carmen —The Carmelites arrived in Mexico in October, 1585, and after many trials and tribulations established a monastery and church of their own, in 1605—which was pulled down and the foundations laid for a magnificent church that was never completed. The chapel was finished, however, and is still in use on the Plaza de la Concordia, seven squares north and one east of the Cathedral.

Santa Catalina de Sena was built by two pious ladies named Felipas and placed in possession of two nuns of the Dominican order, who came from a convent in Oaxaca. The corner-stone was laid in 1615, and the church dedicated March 7th, 1623. The convent was closed by the Laws of the

CHURCH STATUARY—SANTA ROSA.

Reform, but the church, on Calle Cerbatana, four squares north of the Cathedral, remains.

Santa Catarina Martir is a very old church. The present church, on the corner of the street of that name and Calle del Cuadrante, seven squares north of the Cathedral, was built on the site of the first building and dedicated in 1662; the decorations are quaintly done and has some altars totally unlike any others. The good Doña Ysabel de la Barrera, wife of Don Simon de Haro, was the benefactress who gave the money to build the church.

Santa Clara, on the corner of Vergara and Santa Clara, two squares north from San Francisco street, stands in evidence of the base uses to which some of the churches of Mexico have come under the Laws of the Reform. The convent is now a livery stable and one of the chapels is a shop. History says that Francisca de San Agustin and her five daughters took the vows of the order of Santa Clara and that Don Alonzo Sanchez and his

wife gave then a house on the site of the present church, and they established a convent here in December, 1579—and a church was founded that was dedicated October 22d, 1661. Burned in 1755, the church was restored at once and remains to this day, though denuded of its fine altar and other decorations that were the work of Pedro Ramirez. The convent was closed February 13th, 1861.

Colegio de las Niñas was founded by the famous Fray Pedro de Gante in 1548 as free schools for girls, and from the benevolence of its institutions soon acquired great wealth, which was confiscated under the Reform Laws, but the church on the street of same name, one square south of San Francisco street, still remains.

Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion was the first convent of Mexico, and was established by Fray Antonio de la Cruz, a monk of the order of San Francisco, who brought here three nuns from the convent of Santa Ysabel de Salamanca, in Spain. The first building was demolished in 1644 and the present church and convent built at a cost of nearly $300,000 through the generosity of Don Tomas Suaznaba and the donors of the church of Santa Catarina Martir, and at one time was one of the wealthiest in Mexico, owning nearly $2,000,000 worth of property, and the convent a most fashionable one, if we may say a convent is fashionable. The first families were represented in the nuns of the Convent of Our Lady of the Conception. Originally the church was magnificently decorated, and some of the former splendor has survived the modern repairer; over the main altar is an image of La Purisima Concepcion, the origin of which is unknown. A legend says that at one time there was back of the organ a dropping of water from the roof, the source of which was never discovered, but one of the nuns read the interpretation in a vision that appeared to her, viz., that the drops of water marked off the years of the convent's existence, and that when the water ceased to drop it would come to an end—but the story does not add that the falling water ceased when the Laws of the Reform were put in force, but there was the end of the convent. Since then the streets of Progreso and Cincuenta-siete have been opened through the grounds, and the buildings used for schools and dwellings. The very high tower is on the Plaza de la Concepcion, at the corner of the Callejon de Dolores, four squares north of San Francisco street.

Corpus Cristi was established as a convent for the reception of Indian girls only, and they to be of noble families, which was the decree of Pope Benedict XIII, dated June 26th, 1727, at the solicitation of Don Baltazar de Zuñiga, Marques de Valera, Viceroy at that time, and at whose expense of $50,000 the first convent and church was built. The corner stone was laid September 12th, 1720, and the church dedicated July 10th, 1724. Some nuns from the other convents of the city took possession and prepared to receive the Indian novices, establishing the custom that when they took the veil they should always be dressed in the most elaborate costumes of the Indians, but this passed away at the closing of the convent. The church near the Calle de la Concepcion, opposite the Alameda on the south side, remains open.

San Cosme is one of the oldest churches in the city, established by Fray Juan de Zumárraga, first Archbishop of Mexico, about the year 1538, as a hospital for Indians, and dedicated the chapel to Cosmo and Damian, the holy Arabian doctors. The enterprise not succeeding, the establishment fell into the hands of the Franciscans, who built a monastery and church in 1600. The present church was built soon after, Don Agustin Guerrero being the donor of the ground and paying for the foundations, but for many years remained incomplete, till one day Captain Don Domingo de Canta-

A CHURCH DOORWAY.

brana was overtaken on the Tacuba road by a violent thunder storm and sought shelter in the monastery. He was so kindly treated by the monks that he gave them $75,000 with which to complete the monastery and church. The corner-stone was laid in 1672, August 29th, and the church dedicated three years later, January 13th, to Nuestra Señora de la Consolacion, but the old name of San Cosme remains. The modest Captain Don Domingo declined the honor of being the patron, asking them to accept San José in his stead —in memory of which a painting was placed in the church representing the transfer of the title of patron from the good Captain to San José. The picture is a curious one, showing San Pedro among the angels hovering over a coterie of monks, with Don Domingo and a notary in the act of attesting the papers. An inscription tells the story. The painting is by Don José de Alcibar. There is an image of San Antonio that the legend says restored a little child to life, and an image of Our Lady of Consolacion which rescued a little girl from drowning in a well. Near the picture is the tomb of Viceroy Don Juan de Acuña, Marques de Casafuerte, who died March 17, 1734. The monastery became a military hospital in 1855, with Señora Doña Dolores Tosta de Santa Ana, wife of General and President Santa Ana, as godmother, but was finally

abandoned in 1862. It was in the tower of this church that Lieutenant U. S. Grant placed a howitzer and used it with such advantage in the battle of the 13th of September, 1847; the church is on the street of San Cosme, about a mile west of the Alameda.

Santa Cruz Acatlan, on the Plazuela de Santiago, is one of the oldest of the Indian churches, with the usual convent attachment. The convent was closed when the nuns were expelled, but the church, with its historic pictures, remains open.

Santa Cruz y Soledad was founded as an Indian mission in 1534. The present church was finished and dedicated October 21st, 1731. The altars and chapel decorations are by celebrated Mexican artists. There is an image of Nuestra Señora del Refugio in the church that was formerly fastened to a wall in the Calle del Refugio, which street took its name from the image whose fiesta is annually celebrated here on the 4th of June. The church is in the eastern part of the city, near the Garita de San Lázaro.

San Diego is on the street of the same name, just west of the Alameda. The original foundation was by the Franciscans, who commenced to build in 1591, but the church was not completed till 1621. The present church comprises the walls of the old one. The church is handsomely decorated and has some fine pictures by the noted artist Vallejo, among which are the "Prayer in the Garden," "The Last Supper" and other subjects in the life of the Savior, and on each side of the altar allegorical pictures of the Virgin of Guadalupe and San José. The expenses of building the first church were paid by Don Mateo Mauleon and his wife, and the tabernacle in the present church was built through the efforts of Fray Carnago.

Santo Domingo, originally a monastery and church, now a church only, the monastery having been demolished, as was also a part of the church, in opening streets under the Laws of the Reform. The first church was dedicated in 1575 and destroyed by the inundation of 1716. The present building was completed in 1736, and remained intact till the opening of the streets by the Government in 1861. The church is one of the largest and handsomest in the city and has some fine pictures, among which are the Crucifixion and San Yldefonso. The church fronts on the Plaza de Santo Domingo, in the center of which is a statue of Señora Doña Josefa Dominguez, the heroine of Mexican Independence, whose remains rest in the panteon of Querétaro. Here, the traveler is told, is the spot where the Aztecs saw the eagle with the serpent and held it as an omen for the site of the city, four squares north of the Cathedral.

Nuestra Señora de la Encarnacion was in its day of splendor the most magnificent convent in Mexico. The original church cost Don Alvaro de Lorenzana over $100,000 to build. The corner stone was laid December 18th, 1639, and the church dedicated March 7th, 1648, when the decorations alone cost nearly $40,000. Later a magnificent cloister was built and still remains intact. The property owned by the institution amounted to over $1,000,000, and when all the convents were closed the pictures were brought and stored here. In 1886 the building was utilized as a Law School and a seminary for young ladies. Many of the old decorations remain, and the modern use of gold leaf has added to their lavishness. Three squares north of the Cathedral on the street of the same name.

Ensenanza Antigua was established in 1754. The convent was in later years occupied by the Palacio de Justicia and a school for the blind. The church is still open and has some good pictures by native artists. It is on the Calle de Cordobanes, two squares north of the Cathedral.

San Fernando—The corner-stone was laid October 11th, 1735, and the church dedicated April 20th, 1755. It was much injured by the earthquake of 1858, since which repairs have done much to obliterate its former magnificence, but many fine pictures remain.

San Francisco—The original church and monastery was the greatest in all Mexico, and its name is closely identified with the great events of the country's history, from Cortéz to Comonfort and Juarez. Established by the Twelve Apostles of Mexico and Fray Pedro de Ganté, who came to Mexico City three years after its occupation by Cortéz, the first church was built in the grounds that had been the wild beast garden of Montezuma. The building material was taken from the great teocali of Aztecs, in what is now the Plaza Mayor, Cortéz contributing the building fund. The grounds

DOMES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

covered three great squares in the very center of the city, bounded on the north by First San Francisco Street, on the south by the Calle de Zuleta, on the east by Calles Coliseo, and Colegio de las Niñas, and on the west by San Juan de Letran, an estate that would now be worth more than a million dollars for the ground alone, which are now occupied by Hotels Iturbide, San Carlos and Jardin, and the adjoining stores and residences, an estate worth some more millions. The history of this great house of Franciscans from the zenith of its power to its downfall would fill volumes with its incidents. Cortéz heard masses from its altars, and within its walls his bones were entombed. In this church the Viceroys attended mass and lent their presence at the great festivals. Here was sung the first Te Deum of Mexican Inde-

pendence, General Agustin Yturbide being in the assemblage, and here he, too, was buried.

The church flourished and the Brothers went about doing good, and they prospered until the evil day came when they thought to put the State under the rule of the Church, and a conspiracy tending to the overthrow of Government was discovered and it was reported to President Comonfort the 14th of September, 1856, that the Franciscans were at the head of a revolt and that the blow was to be struck on the 15th, Independence day. The President, acting with his accustomed promptness, sent his troops to the monastery early on the morning of the 15th and arrested the entire community of monks, took possession of church, monastery and grounds; on the 16th a decree was announced opening a new street called Independencia that cut the grounds from east to west. Two days later another decree cited the treason of the Franciscans and suppressed the monastery.

The decree of suppression was rescinded in the following February, and, although shorn of its greatness and some of its real estate, the monastery was restored and continued in a feeble way till the entry of the army of Juarez, on the 27th of December, 1860, when the great monastery was closed forever. The ornaments, jewels and paintings were taken to the Academy of Fine Arts, the interior decorations were defaced and the altars removed. In April another street was opened through the property, with the scant satisfaction to the Franciscans that the street was called Ganté, in honor of the greatest of their order.

Soon the construction of dwelling houses began, and stores were built, the monastery became a hotel, and the refectory, where there was room for five hundred brothers to sit together at the table, became a stable—and the church, after an almost royal existence of three hundred and thirty years, became a Protestant Cathedral with scarcely a memory of its Catholic glory.

The main church of San Francisco, as it existed up to 1860, was dedicated December 8th, 1716. It was a magnificent structure, 60 feet wide by 230 feet long, with a dome and lantern over a hundred feet high; the great walls were covered with pictures, and thousands and thousands of dollars were expended in decorations, the silver tabernacle over the altar costing $25,000.

Rather than a church there was a group of seven churches, called by different names, but all were San Franciscan. The only remaining one of the group is that of Nuestra Señora de Aranzazú, and that is now known as San Felipe de Jesus. The entrance is on First San Francisco Street, where a new facade has been built that is joined to the old walls whose cornerstone was laid in 1683, on the 25th of March. Many of the elegant interior decorations remain. In walking around the block bounded by the streets of San Francisco, San Juan de Letran, Independencia and Ganté remains of the façades of the old churches may be seen. The Hotel Jardin was the infirmary and lodging house of the monastery. Across the garden is the old refectory, now a livery stable. The Yturbide Hotel is on grounds intended for a convent, and the San Carlos is within the line of the walls of old San Francisco.

In 1869 the great church was sold to the Protestant Church of Jesus in Mexico. Trinity (Methodist Episcopal) Church was constructed from a portion of the old walls, and Christ Church, Church of England, occupies another part. Dwellings, stores, shops, hotels, restaurants, are built on the grounds of the ancient church and monastery.

San Gerónimo was founded as a convent in 1586, noted particularly as the convent where the great poetess of Mexico, Juana Inez de la Cruz, took the veil, and where, after a long and useful life, she died April 17th,

TABLET OF SAN HIPÓLITO.

1695. The convent was, of course, suppressed with all the others. The church is on the street of the same name.

San Hipólito marks the spot of the terrible defeat of the Spaniards by the Aztecs on that fearful, dismal night, la Noche Triste; the re-entry of the Spaniards to the city was made on the day of San Hipólito, August 13th, 1521, and one of the soldiers, Juan Garrido, built a little chapel of adobe in memory of his comrades who fell that night. The chapel was called for its founder, then called the "Chapel of the Martyrs," and finally it was named San Hipólito of the Martyrs, and by that name the church is still known.

The church was commenced in 1599, but was not completed till 1739. For many years the 13th of August was celebrated by the Brothers marching in the Procession of the Banner, in which was carried the crimson standard of the Conquest.

On a corner of the wall surrounding the front of the church is a tablet commemorating the defeat of the Dismal Night. Cut in the solid stone is the figure of an eagle bearing an Indian in his talons, surrounded by musical instruments, arrows, spears, and trophies of the Aztecs. A large medallion bears this inscription in Spanish: "So great was the slaughter of the Spaniards by the Aztecs at this place on the night of July 1st, 1520—so called for that

reason the Dismal Night—that after having in the following year re-entered the city in triumph, the conquerors resolved to build here a chapel, to be called the Chapel of the Martyrs; and which should be dedicated to San Hipólito because the capture of the city occurred on that Saint's day."

The church in the broad street, the continuation of La Avenida de los Hombres Ilustres, that runs along the north side of the Alameda, is on the north side of the street, one square west of the Alameda.

Hospital Real and church was originally established under a royal order in 1553 as a hospital for the Indians and placed under the management of the Brothers of San Hipólito, who built the Theatre Principal for the purpose of raising money from the performances for the support of the hospital; these methods, and the taxes on the Indians of a measure of corn or a medio, 6¼ cents, per annum, failed to maintain it, and the hospital became a Medical College, the second in America. The University of Pennsylvania (1764) was the first. Finally, from lack of support, it was closed and the church became a Presbyterian mission, located just south of the Hotel Jardin, one square.

Santa Inez was founded in 1600 by the Marqueses de la Cadena. The church was dedicated January 20th, 1770. The façade is richly decorated in the Ionic order, and the doors handsomely carved. The church was closed for many years, but re-opened under the name of the Sagrado Corazon de Jesus, but the old name is mostly in use. It is in the street of the same name, three squares east of the Cathedral.

Jesus Maria — Founded in 1577 by two pious men, Don Pecho Tomas Denia and Don Gregorio de Pasquera, with the idea that the descendants of the Conquerors should be the nuns. The convent was occupied in 1580, removed to its present site in 1582, at which time there came a nun to this convent who was said to be a daughter of Phillip the Second of Spain and a niece of the then Archbishop and later Viceroy of Mexico and first Inquisitor General, Don Pedro Moya de Contreras. This story is substantiated by the contributions to the convent of large sums of money from the Royal Treasury of Spain and the Viceroyal exchequer of Mexico.

The corner-stone of the church was laid March 9th, 1597, and dedication took place February 7th, 1621. The church contains some handsome pictures, notably a St. Thomas and a Virgin and Infant Christ by Jimeno, and a Christ in the Temple by Cordero. Location, two squares north of the National Palace.

Jesus Nazareno was founded by Cortéz immediately after the permanent occupation of the city, and by his will left ample endowment for its building and support, but it was nearly a hundred years before it reached an era of prosperity, and the church whose building commenced in 1575 was not dedicated till ninety years after, when the name was changed from the original one of Nuestra Señora de la Purisima Concepcion to Jesus Nazareno, from the miraculous image of Jesus of Nazareth that came into its possession through the death of a pious Indian woman to whom it had belonged.

The church has suffered little from modern repairs and renovations. The handsomely carved wooden roof remains, but the doors and other woodwork were renewed in 1835. The old altars and the large tabernacle are still in place.

Another notable image is that of Nuestra Señora de la Bala, that was once the property of a poor Indian of Ixtapalapan, who, the legend says, took his gun with the intent of shooting his wife. The terrified woman fell down before the image and implored the protection of the Virgin—and when the shot was fired it was found that the old man was not a particularly good marksman, and that the ball had lodged in the image, after which husband and

wife became reconciled as they perceived that a miracle had been performed. The image was kept in the church of San Lazaro for two hundred years and brought to Jesus Nazareno in 1884. The bones of Cortéz rested in this church for awhile. The Conqueror directed that should he die in Spain his bones should, after ten years, be taken to Mexico and placed in the Convent of La Concepcion, that it was his intention to build, but which never was built. Cortéz died in Castilleja de la Questa, in Spain, December 2d, 1547. The body was deposited in the tomb of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, and ten years later was taken to Mexico and placed in the Church of San Francisco, in Texcoco, where it remained till 1629. On the 30th of January of that year his grandson, Don Pedro Cortéz, died, the last of the male line. It was concluded to remove the remains of the Conqueror and bury them with the grandson in the Church of San Francisco, in the City of Mexico, which was done with great pomp and ceremony, and here his bones reposed for one hundred and sixty-five years.

DWELLING IN A RUINED CHURCH.

On the 2d of July, 1734, the bones were removed again and placed in a magnificent marble mausoleum in the Church of Jesus Nazareno, remaining there for nearly thirty years. During the revolutionary times of the war for Independence the hatred of the people for the Spaniards threatened even the bones of the great soldiers of the Conquest, and on the night of the 15th of September, 1823, they were removed and secreted in another part of the church, and later taken out secretly and sent to Spain, and were finally laid to rest in the tombs of the Dukes of Monteleone in Italy. His bones having crossed the Atlantic twice, were interred six times in as many different places, and finally have rested neither in the land of his birth, or in the country he conquered.

In the Church of Jesus Nazareno are buried some men of note: Don Manuel Vilar, the sculptor; Don Lucas Alaman, the historian; Col. Manuel Calderon, and Fray Juan Crisórtomo Nájera.

The church is on the street of the same name, three squares south of the Plaza Mayor.

San José on the street of the same name, four squares south of the Alameda, was founded by Fray Pedro de Ganté in 1524. The present church was built by Don Diego Alvarez, who was at once a lawyer, parish priest and decorative artist, and who, with his own hands, made the frescoes. The walls were cracked by the earthquake of July 19th, 1858, and the church was practically rebuilt, at which time it fell heir to some of the altars, bells, etc., that were being taken from the dismantled church of San Francisco, receiving its final dedication June 20th, 1861, more than three hundred years after its foundations were laid.

San José de Gracia was founded as a convent and church in 1610, and fifty years later the present church was built. The convent suppressed, the church became the property of the State, and in 1870 was sold to the Protestants. On the street of the same name, four squares south and one east of the National Palace.

San Juan de Dios, opposite the Alameda, on the north side, was founded in 1582, dedicated 1629, destroyed by fire and commenced rebuilding 1766. The recessed façade and portal are very handsome, and is in strange contrast with the low surrounding houses, among which was a cheap variety theater.

San Juan de la Penetencia was founded as a chapel of San Juan Bautista in 1524 by Fray Pedro de Ganté. A convent was added in 1593, and both church and convent were supported by alms given by the Indians, at whose instance and by whose efforts the convent was established. After a while there came a great earthquake, and the church would have been destroyed but for the uplifted arm of an image of the Child Jesus, that prevented the great arch of the church from falling, and the church stood till it was pulled down and rebuilt in 1695, at the expense of Doña Juana Villaseñor Lomelin. Location, four squares south of the Alameda, near the Calle de las Artes.

San Lázaro was originally a hospital for lepers, founded by Dr. Pedro Lopez in 1572, and for nearly a hundred and fifty years was supported by him and his estate, and by the Brothers of St. John till the order was suppressed, in 1821. The present church was built in 1721 at a cost of nearly $100,000, and was one of the finest in Mexico. The location is about twelve squares east of the Cathedral, at the end of the street passing from the southeast corner.

San Lorenzo, on the street of the same name, four squares north of San Francisco street, was originally an Agustinian convent. The church was built by Don Juan Fernandez Riofrio and dedicated July 16th, 1650. The convent has since been occupied by the School of Arts.

Nuestra Señora de Loreto, the church of the leaning tower, is two squares north and two squares east of the Cathedral. It is a Jesuit foundation of 1573, the original church being made of canes and reeds, dedicated to San Gregorio. In 1675 Father Juan Zappa brought the image of Our Lady of Loreto and the plans for her house to Mexico. Chapels were built in 1686 and 1738, but not until 1809 was the present church commenced, and in 1816, August 29, it was dedicated. The work was paid for by Señor Don Antonio de Bassoco and his wife, La Marquesa de Castañiza, the total cost being nearly $600,000. The architecture is somewhat different from the prevailing style. There are four rotundas rising to a superb dome above the arches. The interior decorations are very beautiful, and there are some fine paintings by Joaquin Esquivel from the life of Loyola of San Gregorio and a portrait of Father Zappa. Owing to some defects in the foundation or building material

one side of the church commenced to sink, which was aggravated by the inundation, and the church was closed in 1832; eighteen years later it was found that there was no danger of the leaning towers toppling over, and the church was reopened in 1850.

Nuestra Señora de los Angeles, fronting the Plaza de Zaragosa, about a mile north of the Alameda, is a church with many vicissitudes in its history that commenced in 1580, when an Indian chief called Isayoque found floating on the waters of the great inundation of that year a very beautiful picture of the Virgin, and when the waters had subsided he built a chapel of adobe in which to keep the canvas he had found, but for some reason concluded not to keep it there at all, and had a replica of the picture painted by an eminent artist in a very beautiful manner on the adobe walls of the chapel.

STONE STAIRS OF GUADALUPE.

Fifteen years later a larger chapel was built over the adobe one, preserving the wall on which the picture was painted, which had so many angels about the picture of the Virgin that the new chapel came to be called Our Lady of the Angels.

Having its origin in the floods of the valley, misfortune came to the church again through the inundation of 1607, and great damage was done to the picture, but the face and hands remained uninjured, which was regarded as a miracle. The church was repaired, but not until two hundred years later, when the present church was built, through the good offices of Señor Larragoitis, and completed in the year 1808.

The miraculous painting, so much of it as was not lost in the melting away

of the adobe in the water, remains, the missing portions being covered by a dress made in the shop of a good tailor named José de Haro in 1776. It is now covered by a glass casing to prevent further injury. Among the other pictures is an equestrian painting of Santiago that came from the church of Santiago Tlaltelolco when it was closed by the government. Here, also, is preserved a stone bearing date of 1595 that came from the walls of the second chapel.

Santa Maria La Redonda, on the Plaza de Santa Maria, four squares north of the Alameda, was founded in 1524, and came to have many Indian worshipers, one of whom started to make an image for his church; one day he was called from his work, and when he returned found the image miraculously completed. Many miracles were performed by the image, and it is greatly venerated since the quenching of a fire in church on the 11th of December. In this church was preserved for many years the coiled feathered serpent emblem of the god Quetzalcoatl. The stone, inverted, its hollow base was used as a font for holy water. The Feast of the Assumption was celebrated in great style by the Indians every year, attracting great crowds; some students at one time made light of the processions and the Indians resenting, a riot ensued, after which the Archbishop forbade the people going there any more on that feast day.

SAN HIPÓLITO.

San Miguel, eight squares south of the Cathedral, is the church of the butchers, who celebrate their saint's day October 18th of each year. The church was founded in 1690, the present church being opened in 1692, and in 1714 was greatly enlarged and received the dedication to San Miguel. The church was repaired in 1850, but the quaintly carved old doors remain.

Nuestra Señora de Monseratte, built in 1590, has an image of the Virgin of Monseratte brought from Monseratte, in Spain, a replica of the famous image that is there. The brotherhood of Monseratte did many good works by their teachings in Mexico, and introduced fruits and vegetables from the old country. When the order was suppressed the pictures, among which was St. John in the Desert, were placed in the Academy of Fine Arts. The church is on Calles Verde and Monseratte, seven squares south and one west of the Plaza Mayor.

San Pablo, six squares south and three east from the Plaza Mayor, near the Plaza de San Pablo, was founded in 1569, the present church in 1580, but was not completed till about the year 1800.

Santo Tomas La Palma, on the Plazuela de la Palma, in the south-

east part of the city, about a mile from the Cathedral, was founded in 1550. The carvings of the altars, roof and doors are interesting.

Porta Coeli was founded by the Dominicans August 18th, 1603, originally a college that was suppressed in 1860, but the very interesting church remains. On the façade is inscribed from the Bible in Latin: *Terribles est locus iste Domus Dei et Porta Coeli.* On the street of the same name, one square south of the Plaza Mayor.

La Profesa was founded by the Jesuits in 1595. The existing church was dedicated as La Casa Profesa de la Compañia de Jesus. Up to the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Mexico in 1767 the church had accumulated much property, which reverted to the Government, and part of it bought in by the order San Felipe Neri, and the church was then called San José el Real, Oratorio de San Felipe Neri, although the old name of La Profesa is most in use. The church is one of the finest in Mexico, designed by Pelegrin Clavé and his pupils, Petronilo Monroy, Felipe Castro and José Ramirez, who painted its pictures and made the magnificent white and gold decorations, although the altar is the work of Tolsa. The most prominent pictures are the Adoration of the Cross and the Seven Sacraments. The drapings of velvet in crimson, with gold embroideries, that are used in the great fiestas were presented by Father Manuel Sanchez de Tagle y Bolea. The pretty little garden on San Francisco Street was planted by order of the City Council; on the other side of the church property some of its buildings were demolished for the opening of the Calle de Cinco de Mayo. The church is on Profesa or Third San Francisco, at the corner of Calle San José Real, two squares west of the Plaza Mayor.

THE FIRST SHRINE IN MEXICO.

Regina Coeli, in the southern part of the city, on the plaza and street of the same name, six squares from San Francisco Street, was built in 1553 originally, the present church, in 1731, being dedicated September 13th of that year. The interior decorations are marvelously beautiful, in carvings of wood, in colors and in gold, presented by the good Fray José Lanciego y Eguiluz.

Salto del Agua was so called from the fountain near the church—the curiously carved fountain at the end of the aqueduct from Chapultepec. The corner stone was laid March 19th, 1750. The church is at the corner of the Plaza de la Tecpan de San Juan, seven squares south of First San Francisco Street.

Santiago Tlaltelolco was the church attended by the good Indian Juan Diego, in which he was baptized and to where he was going to hear mass when the Virgin of Guadalupe appeared to him. In 1524 the Franciscans established a chapel on this site; in 1537 a college was established for the education of the Indians, and from which many eminent Mexicans proceeded. The college was closed in 1578, reopened in 1667, closed again, and reopened in 1728, and finally closed in 1811, and the great domed church used as a custom

house, while the convent has been made a prison. The font in which Juan Diego was baptized was taken to the church of Santa Ana, images and paintings to Nuestra Señora de los Angeles. The church is about two miles north of the Cathedral.

La Santisima has a most beautiful façade, richly and most elaborately carved, and has an interior decoration that is interesting, though hardly in keeping with the outer walls. The original foundation was in 1658. Its purpose was a convent, and later a hospital for the poor. The second church was dedicated in 1677, and the present one January 17th, 1783. The church is five squares directly east of the Cathedral.

San Sebastián was founded by Fray Pedro De Gante in 1524, with a hospital attachment. Two squares east and three north of the Cathedral.

Santa Teresa La Antigua, originally a convent of the Sisters of Santa Teresa, began its history in a lawsuit. Don Juan Luis de Rivera provided by his will to build the convent. His heirs not carrying out the provisions of the will, the Archbishop Don Juan Perez de la Serna brought suit and caused the money to be paid and the deeds of land and houses turned over to him. A new trouble then came up—the people refused to vacate the houses. The energetic Archbishop gained an entrance by night, July 4th, 1615, into the patio and erected an altar, and hung the bells which he rang at daylight summoning the people to mass, after which the astonished people were notified that he, the Archbishop, had taken possession in the name of the Church; that they must go at once, and they stood not upon the order of their going. The work of tearing down the houses commenced that day, and in less than a year the nuns were admitted to their convent.

The installation was attended by the wife of the Viceroy and the noble ladies of the land, one of the ladies in waiting of the Vice-Queen being so impressed that she became the first novice.

The corner stone of the present church was laid October 8th, 1678, and the church was dedicated to Nuestra Señora la Antigua, September 10th, 1684.

A miraculous crucifix, brought from Spain in 1545, originally in a church of Cardonal, in the State of Hidalgo, is in this church. The legend says that at one time an accident befell the crucifix and so disfigured it that it was thrown into the fire, but the flames did not affect it; then it was buried, and after awhile it was resurrected and finally grew to its original freshness and beauty. The Archbishop Serna had it brought and placed in an oratory, and later his successor, Don Francisco Manzo de Zúñiga, built a chapel for it, but intending to bring it to the city, and finally when he sent for it the people of Cardonal refused to let it go, and a pitched battle ensued between them and the Archbishop's men, but they triumphed, and it was brought to the church of Santa Teresa la Antigua and a chapel built for it.

After a while, as the fame of the miracles of this crucifix were noised abroad, the old chapel was abandoned and a new one built that became one of the most beautiful in the city. The corner stone of the new chapel was laid in 1798, December 17th, and the chapel dedicated May 17th, 1813. It was a gift from Don Manuel Flores and was the work of the architect Don Antonio Valasquez. The magnificent church was almost totally destroyed by the earthquake of April 7th, 1845. The crucifix, although it had gone through fire, been buried and resurrected, was but slightly damaged. Pending the repairing of the chapel the crucifix was taken to the Cathedral, remaining there till 1858, when, on the 9th of May, it was taken back to its place with great pomp and ceremony.

The new chapel retains much of the beauty of the old one, and has some very fine pictures, among which is a Coronation of the Virgin.

The church is one square east of the Cathedral, on a short street called Santa Teresa, running north from opposite the rear of the Palace.

Santa Teresa La Nueva is one square north from the rear of the Cathedral and two squares east, opposite the Plaza of Loreto. The corner stone was laid September 21st, 1701, and dedicated January 25th, 1715.

Santa Vera Cruz was founded by Hernando Cortéz, the Conqueror, and instituted a Brotherhood of the True Cross, whose duties were to comfort condemned criminals prior to their execution and afterward to bury them.

The church contains a crucifix in a shrine behind seven veils—and at the time of its establishment, about the year 1574, one hundred days of indulgence were granted to all who visited the holy image at the unveiling. And even now it is customary to grant indulgencies on certain days, usually on each Friday of the year, to all who will visit the image. The crucifix is called *El Senor de los Siete Velos*, the Lord of the Seven Veils. The present church was dedicated in 1730, October 14th. The church is on the Plaza de Morelos, opposite the Alameda, on the north side, on the Avenida de los Hombres Ilustres.

FREIGHT DEPOT IN A CHURCH AT CUAUTLA.

The Inquisition.—In 1527, by a royal order, all Jews and Moors were banished from Mexico — this was the beginning of the Inquisition. Two years later a council, consisting of Bishop Fuenleal, President, and the other members of the Audencia, Bishop Zumárraga, the chiefs of the Franciscan and Dominican orders, the municipal authorities and two prominent citizens, met in the City of Mexico and made public this declaration: "It is most necessary that the Holy Office of the Inquisition shall be extended to this land, because of the commerce with strangers here carried on, and because of the many corsairs abounding upon our coasts, which strangers may bring their evil customs among both natives and Castilians, who, by the grace of God, should be kept free from heresy." Whereupon the Inquisition was duly organized and commenced its work immediately.

In 1570, under a royal order dated August 16th, Don Pedro Moya de Contreras—afterward Archbishop and Viceroy—was appointed Inquisitor General for Mexico, Guatemala and the Philippine Islands, with official quarters

in the City of Mexico—only the Indians being exempted from trial and consequent and inevitable conviction and execution by this tribunal.

Although the Inquisition was practically organized in 1529, as Vetancourt, a contemporary writer, says with rather an energetic zeal: "The tribunal of the Inquisition, the strong fort and mount of Zion, was founded in Mexico in the year 1571. They have celebrated general and particular *autos de fe* with great concourse of dignitaries, and in all cases the Catholic faith and its truth have remained victorious."

The popular meaning of "*auto de fe*" has always been taken to be the burning of a victim of the Inquisition, and this is what it always did mean, although these words were applied to the public ceremony after the secret trial, which ceremony commenced with a profession of faith by the members of the tribunal, and those assembled, of their belief in Christianity and the Church. Then the tribunal announced the charge against the victims, and the verdict, following with a recommendation to mercy, the poor victims were turned over to the authorities for punishment, which meant death in the fire, for the Inquisition had but one charge, heresy, and one verdict, death in the flames.

St. Dominick was the originator of the Inquisition, and the Dominicans gave a monastery in Mexico for the chamber of the tribunal, which was rebuilt and enlarged, but no record of it remains. But the building on the Plaza de Santo Domingo, now occupied as a Medical College, commenced in 1732 and completed in 1736, was occupied by the tribunal for many years. It was a foregone conclusion that a person summoned before the Inquisition was already condemned, and that when he went forth again from the court it was to the fiery stake. It is said of a Colonel of Mexican cavalry who was commanded to appear before the tribunal that he marched his regiment there and drew his soldiers up in line in front of the building where the Inquisition was sitting, telling his soldiers of the summons, and that if he did not return in twenty minutes they should enter and find him. What transpired within will never be known, but the Colonel was back again at the head of his regiment before the twenty minutes expired. It is probable, though, that the inquisitorial court was prepared to execute one man only, and not a regiment.

The first *auto de fe* in Mexico was in the year 1574, when "twenty-one pestilent Lutherans" were burned to death, after which there was almost an annual feast of fire for these teachers of Christianity (?) and brotherly love—though it is said that in many cases the victims were mercifully strangled before they were burned—as in the *auto de fe* of April 11th, 1649, fifteen persons were burned, but only one burned alive, Tomas Treviño, a Spaniard of Sobremonte, in Castile. It was alleged that he had "cursed the Holy Office and the Pope," and he was tied to the stake and burned alive.

The place of execution by fire was called the *brazero*, or as it was a platform of stones, it was called *quemedaro*. One was located on an open space now occupied by the Alameda where the Fray Vetancourt says exultingly that there was a good view from the doors of the church of San Diego, where the ashes of the victims were thrown in the marsh at the rear of the church. Great crowds assembled around the stake, extending to the Plaza of San Hipólito, or sat upon the arches of the aqueduct as a better point of view. Another burning place for minor crimes, like murder and highway robbery, was in the Plaza de San Lázaro, but the principal *brazero* was at the south end of the Alameda.

The reign of terror of the Inquisition continued till 1812, the year of the adoption of the Liberal constitution in Spain, and on the 22d of February, 1813, the Inquisition was suppressed by the Spanish Cortes in Spain,

Mexico and the Spanish colonies, promulgated in Mexico on the 8th of June following, by the Viceroy's proclamation, declaring the property of the tribunal confiscated and ordering the removal from the Cathedral of the tablets on which were inscribed the names of the victims.

When Ferdinand VII. regained the throne of Spain the Inquisition returned to power and took possession of its property—which in Mexico was on the 21st of January, 1814—but it was short lived. The last *auto de fe* was the execution of the patriot Morelos on the 26th of November, 1815—the charge was that "the Presbitero José Maria Morelos is an unconfessed heretic, an abettor of heretics, and a disturber of the ecclesiastical hierarchy; a profaner of the holy sacraments; a traitor to God, the King and the Pope"—and this great soldier, patriot and Christian was condemned, beforehand, to "do penance in a penant's dress—and was delivered to his executioners. He

CHURCH AND PLAZA DE SANTO DOMINGO.

was shot December 22d, 1815. The Liberal constitution of Spain was revived in March, 1820, and in May of that year the Inquisition was suppressed in Mexico as the last place of its existence, but its judges escaped justice, the fanatics that had thrown down the Aztec altars of human sacrifice, and visited a vengeance upon the barbarian judges, lived through their generations to commit deeds more cruel, for it was in His name they judged.

Protestantism is not modern in Mexico and strange to say it came there first from Spain. In 1770 the liturgy of the Gothic Christians of Spain was published. It was the Mazarabic Liturgy that was in use before the liturgy of the Roman Church was introduced into Spain, introduced into New Spain under the auspices of the then Archbishop of Mexico, Francisco Antonio Lorenzana, and the then Bishop of Puebla, Francisco Fabian y Fuero. This was the first step toward the introduction of Protestantism. In 1868 a decisive move was made by the Protestants of the United States and in 1869 the Church of Jesus in Mexico was organized and prospered under its first Bishop, Henry C. Riley, ordained by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

Aid was extended by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States and by the Church of England, and some of the finest church buildings of Mexico were obtained for the use of the Protestants, notably those of San

A LONE WORSHIPER.

Francisco and San José de Garcia, but recently resold to the Catholics.

The Presbyterians and Congregationalists commenced their work in 1872 with stations in most of the large cities, securing also some interesting old churches.

The Methodists began in 1873 and have prospered till there are circuits in the various states of the Republic.

The Baptists came later, establishing churches and schools throughout the country.

The Society of Friends have also made some progress in Mexico.

Protestant Churches—Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, situated at No. 5 Gante Street and opposite the west entrance to the Hotel Iturbide, was built upon the site and remodeled out of a portion of the historic convent of San Francisco, wherein for a time lay the remains of the conquistador Cortes.

Services are held in the English language by the pastor and in Spanish by the pastor of the Mexican congregation. Each have separate and com-

modious auditoriums. The pastors' residences are also in the building, as is also that of the presiding elder of the district, who is the official representative of the M. E. Missions in the Republic of Mexico. The M. E. Mission press rooms are also under the same roof and doing excellent work for the cause, printing and distributing annually over four million pages pertaining to mission work. Their weekly family paper, the "Abogado Cristiano," is a credit to the society and in "make up" not excelled by many elsewhere.

The adherents of the Baptist denomination hold services in Spanish in a very neat and commodious modern-style building on the corner of Mina and Humboldt Streets. The parsonage adjoins the same. The pastor, with an assistant, conducts the services. The Baptist Society have also their own press rooms, issuing a family paper printed in Spanish and other literature devoted to the interests of their society.

The Union Evangelical Society (undenominational) hold services in a very comfortably appointed church of their own at No. 608 First Humboldt Street. Presbyterian Church on San Juan de Letran Street, No. 12. This society has also a well-equipped printing establishment and are doing a vast amount of good in reaching the people through their publications, among which is an excellent family paper, the "El Faro" (the beacon or light-house).

English services are held in Christ Church (Episcopal), at No. 4 Providencia Street.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South hold services in the church in Avenida Balderas. As is the case with the Methodist and Presbyterian Societies, this society disseminates a vast amount of printed matter from its society press rooms. They publish a family paper and all manner of literature pertaining to the mission cause.

Christian Science, at 416 Dolores Street.

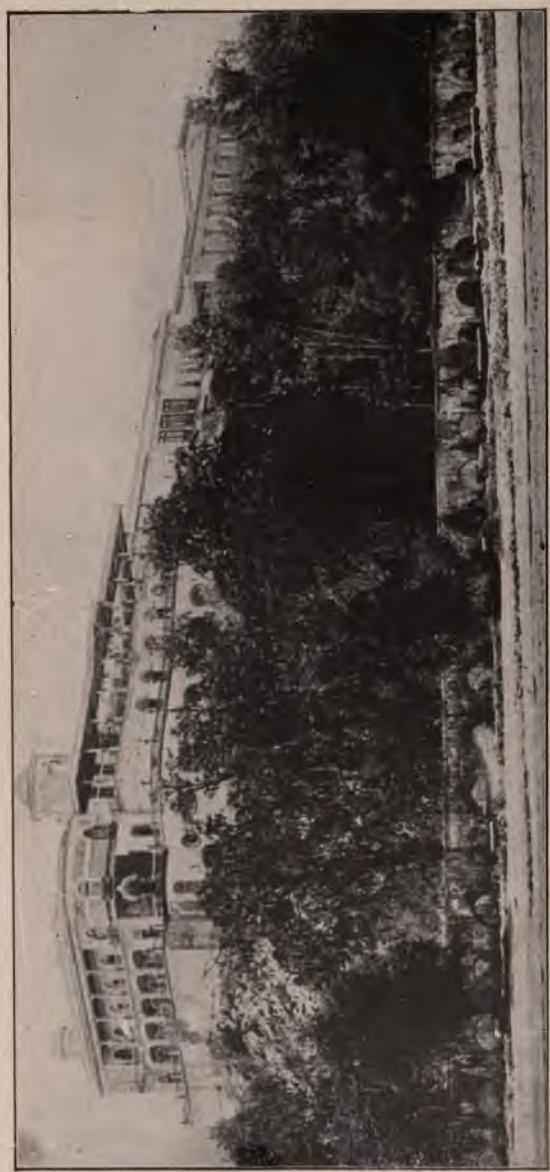
Services in German are held weekly under the auspices of the Lutheran Church.

An idea of the inroads Protestantism is making in this country may be derived from the fact that the first evangelical work attempted in this country was only about thirty years ago, the pioneer missionary being Miss Matilda Rankin, of Illinois, but not until eighteen seventy-two was missionary work organized, so that it may be said that there has been but thirty years of evangelistic work to produce the following: Centers of operation, 95; congregations, over 700; ordained missionaries, 80; assistant foreign missionaries, 70; foreign ladies in mission schools, 75. Total number of foreign workers, 215. Native ordained men, 125; native unordained men, 175; native teachers, 180; other helpers, 100. Total native workers, 580; total number of foreign and native workers, 795. Number of communicants, 22,000. Epworth Leagues and Christian Endeavor Societies, 216; members of the same, 6,943. Number of Sabbath Schools, 379; Sabbath School scholars, 13,562. Children in schools, 12,000. Total Protestant community, about 80,000.

English services are held periodically in the following places: Chihuahua, Aguascalientes, Silao, Guadalajara, Puebla, Pachuca, El Oro, San Luis Potosi and Monterey.

AROUND THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

Chapultepec—In all the lovely Valley of Anahuac, none of the hills cluster so many beauties as cling to Chapultepec, the beautiful Hill of the Grasshopper, where, the legends say, under the grateful shades of the giant ahuehuetls, was the home of Montezuma and the Aztec *tzins*. When the summer days were long they came from old Tenochtitlan, over the long cause-



CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

way, the Emperor, in palanquin borne, the first in the royal pageant, with the princess attended by plumed and feathered warriors, and sat them down to rest ere they commenced the climb of rugged rocks. Attending slaves rested too their waving fans, when the cooling zephyrs from the trees fell more softly on the monarch's brow, till, less languid now, before the ascent began to be half-way done, the Aztec lord one day left his palanquin, when he had bade its carriers put it down, and entered a cavern that is there; and while the *tzins* waited his return they heard his voice from the rocks high above them, and it seemed their king was a very god, since none knew but Montezuma how to pass thus, through the earth from the valley to the hill-top, and all the people shouted in adoration of their "fair god."

It is in the legends that the palace of the Montezumas was on the Hill of the Grasshopper, called Chapultepec, and here the Spanish Viceroy, Don Matias de Galvaez, commenced in 1783, and his son Don Bernardo completed in 1785, the palace that stands there to-day, but since each recurring viceroy, emperor and president has proceeded further with its completion, adding, each one, to its size and cost, until it is now a palace indeed, the home of the President of Mexico and the seat of the National Military Academy.

The site is a superb one, reached by a winding carriage road on one side

and a steep foot-path on another, while the other sides are precipitous, with almost perpendicular cliffs. The carriage road and foot-path from the gates end at the broad esplanade at the top, where the sentinels of the cadet corps are always on guard, and beyond which guard there is no passing, except by permit from the Governor of the National Palace. The card of the Governor is not taken up by the guard, as it is necessary to present it to the attendant in charge to gain admittance to the palace. The view from the esplanade is beautiful indeed. Tacubaya, almost hidden by trees, is in the middle distance, and beyond, on the rising hills, other towns and villages; and still beyond the mountains are the great snow-capped peaks of Popocateptl and Ixtaccihuatl. If you agree that the vista from the esplanade is very beautiful, pass through the garden to the overhanging gallery on the other side, and look out over the broad spreading plain of the valley. To the right is the field of Churubusco, and farther on to the east sheltering mountains. In front, the magnificent city, with its hundreds of towers, the tallest overshadowing all the others, are the Cathedral's. Beyond the city's spreading squares you can see the hill and church of Guadalupe. Following the range of vision round to the left there is the suburb of Tacuba, the hill of Los Remedios; and nearer to where you stand is the battleground of Molino del Rey. The magnificence of the picture baffles all description; it is wondrous to behold, and the memory of it lives with you always. Far below your feet the tall cypress-like trees shade the modest monument erected to the memory of the cadets who fell in the defense of the castle from the assaulting Americans in '47. The names on the shaft tell of those whose lives went out in the merciless fire of a superior army. A monument was not needed except in their honor, for the memory of these brave boys lives in the hearts of their countrymen. There are fresh beauties in this hanging garden filled with pretty flowers, in the galleries, adorned in Pompeiian color, but these do not detain,—there is too much grandeur in the view,—and you wander again to the terrace and gaze over the valley to the blue rim of the mountains melting into the lighter blue of the sky, and are loth to leave even for the magnificence of the interior of this splendid palace.

CADETS' MONUMENT—CHAPULTEPEC.

The salons and apartments of the Castle of Chapultepec have the appointments of regal magnificence, since they are in heritage from the Viceroys of olden times and a latter-day Emperor; and the luxurious beauty of the decorations is due to none more than "poor Carlotta," though all that was indicative of the empire has disappeared, and the monogramed "R. M." appears everywhere to remind you that it is the palace of the Republic of Mexico.

In an ante-room at the corner of the esplanade are two chairs that belonged to Cortez, but there is little else of more ancient date than Maximilian. The family rooms of the President consist of a magnificent suite, reception room, boudoir, bed chambers, dining hall, smoking and card rooms, all sumptuously furnished and elegantly decorated, each in appropriateness and good taste. A stairway leading to the upper floors has on the surrounding walls the coats of arms of all the rulers of Mexico from the Toltec *tzins* of 1474 to the republic of to-day. If you have passed up this stairway and out to the terrace and garden above, you may reach the esplanade again by a grand stairway of marble. It is not easy to advise how to go or which way to turn, since there is something to interest at every step, and when you have passed through the salons, galleries, gardens, along the terrace, examined the National Observatory, looked into the well that drops down to the cave, you will still not be ready to go, for there has been so much in the view that it is hard to grasp it all, even for memory's sake. In the bosque below is a magnificent park shaded by trees that were giants even in Montezuma's time. Here are walks and drives in miles of shady way, where, in passing, you may see Montezuma's tree, where he, too, like Cortez, sat down and wept over defeat; see the hieroglyphics on the rocks of the cliffs under the castle, near the Cadets' monument, and the cave that opens on the driveway up the hill. There is little left of the old aqueducts built by the Spanish viceroys, save a few arches, and the old aqueduct built by the Aztecs has long since disappeared. It is best to go to Chapultepec by carriage, as the walk up the hill is a tiresome one, and the walk is necessary if the trip is made in the Tacubaya cars, although they pass the gate of the park and very near the castle. Entrance to the palace is impossible without a permit.

CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

About half way up the hill on the left of the carriage road is the cave that connects with the shaft whose top is in the garden of the palace—the pretty story of Montezuma's disappearance into this cave and re-appearance on the rocks above is prosaically modernized by a paved way through the cave and an elevator in the shaft.

Molino del Rey, the field of the battle of September 28th, 1847, is near Chapultepec, and may be seen from the palace terrace. The field may be reached by horse-cars connecting with the Tacubaya line, or by train over the Mexican Central Ry., Cuernavaca division, from Buena Vista in the City. The battle of Molino del Rey has been declared by General Grant to have been one of the unnecessary battles of an unholy and unjust war.

Churubusco, another of the engagements during the siege of the Mexi-

can capital by the Americans, was fought August 20th, 1847, under the American Generals Smith, Worth and Twiggs. A gallant defense was made by the commander of the Mexican forces, General Don Pedro Maria Anaya, who in answer to an inquiry by General Twiggs after the battle as to the whereabouts of the ammunition, gallantly replied: "Had I any ammunition, you would not be here." A monument commemorative of the battle is in the village plaza.

In Aztec times the city of Huitzilopocho, with its temple to the god Huitzilopochtli, stood on the site of the now straggling village of Churubusco. The old city had a bad name as the abode of evil spirits and demons that made night hideous with their howlings, but when the monks built a temple to the true gods the demons of Huitzilopochtli vanished. The Church of Santa Maria de los Angeles, the name also of the primitive church, was completed in 1678, May 2d, under the patronage of Don Diego del Castillo, a silver merchant, and his wife Doña Helena de la Cruz, whose images carved in wood are still preserved in the church. Although almost a ruin, the church is one of the most interesting in Mexico, and there are still remains of its former great beauty. The pretty decorations of tiles are rapidly disappearing, and the richly carved organ is falling into decay. There are several curious pictures, among which is a fine Assumption of the Virgin. Take Tlalpam cars, and change at San Mateo or the cars for San Angel to reach Churubusco.

Mixcoac— is a village of flowers and—bricks. The beautiful flowers of the market in the city nearly all come from the gardens of Mixcoac, as do the best brick used in the city houses. La Castañeda is a place of picnics and fiestas in Mixcoac, and is much frequented by pleasure parties from the city. Take San Angel cars from Tacubaya and ride south about a mile.

San Angel—is a place of summer resorts of many wealthy citizens of the capital, who have their *casas de recreo* here among the gardens and orchards, now very much neglected. The old church and monastery of Our Lady of Carmen is very interesting, the site for which was given in 1613 by Don Felipe de Guzman to the Carmelite Brothers. The architect was Fray Andres de San Miguel, one of the first artists of his day. The building was commenced in 1615 and completed two years later. The beautiful tiled domes and the towers are well preserved, although some of the interior beauties are spoiled by renovation. The church was dedicated to San Angelo Mártir, from which the town received its name. In 1633 the dedication was changed to Santa Ana, in honor of a wealthy and very charitable lady, Doña Ana Aguilar y Niño. The gardens and orchards were once very extensive, now only a tangled forest of brush and decaying trees. The view from the towers is very fine, overlooking the surrounding gardens and the valley. Take cars for Tacubaya, and thence to San Angel or take Tlalpam cars, and change to the cross-country line at San Mateo.

Coyoacan—was once the capital of Mexico and is older than the City of Mexico, since Cortez established the seat of government here August 17th, 1521, and from Coyoacan laid out the plans and directed the founding of the city, and here were the feasts celebrating the victories of the Conquest. On the north side of the plaza stands the house in which the Conqueror lived for many days with La Marina, his faithful guide and interpreter. The coat of arms of Cortez is over the doorway. Near this house is another with a garden, where Cortez also dwelt, and in the garden a well in which he drowned his wife, who lies beneath the cross on the mound in a near-by church-yard. The Church of San Juan Bautista was built in 1583, founded at the same time with the Dominican monastery in 1530 by Fray Domingo

de Vetanzos. The stone cross on the mound in the church-yard was placed there by Cortez.

The Pedregal, or "stony place," is within a short walk of Coyoacan, southward on the road that runs in front of the Church of San Juan Bautista. A picturesque place with stone houses, cactus-hedged paths and clear running streams. Coyoacan is reached by street-cars from Tacubaya, or from San Mateo, on the Tlalpam line.

Tacubaya is the prettiest place in the Valley of Mexico, with its beautiful gardens, parks and shaded streets, lovely flowers and luxuriant trees everywhere, so that it is no wonder that here is the place of the summer homes of the wealthiest people in the Mexican capital. The location of the

EL SALTO DE AGUA, CITY OF MEXICO.

little city, on the slope of the hills back of Chapultepec, is so advantageous that it was contemplated at one time, after the great inundation of the City of Mexico in 1629 and '34, to make this the site of the national capital. At that time Tacubaya was called Atlacoloayan, the "place in the bend of the stream;" but after its settlement by the Spaniards it became known as Tacubaya de los Mártires.

The principal church is that of San Diego, but the parish church and the old monastery of the Dominicans are worthy of a visit. The one-time palace of the Archbishop of Mexico was afterwards used as the National Astronomical Observatory. The palace was built in 1737 by the Archbishop and Viceroy Vizarron. Before its removal to Chapultepec the National Military Academy occupied this palace.

The Alameda and the Plaza de Cartagena are pretty places, with trees, flowers and fountains. In the west part of the city are the quaint old mills of Santo Domingo, and near them the Arbol Benito, "the blessed tree." The story goes that a monk passing that way was wearied and so rested was he under the grateful shade that he blest the tree and bade it be always green. Immediately there came from its roots a spring of cold clear water. That this is true, you may see that the tree is ever green, and the brook goes on forever. Tacubaya has been called the Monte Carlo of Mexico, and not inaptly so. There was gambling there by gamblers of all sorts, sizes, ages and conditions, on the streets, under the white umbrellas, in booths under the trees, where you may wager a penny or a peso. In the gardens were games that savor of Monte Carlo indeed. There were tables for Monte, Rouge et Noir, or any other you please. The tables were crowded all the time, particularly in the evening, when the stakes were high, as much as

THE ALAMEDA.

twenty and thirty thousand silver dollars were on the tables at one time. There are dozens of rooms in one garden, for games, refreshment, music and dancing, while the gardens are lighted with many colored lights that make the scene one of enchantment. Bull fights and cock fights are the other at-

tractions that go to entertain in this intensely interesting town. Two or three lines of cars start from the Plaza Mayor in the city for Tacubaya.

Tlalpam — is an attractive little city of the valley toward the south-east at the end of the pleasant ride on board a dummy train of the Valley road, the cars starting from the Plaza Mayor in electric cars to the outskirts of the city, where the dummy engines are attached. In the old days when Tlalpam rejoiced in the name of San Agustin de las Cuevas, it was the place of a great gambling fiesta, where every year fashionable folks came to try their luck around the wheels of fortune and become the prey of the less aristocratic gambler; the fiestas became so disreputable that they were for a time suppressed, but finally revived, and the old-time gaiety prevails. Tlalpam was once the capital of the State of Mexico before the seat of government was removed to Toluca and this city included in the Federal District. The streets are straight and run at right angles, thanks to the erratic but energetic Viceroy Revillagigedo, who, in 1794, instituted many improvements, including a water supply. The streets are shaded by great trees and over the walls come the creeping vines to tell of the pretty gardens beyond them. It is a quaint old town where some hours may be spent in seeking out its beauties, and you may find some ruined places like that of the Oratorio, up the street from the station two or three squares, where a peon's hut is built in the walls of a one-time temple; the thatched adobe is in strange contrast with the graven walls and graceful arches of this relic of departed grandeur. A delightful day's outing may be made to the towns in the south of the valley —take the cars for Tacubaya, where the first stop may be made, then take the cross country line, stop over one car at Mixcoac to visit the Tivoli de la Castañeda; the next stop should be at San Angel for an hour; two hours may be spent at Coyacan, two at Churubusco, and two at Tlalpam, returning by the Valley railroad in the afternoon, the cars run direct to the Plaza Mayor.

Tacuba — is a pretty suburb that was a city in itself in the old Aztec days when Totoquiyauhtzin I, Chimalpopoca, Totoquinyautzin II and Tetlepanquetzaltzin were kings and held their capitals at Tlacópan, as the ancient city was called. These

kings reigned in succession from 1430 to 1525; the latter named *tzin* was executed with Cuautimotzin by Cortez in 1525 for an alleged conspiracy against the Spaniards.

Tacuba has many gardens and pleasant places; it has a fine old church and is the place of the residence of the Archbishop of Mexico. Street cars marked Tacuba (not Tacubaya) leave the Plaza Mayor every fifteen or twenty minutes, passing by the Tree of Noche Triste, making a very pleasant street-car ride to consume not more than two or three hours. Popotla, also on this line, is the intervening suburb between the city and Tacuba where flourishes that tree of the dismal night, under whose shadow Cortez sat down and wept over his misfortunes and defeat. The tree is an ahuehuetl, of that kind found in the park of Chapultepec, a cypress-like tree found in many parts of Mexico. The famous tree is still in vigorous life, notwithstanding the onslaughts of relic-hunters, from which it is protected now by a high iron railing, that is also a defense against the fury of the fanatic who some years ago set fire to the trunk. Popotla in the native tongue means "the place of the brooms."

AN AHUEHUETL.

Atzcapotzalco had such a multitude of inhabitants that it received this unpronounceable name, which means the "ant-hill." The kingdom of Atzcapotzalco antedates the Conquest by many years; in fact it ceased to be an independent kingdom nearly a hundred years before the Spaniards came; when, in 1428, the kings of Tenochtitlan and Texcoco made war on Maxtla, the *tzin* of Atzcapotzalco, slew him and divided the kingdom, placing Netzahualcoyotl, the rightful heir, on the throne in the realm of Texcoco and giving Atzcapotzalco to Tenochtitlan, a part of which went to the *tzin* of Tlacópan.

The ancient capital has dwindled to a village whose inhabitants are potters and vendors of vessels, and on the site of the old temple are the towers and domes of a Christian church; one of the towers has the graven image of an immense ant in memory of the great population of the bygone city. The church was erected by the Dominicans in 1702.

There are many legends that hang about the name of this old town, so that a book might be written to tell them all. Nearby is the village of Zancopinca, and near that a ruined aqueduct and little lake of pure water, where, in a crystal palace under the waters, dwells Malintzi half of each day, the other half being spent in the spring of Chapultepec, where she is a good fairy, but here a very siren that lures men to the depths of the lake, where they disappear forever. The songs of this siren are passing sweet as they are heard in

the early morning or in the evening, when it is dangerous to come near to the water, as he who stops to listen is lured to a permanent disappearance by the music and the spirit's entrancing beauty; he who lingers is lost, a feeling of exquisite languor dulls his delighted senses, he is irresistibly drawn into the depths by the beckoning hand of beauty and is lost to the world forever. It may be that this fate deters the seekers for the treasures of Cuautemoctzin that the Indians aver were thrown into this lake. Another legend has its place in the open plain west of the monastery under the shade of the five great ahuehuetls, where in olden times was a spring that constantly welled up, but never overflowed—to drink these waters meant disappearance forever. The holy fathers came with the image of the Virgin, in procession, and preached against the spring, and the people cast stones into it, until it was covered up and hidden from the sight of men, so that no one could drink of its waters, and a chapel with a shrine to the Virgin was built over it, that has long since fallen down and crumbled away; but he who will come to the ahuehuetls, and will hold his ear close to the ground, may hear the murmuring waters underneath the ground. The legend lives in the proverb: "*Bebio del agua de los ahuehuetls*," as applied to a sudden or mysterious disappearance: "He drank of the water of the ahuehuetls."

El Desierto is not, or was not when it was so named, a desert; on the contrary, a group of gardens of fruits and flowers in and about an ancient monastery where lived a company of Carmelite Brothers, of which Thomas Gage, a Dominican monk, says: "It is the pleasantest place of all about Mexico, called 'La Soledad,' and by others El Desierto, the solitary or desert place and wilderness. Were all wildernesses like it, to live in a wilderness would be better than to live in a city. This hath been a device of poor Fryers, named discalced or barefooted Carmelites, who, to make show of their hypocriticall and apparent godlinesse, and that whilest they would be thought to live like Eremites, retired from the world, they may draw the world to them; they have built there a stately cloister, which being upon a hill and among rocks, makes it to be more admired. About the cloister they have fashioned out many holes and caves in, under and among the rocks, like Eremites lodgings, with a room to lie in, and an oratory to pray in, with pictures and images, and rare devices for mortification as disciplines of wyar, rods of iron, hair-cloths girdles with sharp wyar points to girdle about their bare flesh, and many such like toyes, which hang about their oratories, to make people admire their mortified and holy lives. All these Eremeticall holes and caves (which are ten in number) are within the bounds and compasse of the cloister and among orchards and gardens of fruits and flowers, which may take up two miles in compasse; and here among the rocks are many springs of water, which with the shade of the plantins and other trees are most cool

and pleasant to the Eremites; they have also the sweet smell of the roze and jazmin, which is a little flower, but the sweetest of all others; there is not any other flower to be found that is rare and exquisite in that country which is not in that wildernesse to delight the senses of these mortified Eremites."

But—Mr. Gage's description applies to other days; it is indeed a solitary place and a wilderness now, with its ruins and caves, but withal interesting, and well worthy of a visit notwithstanding the hard journey which must be made on horseback from the city or by cars to Santa Fe and thence by burros or horses.

EL DESIERTO.

La Piedad, beyond the Garita de Belen, is the place of the church and monastery of Nuestra Señora de la Piedad, founded by the Dominicans in 1562, and the church was built in the fulfillment of a vow to the Virgin by a monk and his companions on board a well-nigh shipwrecked vessel that if she would bring them safely to land they would build a temple in her honor.

A monk of the brotherhood of Santo Domingo in Rome had received an order for a picture of the Virgin and the dead Christ to be painted by the best Roman artist, and when he came to depart for Mexico the artist had only made a drawing of the subject, but it was taken on board in its unfinished state and the voyage entered upon. A great storm came up and they prayed to the Virgin to save them, and their prayers were answered—the greater miracle was in the picture—when it was opened in Mexico, behold, it was finished in all its beautiful colorings. The wonderful picture hangs to-day where it did on the day of the dedication, February 2, 1652, over the main

altar of the church of La Piedad. Among the other pictures is a very curious one representing the storm-tossed sea that was stilled by the Virgin. There are some paintings by Cabrera and Velasquez and other native artists.

Take cars on the Plaza Mayor marked La Piedad.

Tlalnepantla is a primitive town near to a modern city, a town noted more for its bull-fights than its other attractions, but the trip thither is one of interest since the route of the street car lines that start from the Plaza Mayor in the city pass through the outlying villages that are all interesting. The old church of Tlalnepantla bears date of 1583 and 1587 over the side doors, probably the dates of the foundation and dedication—the other dates, 1609 and 1704, in the walls, do not give further information; the church remains in its primitive state, not having been tarnished by the renovating hand of modern restorer.

Tajo de Nochistongo, the great drainage canal, the most ambitious engineering feat of its time, was planned by Señor Don Enrico Martinez to drain the waters of Zumpango, the highest of the lakes of the Valley, and prevent their overflow into Texcoco, Chalco and Xochimilco and the consequent inundation of the City of Mexico; the original idea was to sink the drain sufficiently to carry off the overflow of all the lakes, but this was abandoned on account of its great expense.

Operations commenced November 28th, 1607, with fifteen thousand Indians engaged in sinking shafts at intervals and working tunnels in both directions, so that when the conduit was finished it was one long tunnel instead of a canal, as it now is, and before a year had passed this tunnel was more than four miles long, with a width of eleven feet by thirteen feet in height. The walls of the tunnel were of adobe, faced with stone, and all on insecure foundations; it caved in in several places, and in order to repair the work Martinez ordered the mouth of the tunnel closed, or, as has been stated, the engineer took this method of proving to his enemies the value of his work, as the success of it had been questioned by many.

The test came in June, 1629. The rainy season had set in with great violence and the waters from the lakes overflowed till the entire city except the Plaza Mayor was three feet under water. The flood came in a night, but did not subside until five years later, in 1634. The streets became canals and traffic was carried on in boats. Many lives were lost, foundations were destroyed and buildings toppled, until finally a royal order was issued by Spain to remove the city to the slopes between Tacuba and Tacubaya, but unfortunately the order was not carried out. An exceptionally dry season followed the flood, earthquakes cracked the earth and let the water into the depths, and the city was permitted to remain on its original site.

Martinez had been imprisoned as the cause of the great inundation, but was released with orders to make the city secure against a recurrence of the disaster. He opened the tunnel and repaired the dyke of Lake San Cristóbal—there were two dykes protecting against these waters, one nearly three miles long and the other about two, about ten feet high and thirty feet thick.

The walls of the tunnel continued to fall in and the city was threatened with another deluge at the return of the rainy season. It was finally decided to open the conduit and make a canal of it; the work progressed slowly and it was more than a hundred years before it was completed by a syndicate of merchants termed a Consulada, in 1767 to 1789. The canal is from three to seven hundred feet wide at the top, sloping to a few feet at the bottom to prevent caving in. The perpendicular depth is from 150 to 200 feet; the length from the sluice from the lake to the fall, El Salto del Rio Tula, is 67,537 feet.

The Tajo commences near the village of Huehuetoca, twenty-nine miles north of the city on the Mexican Central, and the tracks of that railway run along the eastern slope enjoying the distinction of the greatest "cut" of the world, certainly the oldest one, as this great work commenced as a waterway in 1607, used nearly three hundred years later as a railway entrance to the Valley of Mexico, and its former uses abandoned since the national government built the tunnel through the eastern mountains and drained the overflow in that direction. In the corner of the garden in front of the Cathedral in the Plaza Mayor a monument is erected to the memory of the great engineer of the Tajo, Don Enrico Martinez. The shaft shows the level of the lakes and statistics of the inundation. Unless a closer inspection of the Tajo is desired a fine view may be had from the west windows of passing trains, the right-hand side going to the city or the left going north. A day excursion to Tula or Pachuca via the Central, leaving the city in the morning and returning in the evening, will afford ample opportunity to see the great Tajo de Nochistongo.

The Drainage Canal. a stupendous work of modern engineering, drains the lakes of the plain and valley of Mexico and provides a sanitary

TAJO DE NOCHISTONGO.

sewerage for the city, completed at a cost of more than $12,000,000. It is an open canal to the rim of mountains, then a tunnel to the lower plain. Reached in an hour by trains of the Mexican or the Hidalgo Rys. As has been said the Tajo de Nochistengo was not intended to drain the Valley and City of Mexico but to prevent overflow from the higher level lakes—this new one is a drainage canal that drains.

Pyramids of the Sun and Moon of the prehistoric times are near the village of San Juan Teotihuacan, about twenty-seven miles east of the city on

Mexican (Vera Cruz) Railway. Nothing is known of the origin of these pyramids, thanks perhaps to the destruction by the Spaniards of the picture records of the Aztecs and Toltecs, and as these people knew nothing, or would tell nothing, their history must forever go unwritten; besides, nothing in the excavations or relics found lends any light on the subject.

From the trains the pyramids seem insignificant enough, and only by near approach are the ambitious heights to be appreciated. The Pyramid of the Sun is 216 feet 8 inches high, having a base of 761 by 721 feet 7 inches, while the top is 59 by 105 feet. The Moon is 150 feet 11 inches high, base 511 by 426 feet 5 inches and 19 feet 8 inches square. All along the little Rio de Teotihuacan and over the plain are traces of a city, and remains of walls and fortifications, one of which is known as the *Ciudadela,* the citadel, an area inclosed by a wall over two hundred feet thick and thirty-two feet high. In the center of the square is a small pyramid, and on the wall of earth fourteen smaller pyramids.

About over the plain are numerous pyramids, or mounds, as they seem to be now. Some openings have been made revealing in one case two large halls and several smaller rooms, in another some frescoed walls. These mounds may have been dwellings or shrines attached to the greater temples of the pyramids. The cornices and walls were beautifully ornamented in colors, ranging from ten to twenty shades or tints.

The only entrance discovered in the greater pyramids is in that of the Moon, found some years ago, leading into a chamber whose walls are of cut stone and laid directly on the lines of the compass. A curious causeway, called *"Calle de los Muertos"* (Street of the Dead) begins near the Citadel, passes the Pyramid of the Sun and ends near the Pyramid of the Moon. On either side is a terrace of cement and lava faced with a mortar of high polish and brightly colored. Along this Street of the Dead are many of the shrines or dwellings, some of which have been opened, revealing chests of cut stone containing skulls, bones and ornaments of obsidian, earthen vases and masks. Many of these ornaments of obsidian and miniature masks are found in the fields round about, giving rise to many theories as to their origin and uses, on which no two writers agree except that they prove the builders of the pyramids to be a race antedating the Toltecs or Aztecs. As to their uses, one theory is that these masks were portraits of the dead attached to bodies of perishable material, and, of course, long since disappeared, leaving only the earthen faces covered with the dust of centuries and now turned to light by the plowshare.

Second only to the Ruins of Mitla, these pyramids are the most interesting remains in this part of Mexico. By taking the morning train of the Mexican (Vera Cruz) Railway for Teotihuacan a day may be spent at the pyramids, returning in the evening.

Los Arcos de Zempoala are on the Irolo and Pachuca branch of the Hidalgo road near the station of San Agustin, and may be seen also from the trains of the Mexican Ry's branch from Ometusco to Pachuca. The Arches of Zempoala support an aqueduct nearly forty miles long, crossing three valleys; in the first there are 46 arches, the second 13 and in the third, which is most notable, there are 77 covering over 3,000 feet, the highest arch is about 130 feet from the ground to the apex, with a width of 65 feet at the base. Built over 300 years ago, and long since abandoned, they are still in good condition in spite of earthquakes and the ravages of time and weather. It was the work of Fray Francisco Tembleque, a Franciscan of Otumba, to bring water to his town, and with the money of his neighbors and the help of the Indians he

completed the work in 17 years. Father Tembleque was designer, architect, contractor, overseer and boss workman—hence they stand as his monument, when perhaps his grave is forgotten, the wonder and admiration of later generations.

Texcoco, before and at the time of the Conquest, was the capital of the kingdom of Tezcucans, a race probably more advanced in civilization than the Aztecs, ruled at one time by the great Netzahualcoyotl, who may be called the King Solomon or the David of his race, or both, since he was a wise man and just, and wrote many psalms and songs the translations of which greatly resemble the psalms and songs of the Biblical kings. And the palace of Netzahualcoyotl was of ancient magnificence; in the courtyard, at opposite ends, were two halls of justice, one, called the "Tribunal of God," had a throne of pure gold inlaid with turquoise and other precious stones. Before the throne, on a heap of trophies, weapons, shields, bows, arrows and quivers, was a human skull crowned with an immense emerald in pyramidal form, surmounted by an aigrette of brilliant plumes and precious stones.

The walls were hung with a tapestry of the hair of wild animals of varied color and rich design, embroidered in birds and flowers, the hangings caught up in rings of gold. Above the throne was a canopy of variegated plumage from the center of which shot forth resplendent rays of gold and jewels The other tribunal, called "the Kings," also had a gorgeous canopy of feathers emblazoned with the royal arms. The superior intelligence of these people and their education gave ancient Texcoco the title of the Athens of America, as Tenochtitlan was called its Rome.

This was ancient Texcoco. Her glory has passed away and only ruined walls are left to tell of it, some pyramids to the north and one on the southern border of the town, and three miles west, near the village of Huixotla, an immense wall. When the Spaniards came the Tezcucans were in the throes of civil war among the descendants of Netzahualcotl, and, one faction becoming friends of Cortez, it was easy to make them allies as he had the Tlaxcalans, and as the Cholulans had been destroyed by massacre and there could be no attack in his rear, the Conqueror made Texcoco the base of operations against the Aztecs and their city of Tenochtitlan, and after he was driven out of that city by Guatimoctzin he returned to Texcoco to launch his bergantines that had been built at Tlaxcala, and from the canal over which may still be seen the Bridge of the Bergantines sailed away to lay siege to Tenochtitlan and effect his second entry to the Aztec capital. At Texcoco Cortez lived, at one of the times when he was in disfavor with the Spanish King, and here in one of the churches his bones were entombed and remained some years. The first Franciscan Mission in Mexico was established in Texcoco by Fray Pedro de Gante; the fine old church remains to-day.

The present town is a pretty one, with its streets shaded by orange trees and is full of attractions for a day's outing, among which are excursions to the Molino de Flores, Tetzcotzinco, Cuautlenchan, the Hacienda of Chapingo, the estate of the late ex-president General Gonzales, and the Ruins of Huixotla. In the Plaza is a monument with a bust of Netzahualcoyotl, and on the corner of two of the main streets a fine fountain, surmounted by a statue of Hercules, the gift of Señor Don Ruperto Jaspeado, an antiquarian of local renown.

Molino de Flores, the mill of the flowers, is a flour mill as well, but not the commonplace, barn-like structure we may have in our mind's eye from the country mills at home. Massive gates swing heavily on thick stone walls

and admit to what seems the court and gardens of a mediæval castle; tortuous stairways of stone lead to the castle that is the summer home of the very ancient family of Cervantes, who have owned this bit of another world for some centuries. The garden might have been a part of Eden from its leafy trees, beautiful flowers and winding walks among foaming cascades and splashing fountains, caves and grottoes hollowed by Nature's hand, shadowed by overhanging boughs where flowering vines have climbed, and around one grotto, in which there is a pool of clear water, among the flowers are some prickly cactus that guard all approaches, for this is the Cervantes' bath—here in the garden under the trees, shut in by flowery screens and waving ferns.

Winding pathways paved with pebbles in variegated colors lead up and down the hillside and across the ravine where the cascades are, then over a rustic bridge to the family chapel. Some Moorish work around a cavern makes the shrine, three sides are Nature's own handiwork, human hands have only added a little belfry and the bells. In the chapel lie the departed Cervantes, in tombs of solid stone, and in the unhewn walls are tablets in memoriam. Before the quaint little altar dimly burns a lamp that is never extinguished, throwing an uncertain light on the faded painting of the Crucifixion on the rock behind it. In an adjoining cavern dwells the hermit padre—this solemn little shrine is in strange contrast with the bit of fairyland in the gardens beyond. Molino de Flores is three miles from Texcoco. Admission to the gardens is by permit only, obtained from the "administrador" in the City.

Tetzcotzinco, the "laughing hill," is three miles east of Texcoco and a mile south of the Molino de Flores. Here was a summer palace of Netzahualcoyotl, the King of the Tezcucans. In the solid stone of the hill are terraced walks and stairways reaching in a winding way from the plane to the summit, nearly a hundred feet above it. Along the way, in places shaded by the cliffs, are seats cut in the rock. Near the top is the King's bath, also hewn in the stone of the hill; it is about five feet by three, or it may have been a distributing reservoir, since the water came to it from the aqueduct above and passed on to the hanging gardens. Here is evidence of the engineering skill of the ancient races of Mexico; the water supply was brought to the Laughing Hill from the mountains nearly fifteen miles away, an aqueduct was on a graded side of the hill for nearly a mile, coming from another hill on an embankment seventy feet high and again from another hill nearly two miles distant, and thence the embankment continues twelve miles to the mountains. On the top of the grading was an aqueduct of cement and stone in the form of a tube about two feet in diameter, though the conduit is only ten inches. Remains of this wonderful work are still to be found.

The Bosque of Contador, near Tetzcotzinco, is a fine grove of ahuehuetls and was a part of the summer capital.

Cuautlenchan, near the Molino de Flores, was probably the place of residence of a people older than the Texcucans, if we may judge from the relics found round about.

This interesting section may be done in a day, but two would make the trip easier. Take the morning train of the Interoceanic Railway, starting from San Lázaro Station in the city. Stop at Texcoco. Thence the visits to Molino de Flores, Tetzcotzinco, Cuautlenchan and Huixotla must be made on horseback or in carriages, which may be obtained in Texcoco.

La Viga Canal is a navigable water-way for traffic between the city and the outlying towns and villages on the shores of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, flowing from those lakes to Lake Texcoco, and does not, as is popularly supposed, take in any drainage or sewerage from the city, the water coming from the south to the eastern district of the city passes northeasterly to Lake

Texcoco; it is a murky-looking water, but is not nearly so murky as it looks; taken up in the hand or vessel, it is as clear as it comes from the lake. The boats of La Viga are different from the boats of any other canal, and there are different styles of boats on La Viga, ranging from the dug-out canoe of the Chinampas to the flat-bottom freight boat propelled by poles in the hands of strong arms, a sort of armstrong motor, and side-wheel steamers of antiquated design. All classes carry passengers, with their donkeys and dogs, these latter being indispensable accompanists to the passenger, since each is an owner of part of the cargo of wood, charcoal or garden truck, and must have the burro to make a delivery at the port of destination, and the dog—well, the dog just goes along from force of habit, or an innate aversion to being left behind, and alone, because the family comes to town with its head and the house is closed till they return. One of these long, low, rakish craft from the other shores of Chalco and Xochimilco is a sight to see, at once a freighter and a floating menagerie, as there are other live stock besides the dogs and donkeys, in the shape of goats, sheep, ducks, and chickens. The

GONDOLAS ON LA VIGA.

boats bring the provender for man and beast in a city of neary half a million of people, and largely supply the city with fuel, the boats bringing it to the landing places and the burros making the delivery throughout the city.

But there are boats for passengers, and for tourists to Santa Anita, Mexicalcingo, San Juanico, Ixtacalco, and *las chinampas*, the floating gardens. These boats are a Mexican edition of the gondola, and with a Mexican gondolier in the bow, using a pole instead of a paddle. These gondolas are as picturesque in a way as the Venetian sort, not as graceful, perhaps, but sui generis, in a class of their own, a wide, flat bottom batteau, like an old-fashioned country ferryboat; there are low seats on each side running lengthwise, from end to end, under a canopy with gaudy-colored curtains.

The usual La Viga voyage is to Santa Anita; the trip may be on the street cars that run along the banks of the canal; this is the most expeditious way, but there is none of the novelty of the boat ride, and one must not be in a hurry in Mexico. It is best to take the cars on the Plaza Mayor marked La Viga, leaving them when they reach the canal at Embarcadero and go thence by boat; the tariff of the boatmen varies, according to the number of boats in port, the demand therefor, and whether it is a week-day, Sunday

or a feast day, from fifty cents to a dollar, for a boat carrying ten or a dozen people, to Santa Anita and return, including the stop there for a ride through the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, for which another and smaller boat must be taken and another fare of fifty to seventy-five cents be paid for each canoe carrying six or eight people.

The start on the voyage does not impress favorably, but as it proceeds it grows interesting, especially after passing the Garita, where the municipal duties were collected from incoming freighters; thence the wide, open canal is alive with queer little craft, the long, narrow canoes darting here and there among the larger ones, the little pleasure boats with their passengers squat-

LAS CHINAMPAS—THE FLOATING GARDENS.

ted under the grass-woven canopies, and the larger boats coming from or going to Xochimilco and Chalco with their cargoes of men, women, children, burros, dogs, wood, charcoal and garden truck; then there are little bum-boat canoes with dusky "Little Buttercups" to come alongside your boat, with the cleanest-looking baskets covered with the whitest of drawn-work cloths, under which are the native sandwiches, tortillas, tamales, *con carne* or *con dulce*, that, no matter how they may have seemed elsewhere, here look temptingly toothsome. Any day will do for the voyage to Santa Anita and much will be seen that you never saw before, but on a Sunday or a feast day there will be more life on the canal and in the villages.

Santa Anita is a straggling village of thatched houses, a relic of primitive times almost under the shadow of the towers of the metropolitan city, a pleasure resort of the middle and lower classes, where every house is an open one, *fonda*, restaurant or pulque shop, with thatched bowers over the seats and

tables of the revellers. When your boat is anchored under a great tree at Santa Anita, go ashore and pass up the street from the canal to the little old church and beyond to a forlorn little plaza, where there are some swings and some more fondas and pulque shops, and you will find the canoes to take you through the sluices of the floating gardens. These gardens have no walks and must be floated through, which would entitle them to their name, even if they were not really floating gardens, as they were in the olden times when the *chinampas* grew the fruits and flowers for Montezuma and the Aztec tzins; now they are flower and vegetable beds to supply the city markets. It is worth the while of the trip if it were only to see the acres and acres of poppies, whence the natives garland themselves and their houses on feast days, and of which you may bring away a boat load for a *real*. On the

AQUEDUCT OF ZEMPOALA.

going or the return trip a stop should be made at the hacienda of Juan Corona. While he lived, Don Juan's house was yours; his was a hospitable roof, and it remains to-day in happy memory with open doors. Don Juan was a great man in his day, as valiant as he was good and charitable, not a soldier, nor yet padre or a missionary, his life was full of brave deeds and good works. Don Juan was a bull-fighter on Sundays and feast days, and a philanthropist all the week, as if he would make six days of charity balance his account of questionable sport on Sunday. His pleasure was the care of the children of the poor, till he was called the father of the destitute, when he established a school for his wards that is still maintained in one of the rooms of his house. The old Don's hobby was less of tauromachy than the collection of curios, and his house is a monument to the memory of that hobby, every room is a museum in itself. Pass through the open door; no invitation is needed, and there is none to stop your way. Within the patio of trees, flowers and climbing vines is a stone stairway leading to an upper gallery; the curios

commence on the stairway and continue through all the house. Pass around the gallery to the farther side of patio and enter through the kitchen, the quaintest, cleanest kitchen in the world; then through the dining-room, bed chamber and parlor, coming out again onto the gallery at the stairs, where you may enter the school-room and see a school wholly unlike any other. As a visitor enters, the bright little beneficiaries of Corona's bounty rise in respectful salutation and welcome. The school has not the ample means it had in the life of good old Don Juan, and any offering is not only to a worthy charity, but a tribute to the memory of a good man.

It will take longer to see all in the quaint old house than to write it down, since it is impossible to do it completely. In the kitchen is the old-fashioned cooking-place built of brick, around it and on all the walls are the utensils of earthenware, as in the dining-room the table and its appurtenances are as quaintly curious. But it is in the other rooms where are the curios and relics, of every age and era of Mexico's history back to prehistoric times; idols from the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon at San Juan Teotihuacan; weapons, plumes, shields and war dresses of the Aztecs, a cigar case, pistol and sword of the patriot-priest Hidalgo; the bed in which General Santa Ana died; some pieces from the table service of the Emperor Maximilian and one of the muskets with which he was shot; the rifle of General Miramon used at Querétaro; a fine collection of *chicaras*, chocolate cups painted by the Indians of Michoacan; very curious and ancient costumes of the bull-ring, among which is one used by the Spanish matador, Bernardo Gaviño, when he was killed in the ring at Texcoco; ancient Chinese and Japanese armor; paintings of religious subjects and scenes from the bull ring; portraits of Don Juan and his wife and of Mexican celebrities; a collection of bird eggs, stuffed animals, two immense bowls or platters with the portraits of Maximilian and Carlotta; old tapestries and silken shawls; rugs of the skins of wild beasts, and a thousand and one other curious things collected in a long lifetime, of which no complete list or description may be made, but each article is in its place just as Don Juan left them when he died. No fees are charged nor any gratuities asked or suggested, but there is a contribution box, and there are none more worthy, since all the offerings are applied to the support of the school, and what you have seen in this old house is worth a generous gift.

The journey on the canal may be continued to Ixtacalco and make a day of it; here are other floating gardens and a fine old church, San Matias, founded by the Franciscans more than three hundred years ago, in front of which is a pretty little plaza with a fountain of clear, cool water; near by is a shrine of Santiago, long since neglected as to religious uses, and now used as a dwelling.

Mexicalcingo, a little further on, was an important town before the Conquest, now only an Indian village with an ancient and ruined monastery and church dedicated to San Marco, also founded by the Franciscans. To make the journey thus far it will take a day, and a luncheon should be brought along. Only the more venturesome explorer will undertake the entire voyage to Xochimilco, two days, but it is intensely interesting and without actual hardship, though with some discomfort. The excursion to Ixtapalapa and the intermediate villages on La Viga may be made by horse cars, or we may go by boat and return by cars, but the round trip by boat is to be preferred. Cars start from the Plaza Mayor; look for those showing the names of the places you desire to visit; they will take you there and back again to the Plaza.

Los Remedios.—About three miles west of the city's boundary is the Hill Totoltepec, on the top of which is the Santuary of Our Lady of Succor, called

the church of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios; its history and legend make an interesting story.

On that dismal night of the 1st of July, 1520, when the Spaniards were driven from Tenochtitlan by Cuautemoc and his infuriated warriors, the Spanish soldiers fled in all directions, but were gathered together in the Temple of Otoncapulco that was on the hill of Totoltepec. Among them was Juan Rodriguez de Villafuerte, who had in his keeping an image of the Virgin that he had brought from Spain, and which had been placed in a shrine on the great temple of the Aztecs among their gods. The checkered career of this image in Spain was not less adventurous after its arrival in Mexico; on the night of the terrible defeat it was carried by Villafuerte in his flight from the

CHURCH OF GUADALUPE, NEAR CITY OF MEXICO.

city, but himself being severely wounded, could carry it no farther; he hid the image under the broad spreading maguey, and went on his way.

Nearly twenty years after, an Indian chief, Cequauhtzin, called also Juan de Aguila Tobar, was hunting on the hill of Totoltepec, when the Holy Virgin appeared to him in a vision and bade him seek for her image that was hidden beneath a maguey; the *tzin* made diligent search without success, and the Virgin again appeared with the same command; still it was not found, and she appeared yet the third time. After awhile the image was found and taken by Cequauhtzin to his house. In the morning it had disappeared, and was found again under the maguey where it had been. It was taken the second time to the Indian's home, and he placed before it a little gourd filled with dainty things to eat, but the image disappeared to the maguey. Again was it brought to the house and placed in a strong box, locked and bolted, and, to make matters doubly sure, the *tzin* slept that night on the lid of the box, but

in the morning the box was empty and the image fled once more to the maguey on Totoltepec hill.

Then came Cequauhtzin to the good padres of San Gabriel in Tacuba and told them of the apparitions, of the finding of the image and its subsequent disappearances, which to the holy fathers seemed at once that a miracle had been performed, and in the persistency of the image in returning to the hill they discerned a command of the Virgin to build a temple in her honor on this Hill of Totoltepec where her image might rest in peace after all the stormy years of its existence. The shrine was commenced at once, and, shortly completed, was dedicated to Our Lady of Succor, since the Spanish soldiers were saved through the saving of her image. Over the walls of the original chapel was built the existing church through the efforts of Don Garcia Albornos, a great church worker of Mexico, begun in May, 1574, and completed in August of the following year, though the dome and arched roof were not completed until over a hundred years had passed, when the church was finally dedicated on the 25th of May, 1629, and seventy years after that Dr. Francisco Fernandez Marmolejo and his wife, Doña Francisca de Sosa, brought an artist from Puebla to finish the *camarin* they had caused to be built for the home of the image. The image is of wood, carved, but now at its great age browned and disfigured; it is about eight inches long. Held in the arms of the image is a figure of the Child Jesus. The ornaments except some pearls, and all her rich vestments, have long since disappeared. The gourd in which Cequauhtzin placed the delicacies before the image when it was in his house is preserved in the shrine in a silken case; the gourd has been broken and is mended with clasps of iron and brass. The altar is not what it was once, with its ornaments of silver and gold, tinsel and baser metals have taken their place. The silver railings and the silver maguey with all the rich decorations disappeared under a rigid enforcement of the Laws of the Reform, and all the pictures of the life of the Virgin have been taken away. In front of the altar is an onyx slab with the inscription in Spanish: "This is the true spot where was found the most holy Virgin, beneath a maguey, by the Chief, Don Juan Aguila, in the year 1540; (being the spot) where she said to him, in the time of her appearance to him, that he should search for her." Prior to 1796, when this tablet was placed in the floor, the spot was marked by a pillar supporting a maguey, with a carving of the image; the pillar is now in the cloister. Under the main altar rest the bones of the *tzin*, Don Juan Aguila Tobar, and near by is the chest in which he confined the image to prevent its escape to the maguey. Among the pictures in the church are some illustrating the life of the Virgin, and two, painted in 1699 by Francisco de los Angeles, of the Twelve Apostles.

VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE.

Guadalupe.—The holiest shrine of all Mexico and its legend the prettiest of all legends.

As we read the little of Aztec history that the Spanish fanatic left unburned we may well wonder at the similarity of their religion to that of the Christians, and we are apt to conclude that the ancient Mexicans were not the pagans they have been painted; true, they practiced human sacrifice, but was it less

in cruelty than in the sacrifice of human life by the Inquisition? The Aztecs waited for the coming of a Christ to save them; Malintzi, the Savior of the Aztecs, was a man of fair countenance, long flowing hair and beard, was of gentle mien and character, was and is to come to save the Mexican; Tonantzin was the Mother of Gods in their religion, and the people worshiped her on the Hill of Tepeyácac, now called Guadalupe, where the Holy Virgin appeared to Juan Diego and where her holiest temple stands. This is the legend:

A pious Indian, Juan Diego, lived in the village of Tolpetlac, and as he went to mass in the church of Santiago Tlaltelolco, passed around the hillside of Tepeyácac, on Saturday morning, December 9th, 1531, he heard the sweet music of singing voices; he was afraid, and, looking up, behold! a lady appeared to him and bade him hear what she might say; he should go to the Bishop and tell him that it was her will that a temple in her honor should be built on that hill; he listened tremblingly, on his knees, and when the lady had vanished, went his way and told the Bishop what he had seen and heard. The Bishop was Don Juan Zumárraga; he listened incredulously to the Indian's story and sent him away. Sorrowfully he returned to where the lady appeared to him, found her waiting and told the Bishop's answer; she bade him come to her again. On the following day, Sunday, Juan Diego came again to the hillside; the lady appeared for the third time and sent him to the Bishop again with her message that a temple should be built for her. The Bishop, still unbelieving and distrusting the improbable means of conveying such a command through this poor Indian, told him he must bring some unmistakable token that what he said was true, sent him away again, and, unknown to him, sent two servants to watch him; but as he approached the hill he became invisible in some mysterious way, passed around the hill, and alone saw the lady and told her the Bishop required a token of the truth of her commands; she told him to come to her again the next day.

CHAPEL OF THE WELL, GUADALUPE.

Then returned Juan Diego to his house, and found that his uncle, Juan Bernardino, was ill with the fever, *cocolixtli*, so that he must wait at home and attend him. Early on the morning of December 12th, the sick man being at the point of death, Juan Diego started to Tlaltelolco to call a confessor; fearing that he might be delayed if he met the lady, and that his uncle might die unconfessed, he went another way, around the other side of the hill. But behold! she was there, coming down the hill and calling to him; he told her of his uncle's illness and of his need for a confessor, but she assured him that his uncle was already well. Then the lady told him to gather flowers from the barren rocks on top of the hill, and immediately the flowers grew where none had ever been before; she commanded him to take these flowers to the Bishop as the token he had desired, and to show them to no other until the Bishop had looked upon them.

Joyfully he folded the flowers in his *tilma*, a sort of cloak made of *ixtli*, a fiber of the maguey, and departed again for the Bishop's house. From the place where the Virgin stood a spring of clear, cold water gushed forth; that

is there to this day, a panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to. When he came to the Bishop's house, the Indian dropped the flowers at the holy father's feet and upon the tilma appeared the image of the Virgin, Holy Mary, in the most beautiful colors. The Bishop placed the wonderful tilma with its miraculous picture in the oratory of his house, holding it as a priceless treasure. Juan Diego, escorted by the Bishop's servants, returned to his own home and found that his uncle was well, cured in the hour when the Virgin spake and told him no confessor was needed; a chapel was built where the roses had so miraculously grown from the rocks, and on the 7th of February, 1532, the tilma of the holy image placed over its altar within the shrine. Juan Diego and his uncle, Juan Bernardino, became the attendants, and under the teachings of Fray Toribio Motolinia, Juan Diego and his wife took vows of chastity and remained in the house of the Virgin as her servants till Juan Diego died, in 1548.

VISION OF JUAN DIEGO.

The legend has the sanction of Rome, first, under Pope Alexander VII, who ordered an investigation by the Congregation of Rites with a view to the granting of authority for the perpetuation of the feast of the 12th of December, the day of the last appearance of the Virgin to Juan Diego, the day of his gathering the roses in his tilma, and the appearance of the image when the flowers fell at the Bishop's feet. In 1666 Señor Don Francisco Siles, Dean of the Cathedral, organized a tribunal of investigation consisting of Juan de Poblete, Juan de la Camara, Juan Diez de la Barrera and Nicolas del Puerto, Canons Siles and Antonio de Gama; they went to the village of Cuautitlan, the birthplace of Juan Diego, and had confirmed by the natives, some of whom were over a hundred years old, the truth of the story as they had been taught it by their fathers before them. This and other evidence was sent to Rome, but it availed nothing. Cardinal Julio Rospillozzi, who in 1667 was elected Pope, under the title of Clement IX, wrote to the Dean of the Cathedral of Puebla that recognition was impossible because of the similarity of the legend to that

SECOND APPEARANCE OF THE VIRGIN

of the Immaculate Conception; that it seemed superfluous to grant a special office for the festival of Guadalupe. But when he became Pope he was more liberal to the petitioners, and, in the absence of further information, continued the authority for the festival. The succeeding pontiffs during the following century interposed no objections to the recognition of the Virgin of Guadalupe, but there was no official indorsement. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century the Virgin of Guadalupe was made the Patron Saint of Mexico for her protection during the plague of the *matlanzahuatl* in 1736. In 1754, Juan Francisco Lopez, a Jesuit priest, having been sent to Rome for that purpose, secured favorable action by the Congregation of Rites, and the feast of the 12th of December was established by the Papal bull of Benedict XIV, dated 25th of May of that year, and the Virgin of Guadalupe was officially proclaimed the Protectress and Patroness of Mexico, or New Spain.

THIRD APPEARANCE OF THE VIRGIN.

On the 15th of September, 1810, when Hidalgo took the banner of this Virgin from the little church of Atotonilco and proclaimed the independence of Mexico, "Guadalupe" became the battle-cry of his followers. The first Congress of the Republic of Mexico gave the festival further recognition by making the 12th of December a national holiday through the decree of November 27th, 1824, and the day is religiously observed throughout the country, particularly by the Indians, who in former years walked hundreds of miles to present themselves before the holy shrine, and since the building of the railroads, come from the uttermost parts by train loads. There are other festivals of the Virgin of Guadalupe, notably that of January 12th, when the Archbishop and the clerical dignitaries are present, and the feast is one of splendid magnificence, another on the 22d of November, one on the 3d of December, and on the 12th of each month. At the foot of the Hill of Guadalupe is a group of churches, that have grown about the original church of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, built by Bishop Zumárraga, afterwards Archbishop of Mexico, who received the sacred tilma from Juan Diego. The first temple of the tilma was built and the image

APPEARANCE OF THE IMAGE ON THE TILMA.

placed in it within fourteen days after the apparition. A hundred years after, a new and larger church was added and the tilma with its miraculous image placed in it, in November of 1622. Here the tilma remained for three hundred years, with the exception of four years, when it was housed in the Cathedral in the City of Mexico.

During the great inundation of 1629, when the City was endangered, the Archbishop Francisco Manso y Zúñiga and the viceroy, Marques of Cerralvo, sought the aid of the Virgin for the subsidence of the waters, and to that end brought the holy image of the tilma to the Cathedral. The waters covered the face of the earth in all the valley, and the bringing of the image was in a barge, in which rode the Archbishop, the Viceroy followed in another barge carrying a brilliant company of the dignitaries of church and state.

This weird and unique procession passed over the waters in the night, the barges and gondolas were lighted with torches and paper lanterns, while the musicians played sacred music and the people sang their hymns to the Virgin. When the flotilla came to streets of the city the image was taken to the Archbishop's residence for the night, whence it was taken the next day to the Cathedral, where it remained four years, till the subsidence of the waters, then taken back to the shrine at the Hill of Guadalupe.

In 1695 the existing parish church was built and used as a temporary shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, while the work on a larger and greater temple progressed, which was dedicated in May, 1709. The arched roof is surmounted by a dome and lantern that is 125 feet from the floor, the supports are massive Corinthian columns. The nave is nearly 200 feet long by 122 feet wide. The original altar was from designs by the great Tolsa, drawn in 1802, but the work was so hindered by the wars from 1810 to 1821 that little or no progress was made, and it was not completed till 1836; the cost to this time was nearly half a million dollars, which, added to the million or more that the churches had cost, made the expenditures nearly two million dollars up to that year. Around the chancel was placed a massive silver railing on a base of white marble, the gift of the Viceroy Bucareli, who lies under the pavement of the west aisle. The choir was of carved mahogany and ebony; there are other carvings in the sacristy, where there are also some paintings and two very curious tables of onyx. This church is what is termed "collegiate," that is, although not the seat of an archbishop or bishop, has the organization of a cathedral.

In the year 1887 Father Antonio Plancarte y Labastida prepared to carry out a long cherished design for renovation and embellishment of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and he lived long enough to see the crowning glory in the completion of his work before he put down his burden. Father Plancarte died in 1898. When the work was commenced the tilma was moved to the adjoining church, one time the convent of the Capuchinas, but not without some opposition on the part of the Indians, who ever watch the image with a jealous eye; they are suspicious of every move; and when the work was completed it was replaced in the renewed basilica on the 30th of September, 1895, at a very early hour before the break of day, thus avoiding further protests from the Indians. The architects for the renewal of the church were Señor Don Emilio Donde, who was succeeded by Don Juan Agea, who carried the work to completion. On entering the great doorway there is a bewildering sense of the gorgeous magnificence of the scenic interior, and one stands almost in awe, with indecision whether to move on or stand there, and so great is the beauty of the ensemble that it is hardly possible to fix the eye on individual objects; before entering there was a pre-eminent object of seeing the famous tilma, but for the moment even that is forgotten in the glorious harmony of color.

The presbyterum is reached by four separate flights of twelve steps and is paved with diamond slabs of white and black Carrara marble.

The magnificent altar containing the frame holding the sacred tilma is a mass of Carrara marble white as the snows of Popocatapetl, exquisitely carved and wrought with gilded bronze, executed at Carrara by the sculptor Nicoli from designs by the Mexican artists, Agea and Salome Pina. The bronze work was done in Brussels. On the left, or Gospel side, of the altar is the figure of Juan Zumárraga, on the Epistle, or right side, that of Juan Diego, done in Carrara marble; immediately in front is the kneeling figure of Mgr. Labastida y Davalos, Archbishop of Mexico, under whose care the great work was completed. Under the statue are his ashes and the remains of his father and mother. At the top of the frame holding the image on the tilma are the marble reliefs of three angels representing the archdioceses of Mexico, Michoacan and Guadalajara, which were chiefly instrumental in securing the Papal authority for the coronation. Above the High Altar is a splendid Byzantine baldachin supported by pillars of Scotch granite, surmounted by a gilded cross of roses, the flowers of the Virgin of Guadalupe. The front arch of the baldachin bears the arms of Pope Leo XIII, the other three arches the arms of the Archbishops of Mexico, Michoacan and Guadalajara, who applied to Pope Leo for permission to crown the image of the tilma. On the baldachin in Gothic letters are the Latin lines composed by Pope Leo XIII, as follows:

HIGH ALTAR OF GUADALUPE.

Mexicus heic populus mira sub Imagine gaudet
Te colore, alma Parens, præsidioque frui.
Per te sic vigeat felix, teque auspice, Christi
Immotam servet firmior usque fidem.

—LEO PP. XIII.

Which, being translated, means:

"The Mexican people rejoice in worshiping Thee, Holy Mother, under this miraculous Image, and in looking to Thee for protection.

"May that people through Thee flourish in happiness, and ever, under Thy auspices, grow stronger in the faith of Christ."

Between the arches of the baldachin are bronze statues representing the cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance.

Underneath the High Altar is a crypt with a vaulted iron roof that will sustain a weight of 300,000 pounds. The crypt contains four altars under the High Altar, and has thirty urns for the reception of the ashes of the thirty persons who gave $5,000 each to the cost of the High Altar and the baldachin, the total cost of which was $150,000.

The blue vaults of the roof are studded with gold stars in relief; in fact, the stars are of cedar fastened to the roof. The beams are beautifully decorated in Byzantine designs. The dome is a mass of gilding relieved with festoons of pink roses; the panels are frescoed with figures of the Virgin of Guadalupe and of angels with scrolls, and allegorical attributes of the Virgin. The lantern of the dome is of stained glass, the gift of the College of the Sacred Heart, of San Cosme, Canon Mantilla, J. L. Traslosheros, the Theological Seminary of Durango, J. M. Fierro, Ygnacio Rivero, Guadalupe Ovando and Eduardo de Ovando. The four spaces below the dome show the figures of the four evangelists.

The walls of the basilica are richly decorated with five splendid frescoes, gifts of the diocese of Zacatecas, archdiocese of Durango, diocese of Yucatan, Bishop of San Luis Potosi, and the diocese of Querétaro. The first fresco to the right on entering, by the artist Don Felipe G. Gutierrez, is a representation of the conversion of the Indians under the benign influence of the Virgin of Guadalupe, who is seen hovering in the air over the groups listening to the preaching of the friars and being baptized by them. The second on the right is by a young Jesuit priest, Fray Gonzalo Carrasco, shows the conveying of the tilma with the sacred image, December 26th, 1531, from the house of Bishop Zumárraga to the first church built for its keeping at the foot of the Hill of Tepeyácac. It is a solemn procession, with the image borne under a canopy attended by a brilliant coterie of clericals arrayed in gorgeous vestments and gaily costumed cavaliers, with which there is strange contrast in the sombre garb of the friars and the dress of the Indians. About the canopy and the image are acolytes bearing candles and flambeaux. In the lower right-hand corner is a representation of the first miracle performed through the Virgin of Guadalupe: in the fervor of adoration the Indians had been sending arrows and javelins through the air; one of them wounds a young man; his mother runs and begs the people to turn back and care for him, but as the image is borne near the spot where the injured Indian lies his wounds are miraculously healed. The fresco is a splendid piece of work by a fine artist.

THE CROWN.

The first fresco from the entrance on the left or west side of the church shows the presentation of the copy of the tilma and the image to Pope Benedict XIV by the Jesuit Juan Francisco Lopez, in 1751, in soliciting the Papal authority for the festival and recognition of the Virgin of Guadalupe. The Pontiff is in the act of exclaiming "Non fecit taliter omni Nationi." The picture is a striking one of historic as well as artistic merit.

The second on the left is by Don Felix Parra. It represents the salvation of the people from the dreadful plague "matlazahuatl," in 1737, by the invocation of the Virgin of Guadalupe by Archbishop Antonio Bizarron y Eguiarreta, who placed the city under her protection and the pestilence departed from the land. In the foreground an Indian smitten with the plague is kneeling in supplica-

tion, beyond in the background is a splendid altar surrounded by a company of gorgeously robed bishops, darkly cassocked priests and gaily attired cavaliers, officers of the city and of the Spanish king. The picture is a brilliant one of harmonizing colors that hold one in earnest contemplation.

The fresco nearest the altar on the west side is by Señor Ibarraran y Ponce, representing the taking of the evidence, in 1666, of the Vision for the purpose of sending to Rome for papal recognition. The frescoes bear the names of the donors.

On the wall between two of the frescoes is an inscription in Latin, which, being translated, says: "The Mexican people, in honor of the Virgin of Guadalupe, who in old time appeared on the Hill of Tepeyac to Juan Diego, erected a holy temple and with all piety venerated the ancient Image. One of the most conspicuous in its cult was the Archbishop Pelagio Antonio de Labastida y Davalos, a most munificent restorer of this collegiate church. Now at length, as all had wished, and as the Chapter of the Vatican Basilica had decreed in A. D. 1740, the famous Image, with the sanction of the Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII, was crowned with a diadem of gold on the fourth day before the Ides of October, 1895, Prospero M. Alarcon being Archbishop of Mexico, to stand forever as the shield, the protection and the honor of the Mexican people." On each side of this inscription are the names of those who have helped in the building of the church, not only by gifts of money, but in whatever way they may have assisted. In the apse behind the High Altar are mural portraits of the Popes Benedict XIV and Leo XIII, Archbishop Labastida, and Mgr. Alarcon, the archbishop at the time of the coronation of the image in 1895, and a painting of the arms of Father Plancarte. Here also is the family chapel and vault of Señor Don Antonio de Mier y Celis; the chapel is dedicated to St. Joseph and is most beautifully decorated. The crypt under the chapel is an exact reproduction of the crypt of the Escorial in Madrid. The three stained glass windows of the chapel are gems of the art and cost $17,000. The altars with family vaults are five in number; that of Madame Martinez is dedicated to Mexican saints; the altar of San Antonio belongs to Miguel de Cervantes Estanillo; of San Joachim, to Manuel Fernandez del Castillo; the altar dedicated to the founders of religious orders which labored for the conversion of the Indians of Mexico belongs to Father Plancarte, all of which are handsomely decorated. There is also a Chapel of the Sacred Heart. In all there are ten altars in this great church. The fine windows of the church were the gifts of prominent people of Mexico.

STONE SAILS OF GUADALUPE.

The High Altar holds the sacred tilma in which Juan Diego brought the roses to the Bishop, and on which the Image of the Virgin so miraculously appeared. Some years ago a number of artists and scientific men were permitted to examine the picture, which they did critically, taking off the plate glass, but they were not able to say that the colors were put on in any manner known to art; they all agreed that the picture was not painted, and by their

decision the mystery of the picture was enhanced and its miraculous origin all but determined. The tilma has remained here in this place for nearly four hundred years; its colors are bright and fresh, while other pictures as old are faded and worn; is it any wonder that the mass of the people believe, since learned men and artists cannot of their learning and art gainsay the legend?

The adoration of the image on the tilma has not been confined to olden times; it continues, and will continue for all time. The culmination was on the 12th of October, 1895, when a crown of gold and jewels, a galaxy of gems, diamonds, rubies and sapphires, was placed over the tilma. On that day came the pilgrims from every quarter, thronged the church and covered the plain round about.

It was a magnificent scene to stand upon the hill and look down upon the limitless, numberless multitude of pilgrims, come from the remotest corners of Mexico and assembled here without the walls, for only hundreds could get within the sacred portals, the unsheltered thousands knelt in mute adoration, with bowed heads, in the dust of the salty plain, and listened to the tolling of the bells in the tower when the jeweled, golden crown was raised to the brow of the Virgin of Guadalupe, then fell down and kissed the ground in the fervor of their adoration and blessed the memory of good Juan Diego.

Within, under the arches of the vaulted temple, were gathered the dignitaries of the Holy Church of Rome, come from all the sees and bishoprics of the western world, to render homage, and in all the pomp and ceremony of the church, with mitered heads and in gorgeous robes, lifted up their voices in adulation to the Queen of Heaven, and bowed down before her image on the Indian's tilma. In priestly procession the chief apostles of the church came from the robing rooms in gorgeous attire, passed through the crowded corridors till they came and gathered around the Archbishop's throne, and then came the bearers of the jeweled crown, almost hidden in clouds of incense, while a choir of boyish voices chanted anthems of praise.

There was a clangor of bells, across the plain booming cannon reverberated against the hills that throw their lengthened shadows over the valley of Mexico. Thousands and thousands of pilgrims had gathered at the Hill of Guadalupe, and the darkened spots here and there in the plain showed where other pilgrims were plodding to their Mecca, footsore and weary, yet straggling on to join the throng of devotees—and quickened their pace when faintly came the tolling of the bells, and as the roll of the artillery announced the hour, they knew the time was at hand.

The glad news had gone over every hill, down to every valley and over all the plains of Mexico, that the coronation of Guadalupe was to be on this day. The news went not by advertisement or printed paper, but on the wings of the wind. The birds of the air told it to the people, and they came and knelt at the hill of Guadalupe, that was called Tepayácac.

The crown is of gold and precious stones, contributed by the women of Mexico from their own jewels, and was made by a Parisian goldsmith at a cost of over $30,000 for manufacture alone. In shape it is an imperial diadem, 62 centimeters high and 130 centimeters in circumference. There are 22 shields representing the 22 bishoprics of Mexico. Above these are angels circling the crown and upholding six other shields bearing the arms of the six Archbishoprics of Mexico. From the wings of the angels are festoons of roses and diamonds gathered at the top under a globe showing Mexico and the Gulf.

Surmounting the whole is the eagle of Mexico bearing in its talons a diamond cross. The crown is held above the image on the tilma by a cherub. The shields are surrounded by emeralds and sapphires, and on the breast of

each angel is a blazing ruby. Altogether it is the finest jewel used in religious ceremonies in existence.

At the coronation the ladies who gave their jewels for the crown carried it to the steps of the throne of the Archbishop, where the Papal brief authorizing the coronation was read, and the notarial certificates of the action made, and it was received by the Archbishop amid the clangor of bells and salvos of artillery.

A solemn mass was said, and then the crown was carried in grand procession through the assembled congregation, and when it had returned again to the throne the Archbishop of Mexico, assisted by the Archbishop of Michoacan, ascended the platform and exactly at noon placed the crown in its place over the head of the Virgin of Guadalupe above the tilma of Juan Diego, and the coronation was done.

It was the scene of a lifetime; women were overcome with emotion and men moved with the enthusiasm of the hour. Not alone were they Mexicans who were here to take part; there were Archbishops and Bishops from other countries, from the United States, Canada and Cuba. The Archbishop of New York, of Quebec and of Santiago de Cuba and the Bishops from everywhere, none too high to give him reverence whose homely service brought the flowers in his tilma and poured them down at the feet of good old Zumárraga, and held before the first bishop the first image of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

The event of the coronation revived the discussion of the authenticity of the tilma and the image; one bishop at least, the Bishop of Tamaulipas, dissented and preached against it, and the great agnostic, Señor Don Juan Mateos, who has been called the Ingersoll of Mexico, opened the flood gates of his splendid oratory against the story of the tilma and eulogizing the advancement which he sees in the unbelief of a bishop of the Church. But the legend will go on forever, and it can do no harm, even if it only serves for a pretty story, it will live; but it will do more than that among the people whence Juan Diego came, if it brings the story of the Holy Child home to them. The controversy brought forth an edict from the Archbishop of Mexico which calls attention to the tradition of the centuries, the approval of the Popes, and while not putting down the apparition as an article of faith, the edict says finally in exhortation: "Preserve, therefore, the traditions which you have inherited from your forefathers and hold indelibly in your memory the words which Lorenzana caused to be written with regard to the first Archbishop of Mexico, Dr. Zumárraga. Heaven rewarded his apostolic labors and his painful diocesan visits made on foot by vouchsafing the apparition to him on December 12th, 1531, of the miraculous image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, a favor which kindled in his heart such flames of devotion towards that Holy Queen that at his own expense he began the construction of the first chapel in her honor, there to satisfy his own devotion and that of the faithful by an incessant round of services." Then came, by the Archbishop's order, fiestas more elaborate and brilliant than ever before, the people came as they never came before, and as they will come on forever to worship at the

BEGGAR ON THE STAIRS.

Shrine of Guadalupe. The great church fronts on the main plaza of the City of Guadalupe, opposite the street that leads to the causeway over which the street cars pass to and from the City of Mexico; the cars pass the church and stop under the trees of the little alameda which adjoins it on the east side. The church is a massive stone structure with a tall tower, filled with bells, on each corner; the southwest tower holds the town clock; the towers are over a hundred feet high. The center façade, through which is the main door, is of stone and marble whiteness, handsomely sculptured; twenty stone columns support the elaborately carved friezes of the first and second elevations; between the sets of two columns are life-size figures, also in stone. Immediately over the main entrance and in the center of the façade is a sculptured representation of the scene in the Bishop's house when Juan Diego let the roses fall from his tilma, disclosing the image of the Virgin. In the center of the arched roof is a massive dome, the lantern of which is 125 feet above the floor of the church.

Adjoining the church on the east side is the ancient convent, called in old times Santa Coleta, later as the Capuchinas de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. The first movement toward the establishment of the convent was in 1575, again in 1707, but it was not authorized until 1780, and the building not completed till 1787. The convent was closed and the nuns expelled by the Laws of the Reform, and the building relegated to church and school uses. The convent and church was erected at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million dollars. This old structure is after the conventional style of church architecture in Mexico, and has principally its antiquity to interest the visitor, and again as the abiding place of the image on the tilma for many years. The *Capilla del Pocito*, the chapel of the well, is just beyond the little park of trees on the east of the church—a beautiful little chapel with a dome of glazed tiles that covers the spring of water that gushed from where the Virgin stood as she sent the Indian away with the flowers. The spring is just inside the door of the chapel, beyond it, under the dome, is the altar and a carved pulpit supported by an image of Juan Diego; on the walls are paintings of the various visions of the Virgin. This chapel was completed in 1791 at a cost of over $50,000; the architect was Don Francisco Guerrero y Torres, who gave his services free. Just opposite the Chapel of the Well on the rise of the hill is the spot where the Virgin appeared in one of the visions; the spot was marked by a pillar supporting an image of the Virgin.

Commencing here is the ascent of the hill by means of a stone stairway that leads to the *Capilla del Cerrito*, the Chapel of the Hill. About half way up the stairs are the Stone Sails of Guadalupe, and thereby hangs a tale: Some sailors in dire distress in a storm-tossed ship that had lost her rudder, prayed to the Virgin of Guadalupe and vowed that if she would bring them safe to land they would carry the foremast to the Hill of Guadalupe and set the sails before her shrine. There the sails are to this day, incased in stone, a memorial to the protecting power of the Virgin. The date of the placing of this curious work remains untold in the annals of Guadalupe. The walk up the stone stairs is a long one, but not tiresome if you stop here and there, as you will, to see the magnificent panorama that grows wider at every step till it spreads out in one grand, glorious picture, the like of which is nowhere else in the world. The towers and domes of the churches at the foot of the hill are beneath your feet; beyond the towers the village of Guadalupe; across the plain the city and lakes, and surrounding all the mountains, dimly, beautifully blue.

The *Capilla del Cerrito,* the "chapel of the little hill," is built on the spot where grew the roses in the barren rock, that sprang up at the Virgin's word for Juan Diego to gather and take to the Bishop in token of her wish for a temple there. Until the year 1660 the place was marked only by a wooden cross; at that time a little chapel was built there on the top of the hill by Don Cristóbal de Aguirre, who made an endowment of $1,000 for a solemn service to be held on the 12th of December of each year in memory of the vision of the Virgin. The chapel as it now stands was built by the Presbitero Don Juan de Montúfar in the early part of the eighteenth century; he built also the stone stairway from the plain to the top of the hill. Back of the chapel is a pretty little cemetery, where rest the remains of many prominent Mexicans, among whom lies buried the famous General and Dictator, Santa Ana. A winding path leads down the west slope of the hill, affording an easy descent. About half way down is a curious little grotto in a tiny garden; the grotto is decorated with mosaics ingeniously laid in the rocky clefs, the work of some of the servitors of the church.

Thus, going to the right of the church and old convent, through the little park to the Chapel of the Well, thence up the stone stairs to the "Chapel of the Little Hill, down the path on the west slope, one passes around the charmed circle of churches, chapels and shrines, and near the places where the Virgin appeared to Juan Diego. The first two visions were on the side of the hill, on its southern slope, near where the great church now stands, on Saturday, December 9th, 1531; the third and fourth visions, the next morning and afternoon, Sunday, 10th, near the same spot. The fifth and last appearance of the Virgin, Tuesday, December 12th, was on the spot marked by the Chapel of the Well; the waters gushed forth from where she stood. The roses were found on top of the hill where the Chapel of the Little Hill now stands. The village of Guadalupe was made a town by a royal order of the King of Spain in 1748. The Congress of the Republic of Mexico granted a charter on the 12th of February, 1828, which raised the town to the dignity of a city, and in the City of Guadalupe was signed the treaty of peace that was the closing act of the war between the United States and Mexico, called the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, dated February 2d, 1848. Electric cars leave the Plaza Mayor, immediately in front of the Cathedral in the City of Mexico, and run in a northeasterly direction, after leaving the streets of the city, across the plain to Guadalupe; the route of the cars is on one of the two old causeways of the Aztecs and Spaniards that led from the city to Tepeyácac. The two causeways run side by side; the eastern causeway, occupied by the street car tracks, is the oldest—was built by the Aztecs, repaired and enlarged by the Spanish in 1604-6. The western is not so ancient; it is called Calzada Nueva, "the new causeway," now occupied by the tracks of the Mexican (Vera Cruz) Railway, was built in 1675-6. This new calzada was the great highway to Guadalupe and the route of the processions from the Cathedral and the churches in the city to the shrine of Guadalupe. The road was paved, the little arched bridges were of cut stone; about half way was a beautiful glorieta or circle; and at intervals along the road were shrines or altars of cut stone, beautifully sculptured; there were fifteen of them, dedicated to the fifteen mysteries of the rosary, where the pilgrims uttered the appropriate prayer at each as he passed by. Some of the shrines remain; they may be seen from car windows or from the street cars on the adjoining causeway.

The Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe is the holiest shrine in all Mexico, and many pilgrims come to pray and to look upon the glories thereof.

THE CITY OF GUADALUPE.

The Cities and Towns of Mexico.

There were cities in Mexico before the European who discovered the country was born, aye, cities with hundreds of thousands within their gates, a thousand years before the city was built that boasts the discoverer's birth, and towns were there on the plains, and on the lake shore, and on a hundred hills, looking down to the valleys below, where villages nestled in their shadows. These have passed away, and only their ruined temples, here and there, have left their pillars and graven walls, uncovered by the sands of fleeting centuries, in unrefuted evidence of a splendid magnificence and pre-historic civilization.

And there were cities and towns in Mexico when the greatest of these in the United States of the North were but straggling villages. Their streets were paved with stone, while the grass grew in ours, the shadows of high walls shaded the passers by, instead of the trees that made the shady side of our thoroughfares, and the first that is written here was a city nearly a hundred years before the Mayflower unloaded its cargo on Plymouth Rock.

These remain till this day, and the traveler of the newer cities of the North may come and walk in the same paved pathways, pass under the same darkening arches, may bow down at the altars that were reared when the stones of the Pilgrims' churches were unquarried, and he may live under a roof that may have sheltered a courtly cavalier of old Spain, come here attendant at a vice-regal court. The streets of the then, are the streets of the now, and the oldest inhabitant knows not, except from history, when his house was built.

I have not chosen to put one before the other here; I have written of them in the order of their curious names, alphabetically as to the letters of their spelling, leaving the pronunciation all to you, and to the native who tells you how.

Acámbaro. Ak-kam'-baro. On the 19th of September, 1526, Nicolás Montañes de San Luis, an Otomite ally of the Spaniards, who was also Cacique of Xilotepec, declared Acámbaro a city, and the next day, with all the pomp and circumstance of state, he marched his soldiers up and down the plain where the streets were to be, and coming to the place where the plaza now is, a mass was said in a temporary chapel, on the spot where now stands the parish church, and the Church of San Francisco was named that day. After the religious ceremonies, the first city election was held, that is, Don Nicolás appointed the officers, and Acámbaro became a full-fledged city, nearly four hundred years ago.

There was no mushroom growth in the advancement of the town. The date of its founding is recorded, but not so the date of its completion, and if we may judge from its narrow streets, the tumble-down houses and neglected plaza, its finishing must have been a century or so ago, and the chiefest charm is in its antiquity. It is the same old Tarascan town that Nicolás Montañes intended it should be, and the coming of the railroad has not disturbed its siesta. The trains come and go, and the people ask not whence they come or where they go, neither do they care.

The Tarascans gave the town its name as meaning "the place of the maguey," though little of it grows in the surrounding fertile plains, the lands being tilled in more valuable products. Located on the King's highway to the Pacific Coast, it was a trading place of note many years ago, and it was then that the great stone bridge over the Lerma was built, and later, in 1810, Hidalgo concentrated his troops at Acámbaro, with the intention of marching to the Capital. When the railway builders came they found the place in the way of their lines, and it became—a place to change cars, that's all. A day at Acámbaro may not be, by any means, the least delightful. A minute's walk from the handsome stone station and the tracks, will take you backward another century, and (if you hear not the whistle or the engine bell) to another country strange and quaint. There is no way to ride, and there is no need to; you must walk and you will prefer to, through Amargura Street, passing the fourteen *capillas chiquitas*, the stations of the cross, to the church of Soledad, at the top of a little hill, coming back another way to the plaza, where you may rest under the great trees.

Near by is the church of San Francisco with its deserted convent, one of the oldest in all Mexico and one that has never been closed for repairs, though there is a new and unfinished chapel that was commenced in 1850 as a thank offering for the escape of the town from cholera, intended to be dedicated by Fray Macedonio Romero to Nuestra Señora del Refugios, but it was never finished. These and the Church of Guadalupe are all to be seen.

Near the railway track, about a quarter of a mile from the station, is the great stone bridge across the Lerma that was built, long ago, in the old Spanish days; the massive arches and columned entry-ways make an antique picture that is in consonance with the sleepy old town. The water supply is conducted from the hills in an aqueduct, built by a Franciscan brother, Antonio Bermul, in 1527. In all the years of its existence Acámbaro has attained but 10,000 inhabitants, and there is nothing modern in the place except the railway station, which is also the hotel where travelers may find rooms and meals in a more modern style than at the one on the plaza. Located in the State of Guanajuato, Acámbaro is on the western division of the Mexican National Railroad, 178 miles from the City of Mexico, and at a junction of that division running to Morelia and Patzcuaro.

Acapulco. Ah-ka-pull'-ko

On the west coast of Mexico at Acapulco is the finest harbor of that country, and the second finest in the world; surrounded as it is by high mountains with only a narrow tortuous passage to the sea, it is completely land locked and is picturesque to a degree. Through the western rim of the hills an artificial cut has been made to admit the sea breezes—it is called El Abra de San Nicolas.

Acapulco was early made a fortified town as it was a seaport with a deep water harbor, and was garrisoned by the Spanish early in their occupation of the country, and remained in their possession till the close of the war for Independence, with the exception of a few days when the fort was taken by the patriot army of Morelos, at that time under the immediate command

of an American, a Tennessean, Col. Ellis P. Bean, who for a long time had been a prisoner in the fort at Acapulco, having been sent there from Chihuahua and confined in the dungeons for nearly three years, but escaped, joined the republican army under Morelos, and took his revenge in taking the City.

The importance of Acapulco will be greatly enhanced by the completion of the Cuernavaca division of the Mexican Central Ry., that not only connects it with

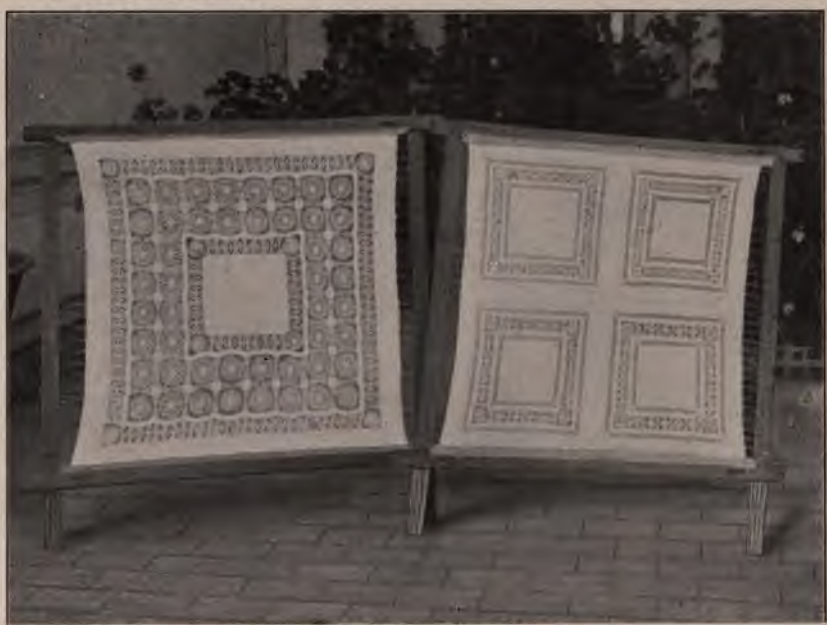
THE BASKET WEAVER'S DAUGHTER.

the City of Mexico, the railway system of the interior, but opens up a market for the extensive mineral and agricultural products of the State of Guerrero.

Lummis says of Acapulco: "It is all the picture of a dream. The soft green of the bay—to which not even the Pacific ground swell can enter—is cut by the sombre green of the beachless hills. At the water's edge, here and there, rise high plumed heads of palms, with glimpses of plantations between their colonnades. On a long narrow strand of the northern shore are strung the irregular white beads of the town, ended at the left by the

truncate hill—at the right by the gray old fort. Than Acapulco there is no better type of the Mexican *tierra caliente*. It is the jewel of all tropic America; artistically it has no superior in any land, and in this hemisphere no equal."

The harbor of Acapulco was discovered by Cortéz in 1531, and he sailed from this port on his voyage up the west coast to Sinaloa, and from this port also sailed May 9th, 1540, Don Hernando de Alarcon, the discoverer of California; from Acapulco the galleon carried the commerce of Spain that had crossed the Atlantic and the continent, to her colonies in the Philippines for more than a century.



THE DRAWN WORK OF AGUAS CALIENTES.

Aguas Calientes. Ah'-was Cal-i-en'-tees

The name of this city may not be difficult of remembrance. It may have impressed itself upon your mind, if you were a traveler in Mexico in the early days of railroads there, when some friend, better posted on the language, had coached you how to ask for something you did not get—for the hot water that never came. Aguas Calientes is a veritable city of hot water, and the citizens are in it most of the time, as may be seen, even from the windows of the passing train.

The hot springs, that have made the city famous, are about a mile from the station, on the east side, and at the springs the first baths were established, curiously named after John the Baptist and the Apostles, with their names written over the doors, with the figures indicating the temperature of

each particular Apostle. The ditch, which is the waste-way from the springs, runs alongside the avenue, shaded by immense trees, crossing the track at the station. Here were the scenes that have been talked of, and written of, where the people came for their baths, and for their laundry, at one and the same time. At first thought, the idea does not seem effulgent with dazzling features—but the one of economy, both as to time and clothes, and the attendant laundry expenses, should not be overlooked. One need have but one suit, that can be washed and dried while you wait, the intervening time occupied by your own bath, with the added experience of every man his own washerwoman being fully realized.

The scene along this hot-water canal, and at the pools, was an interesting one—not always on the bills, as the theater people say. Looking up from the station platform there was a long line of busy beings striving at a compliance with nature's first law. They were in all stages of beginning, continuing or completing the ablution or the laundry, with, as a writer says, no

THE PORTALES, AGUAS CALIENTES.

other protection than the blue sky of heaven and the Republic of Mexico; babies tied to a string paddled in the warm waters, while their mothers tended strictly to the business in hand. The picture was brightened by the many-colored garments hung out to dry on the bushes that hereabouts did duty as clothes lines. These things have been changed somewhat, bath houses have been erected for the free use of the public, one on each side of the Paseo very near the station, one for women, the other for men, so the bathers that were along the waste ditches have gone into these bath houses, or the fields beyond. A wide avenue with great overhanging trees affords a shady drive, or horse-car ride, from the main plaza and the railway station to the baths at the head waters, or for a fine walk if you are equal to one of a mile. There are other baths in the city, near the station and near the plaza. These, with the delightful climate of Aguas Calientes, render the stop an attractive one.

Like the old-fashioned towns of Tennessee, these in Mexico have a public square, here called the plaza. The one at Aguas Calientes is beautiful with its trees and flowers, winding walks, the towering monument over all; in the center is the band-stand, where sweet music entertains the people in the evenings, and, on the four sides, fine buildings make this plaza a very attractive one. The monument seems unfinished, but it is, or was. Originally it was surmounted by a statue of Ferdinand VII, erected to commemorate the founding of the city, October 22, 1575. The Mexicans were wont to throw things down in times of war, even if they set them up again when the war was over. The statue was thrown down, but never replaced, and the monument is now utilized to perpetuate other data in the city's history. There are a dozen other plazas, including the very beautiful Jardin de San Marcos and the Tivoli de Hidalgo, reached by the horse cars after a very short ride. Near the main plaza, two squares north, are the markets, always interesting in Mexico, and here especially so.

At any season the visit to Aguas Calientes may be made, but during *la fiesta de San Marcos* is the best time to see the city in all its glory. The feast commences April 23, and extends till May 10, when St. Mark takes possession of the town, and all business is given over to merriment and turkeys, this season being as disastrous to the latter as a November Thursday in "*los Estados Unidos.*"

The chief product of Aguas Calientes is the "drawn-work"—the making of which is the sole occupation of a large percentage of the people, and while not engaged in its manufacture they are at the station to sell it. The finest linen is drawn in the most intricate and exquisite designs—the fame of this work has gone abroad and every woman traveler waits up till she arrives at Aguas.

The public buildings are very fine, indeed. The *Palacio de Gobierno,* State House and *Casa Municipal* are on the main plaza, and adjoining it the Teatro Morelos. The Parian market is one square north of the plaza. On the Jardin de San Marcos is the Salon de Exposition and Scientific Institute. The parish church has some very fine pictures, painted by Andreas Lopez, in 1797, depicting the life of San Juan Nepomuceno. In the other churches are some really fine pictures, notably, an Adoration of the Magi, by José de Alzibar, in 1775, and another canvas of his is in the Church of San Juan de Dios. Perhaps the best paintings of the Stations of the Cross, in Mexico, are at the Church of the Encino, also by Andreas Lopez. In the Church of San Francisco are some good pictures, one representing scenes from the life of St. Francis, by Juan Correa, painted in 1681, another is the Vision of St. Anthony of Padua. Under the church are the bones and bodies of mummied monks. Aguas Calientes is an important city of 38,000 people, located on the main line of the Mexican Central Railway, 364 miles from the City of Mexico, six miles from the junction of the Tampico Division at Chicalote; the railway company has extensive shops and an employés' hospital at Aguas Calientes.

Ameca. Ah-may'-cah

On the Western Division of the Mexican Central Railway, 55 miles west of Guadalajara, is in the center of a rich mining and agricultural district.

Amecameca. Ah-may'-ca-may'-ca

One may go out from the City of Mexico to the foot of the great volcanoes before breakfast, but not as the newly arrived tourist at Denver did, when he thought, from the marvelously clear atmosphere, that he would walk out to Pike's Peak. You may take an early train from San Lázaro station in the city, and arrive at Amecameca in less than two hours.

Amecameca lies on the plain just at the foot of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, and for the near views and the ascent one must go to Ameca—the name has recently been shorn of one "meca." The train rounds a curve and comes to a stop just at the foot of the Sacred Mountain. A wooded hill lies on the right of the track, and just below the station is a stone-paved causeway, marked at intervals by the stations of the cross; it leads to the shrine on the top of the Sacro Monte. This causeway was built for the processions that, during the fiestas of Holy Week, pass between the shrine and the parish church. Once upon a time, very many years ago, there lived on this mountain a good, kind old man. He lived in a cave and was so gentle and kind that the birds came and sang to him, and the little animals of the forest played about his door, and followed close on his footsteps. He was Fray Martin de Valencia, one of the "Twelve Apostles" of Mexico, sent by Pope Adrian VI as a missionary to the Indians, with the title of Vicar of New Spain.

SHRINE ON THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

The Fray was greatly beloved by the people, and when he died and was buried at Tlalmanalco, it is said that the Indians secretly removed and buried him in the cave where he had lived so happily. The cave is now a part of the shrine, in which is kept a very curious image of the Christ of the Holy Sepulchre. It is made of some very light material, probably the pith of the alder, or some like porous substance, that, although it is life-size, weighs only about two or three pounds. The legend goes, that some men were conveying, on the backs of mules, images intended for another part of the country, and that one of the mules strayed from the train, made his way up the

side of the mountain, stopped in the entrance of the cave, and waited there. This was taken as a token that the image was to abide there; it was placed in the cave and has remained there till this day—except, that on Ash Wednesday of each year it is carried, with great pomp and ceremony, from the shrine to the parish church, where it remains till Good Friday, and is then returned to its abiding place.

This is the great fiesta of the year at Amecameca. The pilgrims come from

IXTACCIHUATL FROM SACRO MONTE.

all parts of the country to see what we call the Passion Play, just previous to the return of the image to the shrine. The enaction of the Crucifixion, by Indian actors, is curiously interesting, and when, after nightfall on Good Friday, the image starts on its return, a great multitude with torches follow up the stone steps of the causeway, some of the more devout crawling on their knees up the rough hillside, a scene wondrously weird and altogether indescribable; you look upon it with awe, and it is well that this is so, as any indication of contempt or amusement might be resented.

On the crest of the hill of Sacro Monte is the shrine of Guadalupe, where there are some fairly good pictures of the saints and of the Virgin of the Castle, by Villalobos. In the hard clay of the mountain are seen crude representations of the cross, and on the trees and bushes are little pieces of the dress of the pilgrims, hairs from their heads, or some other token of their devotion left there for *buena fortuna*. From the crest of the hill at Guadalupe is the finest view of the volcanoes, the plain and city. The parish

POPOCATEPETL FROM AMECAMECA.

church of Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion and San Sebastian is on the plaza and near the railway station, founded by the Dominicans, in 1547. It is quite an extensive building, with a mutilated figure of San Sebastian over the entrance, said mutilation resulting from the earthquake of 1884, which also destroyed the tower of San Juan and furnished material for the building of the Casa Municipal, on the Plaza Mayor.

Adjoining the church is an abandoned chapel, and between them an open court filled with old sepulchres, as is the church yard. Over the door of this

Capilla de la Santa Escuela is a glazed tile, with an inscription to Iturbide, the liberator, asking the prayers of the people for the repose of his soul. In the eastern part of the town is the little chapel of the Rosario, with some excellently carved doors, altars and images of Santa Ana and San José.

To ascend the volcanoes of Popocatepetl you must come to Amecameca. The ascent is attended with more fatigue than danger. It takes three days to accomplish it; the first is going from the Amecameca to the rancho of the owners of the mountain; the second from the rancho to the crater and return; and the third by the return to the plain. Permission must be obtained from the owner in the City of Mexico, guides at Amecameca, good warm clothing and a plentiful supply for the inner man must be taken along. The ascent is slow, as the guides must go ahead with ropes, but the descent takes less time; you sit down on a mat of rushes and w-h-s-h-t! you are back at the rancho—at least that's the way the sulphur miners in the crater go and return from work.

You may have the grandest view of the world, and a toboggan slide which, if it ends in your favor, you will never forget, and if it ends adversely for you, your friends will remember it, and you will have the highest and whitest monument on earth for them to point to; you would gain a monument which might not be accorded you if you had not made the ascent, but really there is more of discomfort than danger.

Amecameca is on the Interoceanic Railway, thirty-five miles from the City of Mexico.

There are no horse cars or carriages and none are needed; all that is here to be seen may be reached on foot, with no tiring distances.

Catorce. Kah-tor'-see

Nearly every town in Mexico has a name that may be translated to mean something. Catorce means, in the Spanish language, fourteen. It is a mining town; the mines were discovered by a band of bandits, fourteen in number, and for want of a better name it was called the Real de Catorce. Silver was discovered here about the year 1780, and the district at once took rank among the most important in Mexico. Ore of fabulous richness was found, and the records show that for more than thirty years, commencing with 1790, the value of the output amounted to over three million dollars annually. Here are hundreds of mines and miles of shafting and tunneling. The drainage tunnel of one mine alone, the San Agustin, extends into the mountain for more than a mile and a half, and was excavated at a cost of a million and a half dollars. For its entire length a tramway has been constructed which is operated by mule power. Catorce should be one of the very interesting places in Mexico to the tourist. Here are found the customs of Mexico in their purity, unaffected by the influence of the stranger. Difficult of access, the town can only be reached by horseback, or on foot. The ride up the mountains to the town is something, once accomplished, always to be remembered, partly from its element of personal peril, but more because of the beauty of the landscape encountered at every turn. Glancing down as you near your journey's end, you catch the gleam of the white walls of the town of Los Catorce outlined against the green of the mountain side. Thousands of feet below shimmer the waters of a mountain stream. The shifting coloring of the mountains, as light and shade chase each other over their ragged expanse, the browns and greens of the valley far below, and the hills in the hazy distance, are exceedingly beautiful. The Real de Catorce is built on the side of a ravine near the top of the range, and has a varying population of from 8,000 to 22,000, as the mines are paying poorly or well. Here are found all varieties of silver ore, from carbonate to refractory ore, assaying $15,000 to the ton. Catorce has a fine

church, richly decorated, and a pretty plaza, the only level spot in the place. To use a railroad phrase, it is a combination of a cut and a fill, so that to tumble into it on one side or out on the other would be extremely disastrous. The streets are neatly paved, and run up and down hill, many of them at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The story of the wheels or, rather, the no-wheels, is a true one, literally, with the single exception in the conveying (was about to say "carting," but conveying is better), a carriage on burros to the city by a rich mine owner, but was abandoned; the wheels would roll one way easily enough, but it was difficult to get back to the starting point, and the innovation of wheels at Catorce was not accomplished.

Catorce may be reached by horses or burro-back from the station of the same name, on the Mexican National Railroad, 435 miles from the City of Mexico, or from Vanegas by a branch road that runs to the city.

PLAZA, CATORCE.

Campeche. Cam-páy-che The capital of the State of the same name is on the west shore of the peninsula of Yucatan, and the State of Campeche was once a province of Yucatan. The wide Bay of Campeche extends from Cape Palma across to Vera Cruz, with scarcely a good harbor on its long shore line; the open roadstead at Campeche where the San Francisco River empties is only ten to twelve feet deep, six miles from shore. Campeche was founded by the Spanish about 1550 and soon came to be a walled city as a protection against privateers and buccaneers that infested these shores in the early days, and the city was three times looted within twenty-six years.

The site of the city has been twice changed, but it is probably permanently located now over the old Maya, underground chambers dug out for what no one knows, except the long dead Mayas.

The Plaza de la Independencia is a picturesque place in the city's center,

where the band plays in the evening and the people parade under the shade of tropical trees.

In the interior not far from Campeche are some remains of ancient temples, or palaces, not unlike those of Uxmal in Yucatan, though not so extensive.

A railroad from Campeche to Mérida was completed and opened for traffic in July, 1898, but there is as yet no connection with the interior system of the Republic, and Campeche must be reached by ships plying the waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

Celaya. See-lī'-ya

It was more than three hundred years ago that the fame of the beautiful Laja Valley came to the ears of the Spanish king, and through his Viceroy, Don Martin Enriquez de Alamanza, a company of sixteen married men and their wives, and seventeen young bachelors, was chosen, probably not. By these the founded, October the name of Zelaya, which, in the Biscayan tongue, means "level land," but it was not until nearly a hundred years later, October 20th, 1655, that Philip IV decreed it a city, and not till three years later that the citizens heard of their metropolitan good fortune.

GOING TO MARKET.

Since its founding Celaya has not figured greatly in the country's history. Built in a peaceful valley, its ways have been the ways of peace, and, although located on the main highways of the country, the city has escaped the rigors, and I doubt very much if its people heard much more than the rumors of wars. If you come from the north or the south, the east or the west, you may see the towers of Celaya from afar off, across the broad plains, as you may see a ship coming from sea; as the sails are seen first, the rounded domes come to view above the trees, the towers of the Church of Our Lady of Carmen or of San Agustin. One of the most beautiful in this land of

ever knew, and the only Don Martin sent north to spy out the land and to build a town in the valley. Just why this particular combination of married men and bachelors was chronicler sayeth city of Celaya was 12th, 1570, under

churches, is the Church of Our Lady of Carmen in Celaya. It is in form a Latin cross, 220 feet long and fifty-five feet wide, by sixty-nine feet high. Not an old church, as churches go in Mexico, this one was commenced in 1803, and completed in 1807. The magnificent adornment, the frescoes and the superb paintings were by Eduardo Tresguerras, a native of Celaya, and an artist of renown, combining a superior knowledge of painting, sculpture and architecture in all his work. One of his famous paintings is of Our Lady of Carmen, in the chapel of the Last Judgment, where are, also, some portraits of himself as a young and old man. Another notable picture is the Triumph of Mary, by Nicolas Rodriguez Juarez. This picture is much older than the others, having been painted in 1695; it was rescued from the fire which destroyed the old Church of Carmen.

The Church of San Francisco, in the midst of a group of churches and chapels, was founded in 1570. Only the façade and dome of the original building remain; the other parts were erected in 1715, and the altars, the exquisite work of Tresguerras, were added in the early part of the nineteenth century. The parish church and Tercer Orden are of the Franciscan group, both built in the early part of the seventeenth century. In the little chapel of Dolores is the tomb of this great artist architect, built, also, by his hand. The Church of San Agustin, a short distance from the San Franciscan group, was built in 1603-10; the tower is by Tresguerras. This wonderful man, whose handiwork is in every Celayan church, with such lines of exquisite art, was born in Celaya, May 13, 1765, and died there August 3, 1833. He left, in his own work, this Michael Angelo of Mexico, such monuments as might never have been erected to his fragrant memory.

COMRADES

Celaya, in the midst of a most fertile agricultural district, is also a manufacturing city of carpets and woolens, calicoes, rebosos, soaps and dulces; the dulces of Celaya are famous the country over. *Dulces* are sweet-meats, made from fruits and from milk; what bon-bons are to the French and candies are to the American sweet-tooth, the dulces are to the Mexican, and Celaya is where they make them to the queen's taste, so to speak. The sale of dulces is not confined to the *dulceria.* The populace meet you at the train with boxes of dulces, as those of the surrounding country bring strawberries and opals to the passing trains, and lie in wait for the unsuspecting traveler—literally lie in wait, for no matter what the hour of arrival may be, the venders are there. They lie in their beds on the roadside and wait for the trains. They may not be officially notified of a change of schedule or of a delayed train, but that doesn't make any difference; they know it has to come some time and having nothing else to do, they just wait. Naturally disgusted by these waits, the prices when the train stops are bullish, but the bears get the best of it before it leaves, and when the conductor cries "*vamanos!*" you can buy the entire visible supply for a quarter. The train is besieged by the eager venders crying their wares: "*Cajas! Cajas!*" (Cah—has) meaning boxes of dulces.

CATHEDRAL CHIHUAHUA.

The theater, the portales, the baths and the markets are to be visited, and, altogether, Celaya is one of the places where the lover of the beautiful will wish to linger. The city, in the State of Guanajuato, is located, commercially, to great advantage, at the crossing of the Mexican Central and Mexican National Railways, 182 miles from the City of Mexico. Horse cars run from both stations to the main plaza in the center of the city, and they are far more comfortable than the hacks that rumble over the stony streets.

Chihuahua.

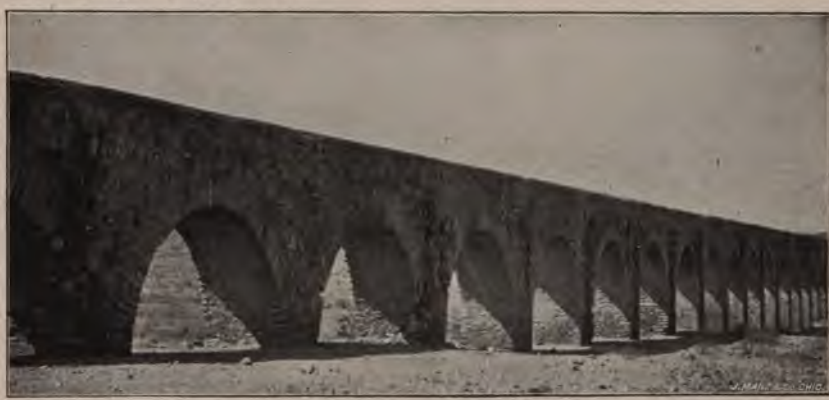
Che-wow'-wa

Chihuahua is an old city, as most Mexican cities are; it was founded in 1539, by Diego de Ibarra. The ancient name was Taraumara, later San Felipe el Real, and then Chihuahua, meaning a "place where things are made," and not, particularly, a place of small dogs, as popularly supposed in the average tourist idea, though the pronunciation of the latter syllables might indicate that.

The pronouncing of Mexican names seems an almost insurmountable difficulty at

first, but the newest traveler soon grows familiar with them, and rolls them off as glibly as a native, and in a little while begins to tell how he used to pronounce Chihuahua and Jimenez—just as they are spelled—but now can say Che-wow-wa, in a tone of voice that would make a small dog, with a soft spot in its head, prick up its ears, as at a sound from home.

The fame of the Chihuahua dogs has gone abroad throughout the land, and the native has bulled the market accordingly; the demand largely exceeds the supply. The dogs are noted, primarily, for their diminutive size, sharpness of nose and length of toe nails; but if they possess any further attribute, the fact has not been reported. It has been suggested that the soft place on the head of the genuine article has been left for an after injection of brains. I speak thus, firstly, of dogs, because it is probable that the first man to greet you, when you get off the train at Chihuahua, will have one under his arm. It is a small dog that the man has under his arm, as it is proper for a Chihuahua dog to be, but if you buy you may live to wonder how large a small dog may grow to be.



AQUEDUCT AT CHIHUAHUA.

The train, as it comes from the north, or the south, comes from behind high, intervening hills, so there is no view of the city until it stops at the station. The city is on the west side of the track, and, as the train passes over the barranca, between the shops and the station, there is a good view of the town, with the high towers of the Church of San Francisco standing out against the western sky.

Few Mexican towns are located conveniently near the railway stations, and Chihuahua is not an exception; street cars there are, and hacks, for all parts of the city. The car line from the station passes the Mint, State Capitol, Hidalgo Statue, the plaza, Church of San Francisco, the market, the hotels and on through the old paseo to the Santuario de Guadalupe; the fare, six cents takes you to nearly all the places of interest. A carriage must be taken for the new paseo and alameda, and the fine views from the hill in the south part of the city, for which the prices vary according to the style of turnout, from one to two dollars an hour, with a twenty-five cent fare for short distance rides, as from the station to the plaza.

Being near the border, Chihuahua is a much Americanized town, and there

are many fine buildings, of a semi-Mexican-American style of architecture, on the principal streets, around the plaza and along the new paseo and alameda. The State Palace is a handsome edifice, on the street leading from the station; in the rear is a plazuela, with a fine monument and statue of Hidalgo on the spot where he was executed, July 31, 1811, and his compatriots, Allende, Aldama and Jiminez, on June 26, of the same year. Just opposite the palace, in an old building, formerly the Hospital Real, is the Mint; in one of the rooms of the square tower, over the entrance, the patriots were confined previous to their execution. The manufacture of money in the mint is not as crude as the old house seems to be; the dollars drop from the stamps, sixty every minute, while the wheels turn. The silver for the most part comes from the mine of Santa Eulalia, near the city, one of the richest in the country, and one of the oldest. A tribute, levied by the clergy, in the early days, of twenty-five cents on each pound of silver, produced $800,000 for the building of the parish church.

The Church of San Francisco, also called the Cathedral, is the parish church that cost so much money and time to build. It was commenced in 1717, and not completed till 1789. It is said that an inclined plane of earth was raised against the walls during their building, on which the material was carried up, and by the time the towers were finished the plane extended beyond the plaza. The church faces the plaza and occupies such a position that the towers can be seen from all parts of the city. The façade is elaborately ornamented; there are thirteen statues of San Francisco and the Twelve Apostles, and under the arches of the dome are basso-relievos of the fathers of the church. A broken bell is shown in one of the towers, as having been pierced by a cannon ball fired by the French during the bombardment of the city in 1866. The church of the Compañia was founded by the Jesuits, under Don Manuel de Santa Cruz, in 1717. Another church is that of San Felipe Neri, also the Santuario de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, at the extreme west side of the city, just beyond the terminus of the horse-car line, at the end of the old paseo, where there is a remarkable image of San Ygnacio Loyola.

Just beyond the sanctuary of Guadalupe, beyond the top of the hill, is the old aqueduct of the city's water supply, a continuous line of stone arches, about four miles long, built a hundred years ago, but in a fine state of preservation. Near here are, also, the principal baths of the city. The old paseo, or alameda, is much neglected, but the new one is too modern to be particularly interesting, except for the fine views of the city and the surrounding mountains; El Coronel was so called from the execution of a revolutionary colonel at that point.

Chihuahua was for years the market for all northern Mexico, the trading trains traveling between that city and Santa Fé. Col. Doniphan, of the United States army, occupied the city in 1847, and afterwards made the famous march to the south and joined Gen. Taylor.

Chihuahua, the capital of the State of Chihuahua, is on the Mexican Central Railway, 999 miles from the City of Mexico.

Chilpancingo. Chil-pan-seen'-go

The Capital of the State of Guerrero is one of the oldest Spanish settlements in the southern part of Mexico, so far in the interior, shut in by ranges of high mountains so that it was for years of only local importance. But it is noted in the history of the country as the place of assembly of the first Congress of Mexico, Sep-

tember 13th, 1813, three years after the raising of the standard of the Republic by Hidalgo and two years after his death. Chilpancingo is in the center of an unexplored district abounding in prehistoric ruins and wonderful caverns reached via the Cuernavaca division of the Mexican Central Railway.

Coatzacoalcos. Ko-at-zah-co-al'-cose Is important as the eastern terminal of the Tehuantepec Railway at the mouth of the river of the same name and destined to be what it was in Cortéz time the best harbor on the Gulf coast.

Colima. Col-e'-mah The little state of Colima, of which Colima is the capital, is on the Pacific coast of the Republic with its chief seaport at Manzanillo, with which it is connected by a railway of twenty-eight miles in length. Near by is the volcano of Colima, about 12,000 feet high, one of

DRYING SUGAR.

the few active volcanoes in Mexico, having been in eruption more or less since 1869. Under the name of Santiago de los Caballeros, Colima was founded by Don Gonzalo de Sandóbal under a decree of Philip II of Spain. Colima is reached by rail from Manzanillo on the Pacific or via the Mexican Central from Guadalajara.

Cordoba. Cord'-ova To go to Córdoba means to go to the tropics; indeed, the little city is just on the border of the *tierra caliente*, as the Mexicans call the hot country, in the foot-hills of the mountain ranges, with an elevation that offers a comparative immunity from the malarial fevers of the lowlands. In fact the location of the town was made with the idea of a place of refuge from the plains below, when it was founded, April 18, 1618, under an order from the then viceroy, Don Diego Fernandez de Córdoba,

who knew the fertility of the valley of the Rio Seco, and chose the hill of Xitango as the site of the city to be called by his name.

The tropical scenes have become familiar on the ride hither; the train stops at a station, under palm trees, and the horse-car ride, uptown, is through coffee groves and bananas, with gardens everywhere, with every fruit that ripens under the tropic sun, oranges, lemons, guavas, pineapples, chirimoyas and granaditas. After this ride through the woods and the gardens, you come to the narrow streets, where the low houses, roofed with red tiles, have long projecting eaves that shade the narrower sidewalks—picturesque to a degree. The plaza and the market may be something like the other towns, but there is the tropic charm that the others do not possess. Within a square of the market there is one of the most beautiful gardens in the world. It is a tangled mass of fruits and flowers overhanging winding walks, with fountains, here and there, and pagodas for resting places.

The churches are San Antonio, founded in 1686, and San Hipólito, in 1793; the latter was also a convent and hospital. On the plaza is shown a house where Maximilian stopped over night on his way to the capital, and another where was signed, by Iturbide and the Viceroy O'Donoju, the treaty acknowledging the Independence of Mexico.

Sunday is a great day in Córdoba, when the country folk come to town from Amatlan, and other villages roundabout, not in silk attire, but in the gaudiest cotton, in all the colors of the rainbow and in the plumage of the birds of their primeval forests; the trimmings are on the whitest of white cotton—beads of coral, laces of their own handiwork and ornaments of silver, till they are a sight to see.

Córdoba, in the State of Vera Cruz, is located on the Mexican Railway, 198 miles from the City of Mexico.

Cuautla. Kwout'-la

Long before the train arrives at Cuautla, the place where the city lies may be pointed out, but for its surrounding, and almost overcovering of green trees, it can not be seen, save the white spot of tower gleaming in the sunshine. Down where the sugar cane grows, on the southern slope of the hills that are beyond the volcanoes, is the very pretty little town, in the midst of fertile fields and luxuriant gardens of fruits and flowers, a very picture of tropical beauty. In the approach to the town the train backs in on a Y and comes to a stop in the quaintest railway station imaginable. To what base uses may we come! This railway station was once a convent and church; the tower and bells are still there, and it may be that the confessional is the ticket office and the altar a desk for way-bills; the nave is a storage-room for freights, and where was the convent-yard now resounds with the locomotive's whistle. Just outside this church-station is the prettiest plaza imaginable, with playing fountains of clear water under the trees that shade the streets and the park, where there is a music-stand, seats and promenades for the people, and on the opposite side a very good hotel indeed, not good alone for Mexico, but good for a town of Cuautla's size anywhere, with a garden of fruits that will justify any description. The streets of Cuautla run at right angles with low adobe houses on each side, but presently they merge into shady lanes, hedged with cactus, behind which are thatched huts of reeds and rushes almost hidden by the bananas, the orange and lemon trees, trailing vines and bowers. These are Cuautla's chief charms, and amply repay the

rambles of a day's visit. Everywhere is running water, through the streets and roads, in the gardens and parks, along the railroad track and through the fields. These native engineers have taken the river from its bed, made its waters run where they willed, till the land blossoms as the rose.

A horseback, or a ride by burros, may be made to sulphur baths, just east of the town, and to the old stone bridge over the Rio Xuchitengo, or to the hacienda of Coahuixtla, either of which is well worth the ride—the baths of fine medicinal qualities, the antiquity of the massive bridge, or the charming novelty of hacienda life in the lowlands.

Cuautla was a city when Cortéz came and took possession. The date of the Spanish city is from 1605. After the war for Independence the city received the surname of Morelos, and is now called Cuautla-Morelos, in honor of General Morelos, who so heroically defended it against the Royalist forces under General Calleja, who laid siege February 19, 1812, and so completely drew his lines about the place that it was impossible to get in or out. There was more or less fighting for nearly three months, till Morelos was forced to evacuate, which he did effectually, but not until he was starved out. It is said that, during the siege, food was so scarce that cats were sold for six dollars, and rats and lizards for one and two dollars.

The parish Church of Santiago was founded in 1605, and the Church of San Diego furnishes the Interoceanic with the oldest railway station in the world, dating from the seventeenth century. There are chapels, shrines and churches in the town, of various dates and names, but they are not so numerous in the lowlands as they are up in the hill country.

The sugar industry may be further investigated by a stop at the great Hacienda de Santa Inez, on the line of the railway, three miles west of Cuautla. The manager is an affable and courteous gentleman, and most hospitable withal. Cuautla is in the State of Morelos, on the Interoceanic Railway, eighty-five miles from the City of Mexico.

Cuernavaca. Kwer'-na-vaca

The scenery is wonderfully grand; the ascent from the valley of Mexico is with a winding, twisting track from the plains to the mountain, and the view looking back over the cities of the plain, the lakes, the volcanoes and lesser mountains makes a picture that is not easily described. The climb continues till an altitude of 10,000 feet is attained, then the descent commences and continues on to Cuernavaca. The grand views of mountain and valley scenery are in endless variety and without cessation throughout the journey.

The old Indian name, Cuauhnahuac, has a more impressive meaning, "near the trees," than the Spanish word Cuernavaca, "cow-horn," though it is probable that Cuernavaca is merely a corruption of Cuauhnahuac. Some Spanish soldier heard the Indian name and laughing said, "Oh, Cuernavaca," and the town was named.

The high headland, covered with trees, between the deep barrancas would seem to give origin to the ancient name, anyhow it does give to the town a most picturesque and delightful location. The mountain streams have been changed in their courses, and through reservoirs, sent through the streets and gardens, till the town is one vast garden in itself.

The Calle Nacional is the principal street, and the Jardin Benito Juarez, the Plaza Mayor, of course, the plaza of the town. The State Capitol is in a building that was once the palace of Cortéz, and here, in this place, the conqueror rested before his second advance on the City of Mexico, and here the great adventurer spent some of the last years of his life, and when you have seen it you will not wonder at his choice.

There were millionaires in those days, who were only poor boys, just as

in these days and this country, and Cuernavaca points with pride to the house where José de la Borda lived. The native will tell you of his millions made in mining, the amount, from forty to fifty millions, taken from mines at Tlalpujahua, Tasco and Zacatecas. You will be shown the garden of fruits and flowers, the Jardin de la Borda, with terraced slopes, lakelets, cascades and fountains that cost a million, and it may have cost more, for it is very beautiful, indeed. And the native will tell you of the big church at Tasco, fifty miles away, where Don José placed another million.

Before the Conquest of Mexico Cuernavaca was the capital of the Tlahuicas, an independent tribe, until they were made tributary to Tenochtitlan under Mocteuczoma Ilhuicamina and during the siege the province of Cuernavaca furnished reinforcements to Montezuma. While the bergantines were being built Cortéz made a reconnoissance in the direction of Cuernavaca and

JARDIN DE LA BORDA, CUERNAVACA.

arrived in front of the city in April, 1521, with a band of thirty cavalry, 300 infantry and a large body of his Tlaxcalan allies, but a deep gulch, the Barranca of Amanalco, prevented their entrance to the town. It was very narrow and the Spaniards were harassed by the shower of arrows from Tlahuicas on the other side where they were entrenched and safe from the fire of the Spanish.

Cortéz sent a detachment up and down the Barranca to find a crossing but they were unsuccessful. Finally a Tlaxcalan Indian noticed two gigantic trees growing on opposite sides of the gulch with their trunks inclined to the center so that the branches intertwined and formed a sort of suspension bridge over which the Tlaxcalan quickly passed and was followed by many others, among whom was Bernal Diaz del Castillo; and notwithstanding the

heavy armor of the Spaniards only three fell down the barranca. The Tlahuicas were taken by surprise; they were busy fighting across the Barranca and had not noticed the enemy crossing through the branches of the trees, and Cortéz, having restored one of the destroyed bridges, crossed his cavalry and the rest of the infantry. The Tlahuicas fled to the mountains, the villages around the city were burned and the houses pillaged. Soon the Tzins returned and were brought trembling before Cortéz, who, satisfied with their humiliation, ordered the cessation of hostilities, and took possession of the

PLAZA, CUERNAVACA.

town. After the occupation of the City of Mexico by the Spaniards, Cortéz returned to Cuernavaca and for a time made it his home and constructed the great palace that is now used as the State Capitol. Near the end of January, 1529, the friars that were to found the Convent of San Francisco came to Cuernavaca; this convent was afterwards the parish church and is now the Cathedral. It is more a group of churches and chapels, with connecting roofs and walls; the tower contains a clock that was once in the cathedral of Segovia, presented to Cortéz by Charles V of Spain. Asuncion is the parish church; the others are San Pedro, Tercer Orden and Guadalupe, the latter built by de la Borda; Guadalupe is in the suburbs of the city.

Charles V. gave to Cuernavaca the title of Villa, but it was not made a city till October 14th, 1834; in October and November, 1855, here was the seat of government under the Plan of Ayutla, presided over by General Don Juan Alvarez. During the Empire, Cuernavaca was the summer capital, and the Emperor Maximilian had a pretty little home and garden called "Olindo," and in the Jardin de la Borda he spent the few quiet days of his sojourn in Mexico, but his last visit was cut short by the rumor of a conspiracy for his assassination on the road when he should return to the City of Mexico. The houses of note are the Palace of Cortez, with the tradition that the Conqueror accomplished one of the killings of one of his wives here, but the story doubtless grew out of the drowning in the well at Coyoacan. In one of the rooms, however, the patriot Morelos was confined as a prisoner of war en route to the City of Mexico. The Palacio de Gobierno is a new and very elegant building. The Theatre Porfirio Diaz is a very fine play-house containing also the public library. The churches, schools, hospitals and other charitable institutions are worthy of note.

The whole country roundabout is full of interest, and it will take some days and horses to do the region as it should be done. There are the waterfalls in the Tlaltenango, Amanalco and San Antonio ravines. In the village of San Antonio, reached over a good road, are some potteries and a lake of great beauty; here also is another house of Cortéz, near it a rock with some prehistoric carvings. On a neighboring hill is a lizard in stone, nearly nine feet long, and about three miles farther to the south is the hill Quauhtetl—"the stone eagle," an eagle in stone that measures three feet from tip to tip. It is eighteen miles to the ruins of Xochicalco, which are intensely interesting and in every way worth the ride. One of the buildings, that may have been a temple, measures seventy-five feet long by sixty-eight feet wide, built of cut stone. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner says the views are most noble and of the Ruins there is nothing like them in Assyrian or Egyptian work. Some of the sugar plantations have old-time buildings, erected two centuries or more ago, notably on the Hacienda de Temisco; another hacienda is that of Atlacomulco, where all the fruits of the tropics may be seen in the fields and gardens. One of the sugar haciendas was erected by Cortéz and bequeathed by him to the Hospital of Jesus in the City of Mexico, and remains to this day the property of that institution.

Cuernavaca is the capital of the State of Morelos, and is reached by trains of the Cuernavaca division of the Mexican Central Ry., fifty miles from the City of Mexico. About seven miles away is the primitive Indian town of Juitepec, in which is an ancient church where a great feast is celebrated every year, a feast that combines the rites of the Christian church with pagan idolatries, and the dance of the natives in front of the church is the same as the dance of the Aztecs on the terraces of the teocalis.

Culiacan. Cool-e-ah-kan' The capital of the State of Sinaloa, a typical Mexican city, is on the river of the same name, about forty miles from the Pacific Ocean and 175 feet above it—connected with the port of Altata by rail. The Plaza Mayor has on three sides quaint old portales and on the other the Cathedral, and near by is the Seminary. The government has a fine mint here for the coining of gold and silver mined on the Pacific slope. The town was founded by Nuño Guzman in 1532 after he had exhausted his material for adventure in Guadalajara and the cities farther south.

Durango. Doo-rang'-o It may be called an Iron City, to follow the simile of the Silver City as applied to some of the others of Mexico, though Durango has of silver enough to entitle her to some claim in that direction also; her best boast is in the baser metal. Within the corporate limits of the city of

Durango there is iron enough to supply the world for three hundred years, and yet, before the railroad was completed to the city, manufactured with wooden machinery and water power, the products of the wonderful iron mountain of Durango sold for thirty-five cents a pound, and if the mountain could be sold at that rate it would exhaust the treasures of the universe to pay for it; it is almost solid iron, the ore averaging from 75 to 90 per cent. of pure metal. The iron mountain is just north of the railway station, and only about half a mile distant. A cavalier in Cortéz army, Señor Mercado, was induced to come here by the report of a mountain of silver, but found iron only. The mountain is called Cerro Mercado in his honor.

Durango is a city, spread out on a plain, with its streets, for the most part, running at right angles, with low, but substantial buildings on either side, with patios filled with flowers and fountains. Here and there are pretty plazas and plazuelas, with other fountains, and green trees galore. The Plaza Mayor is a garden, surrounded on its four sides by fine buildings of two to three floors, the State House being one of them, and one of the finest in Mexico; the others are stores and cafés. In the center is the artistic pagoda that compares so favorably with the prosaic "band-stand" of the United States. These of Mexico are always architecturally artistic, and always pretty, while ours are painfully and politically plain. The walks are paved and hedged about by flowering shrubs, native in name and to the land they grow in, though there are also roses and lilies. In this plaza the people most do congregate in the evenings, to promenade and to hear the music of the band. And here, again, the Mexican scores another against us, the music being furnished by the Government; the bands are under pay of the people and they must play for the people; there are stated days of the week for music, and at least twice of every week in the year the bands play. Here, in our country, we must pay for a seat to hear the Marine Band, or go to the dress parade of some regiment or battalion before we can hear

IN DURANGO.

the music we have paid for, or if the band is induced outside the barracks it is for an extra stipend that the players are not entitled to.

Near the northwest corner of Plaza Mayor is a pretty little plazuela, that is in the courtyard of a church and ancient convent, a most picturesque little nook where only the electric light is younger than a century or two. Two or three squares west is the beautiful alameda and the paseo, with their great big trees and the picturesque bridge across the little rio. At the end of the paseo, toward the north, is the public wash place, where there are scores of *lavanderas* to be seen washing clothes in a curiously arranged laundry of stone basins, through which there is running water. All of the pretty places are not in the city. Near it, within two or three leagues, are some of the most delightful *jardins* in the world; these are not public gardens, however, but the property of private citizens, and admission is only by permission.

PUBLIC LAUNDRY, DURANGO.

Two squares east of the main plaza is the very interesting market, and all in this district are the stores that in their stocks and seeming activity are a surprise, but it is to be remembered that Durango was a great city for three hundred years before the railroad came, and was a market of supply for a very large territory of interior country. There is little to see of the city residences, except a glimpse of the patios through the grated archways in the high surrounding walls, but there is sufficient in this to tell of their exceeding beauty of interior, whatever the uninviting exterior may be. It is thus of the hotels, also. A look into these of Durango is satisfying as to the comforts within; the tables, with snowy covers, are either in the shaded patios or beneath the arched and pillared portales.

Three hundred and fifty years ago, the spot where Durango now is, was a ranch, and where now is the corner of Calles Principal and Teresas, was a large tree, under which an altar was built, and the first mass was said. Afterwards a little church was built at the corner of Calle Constitucion and Calle Mayor; this has been rebuilt, but many of the original timbers remain. The *ranchero* who owned the lands gave lots to settlers to increase the defense against the Indians. Later a mine was discovered on his lands, his wealth increased fabulously, and a percentage of the output was levied for the building of the Cathedral. Afterwards he built the house now used as the Governor's Palace, and the adjoining theatre, all of stone, and the second theatre built in Mexico. He sent as a present to the King of Spain $2,000,000, asking permission to build galleries and portales of silver around his home. This was refused as a privilege pertaining to royalty only. He put up porches of wood, but on the occasion of a christening in his family he paved the street from his house to

IRON MOUNTAIN, DURANGO.

the church with silver bricks. The descendants of this Crœsus live in Durango to-day, but they do not use silver as a pavement.

The Cathedral was commenced in the year 1695, by Bishop Garcia de Legaspi, and the first public service was held in 1715, at which time was completed the thirteen arches and one tower. The second tower and the other departments annexed to the temple, as they exist to-day, were not completed until 1844, under the direction of Señor Zubiria. The entire work is of the Tuscan order of architecture. In the crypt are deposited the remains of eleven of the twenty-four bishops of Durango. During the latter part of the last century a terrible fire destroyed all the archives and antiquities, and the political revolts of 1854 to 1860 finished all the books and modern documents. The

CATHEDRAL AND STATE PALACE. GUADALAJARA.

Church of San Francisco is the oldest of all the Durango churches, the first foundations having been laid, on this spot, in 1556; and in that year was established the first Spanish settlement, under Fray Diego de la Cadena. This first temple was solemnly blessed in 1563, on the reception of the mandates from the Viceroy, Don Luis de Velasco, at the hands of Captain Alonso Pacheco. The Church of San Agustin was founded in 1626, by the first Bishop of Durango, Fray Gonzalo de Hermosillo, a religioso of the order of San Agustin. In this church is a very notable image of Jesus, the Nazarene, that was brought from Spain in 1673, to which tradition attributes an infinity of miracles. Santa Ana is a very modern foundation for Mexico; it was commenced in 1777 and completed during the episcopacy of Don Francisco Javier Olivares in 1809. El Colegio was erected by the Jesuits in 1684 as a part of the college they directed until 1720, the year in which was founded a seminary in the same building. This church opened to the public in 1776, when the Parroquia was transferred here from the cathedral. El Santuario de Guadalupe was built in 1714 by the 12th Bishop of Durango, Don Pedro Tapiz; the interior was renewed in 1885. Analco, one of the primitive churches, was founded by the first Spanish settlers, in 1560, in the only place inhabited by the Indians who lived in this valley. The ruins of this church were reconstructed, in 1862, by Don Gerónimo Silva. San Juan de Dios was founded as a hospital in 1770. On a high hill overlooking the city, and which may be seen for miles before you reach the city, and from every part of it when you arrive there, is the old church of Los Remedios, a very ancient foundation, said by some to antedate the Cathedral. Every pilgrim who will visit this church on the 8th of September of each year subtracts seven years from his stay in purgatory.

There is nothing new in Durango, except the very modern railway station, built of stone, for use both as a passenger station and residence of the agent. It is surrounded by a pretty lawn, shaded by young trees. Street cars run from the station to the plaza and the hotels, and throughout the city, carriages may be hired for places not reached by the cars. Durango is the capital of the State of the same name, on the main line of Mexican International Railroad, 155 miles from Torreon, the junction with the Mexican Central Railway, 706 miles from the City of Mexico.

Gomez Palacio. Go-méz Pah-lah-cio. One of the very newest towns in Mexico, three miles north of Torreon, on the Mexican Central Railway. Noted for its manufactures, cotton industries, etc. Electric cars run to Lerdo and to Torreon.

Guadalajara. Wahd-tha-la-har'-a. Early in the sixteenth century an expedition, under the cruel and treacherous Nuño de Beltran Guzman, started to the northwest, and proceeded as far as the boundaries of the present State of Jalisco; and, in the year 1530, the band under Juan de Oñate founded a city under the name of Villa del Espiritu Santo de Guadalajara, not, however, on the site of the present city, and the one chosen soon proved to be undesirable. Another, in the Tlalcotlan Valley, was selected, and the settlement moved there. This location was as bad as the first, and, in the absence of Guzman, who, on account of his atrocities, had been recalled to Spain, a third selection was made, this time by the people themselves, in the beautiful valley called by the Indians Atemaxac, and there was founded, in 1541, the present city of Guadalajara, which has become the cleanest, brightest, and most delightful city in all the regions roundabout. There is always a desire on the part of the traveler to proceed to the Capital, to the City of Mexico, and whatever may retard his going there at once seems to him to defer a pleasure. That may be, but, once in the Capital, and having done its more metropolitan attractions, it is easier to see the charms of other cities, and if a well-worn and

time-honored policy of "save the best for the last," were to be carried out, the Capital would be nearer the first, and Guadalajara very near indeed to the end of the string. It is one of the most charming, most fascinating places in the world in every way. It is beautifully located; the climate is superb, every day being one of springtime; the streets are clean as a floor that is swept; the parks and plazas are ever green with pretty trees, and brightened with lovely flowers, that bloom in December as in June. Guadalajara may well be written down as Mexico's famous city. Every street and plaza has some novel attraction, and its suburbs some novelty not found elsewhere, and in the near neighborhood such views of lake, cascade and cañon beauties as are not surpassed in the world. The one single objection to the city is, that it has been repaired, renovated and repainted—and this latter, covering up the wrinkles of age with fresh color, is to be deprecated, on any pretext—but, in reality, none of this detracts from the pleasure of a visit. Long before the train arrives at the station the towers of the Cathedral can be seen, and the outlines of the city discerned. The view is from the windows of the right-hand side of the cars. Guadalajara lies in the midst of a plain—on three sides rising in terraces to the mountains that almost surround it, and on the west side is the jumping-off place to the tierra caliente where the mountains seem to cease, and the plain and sky come together. This train does not stop on the outskirts, as at most places in Mexico, but comes to a station in the city, near the garden of San Francisco, and very near the principal plaza. The streets run at right angles, intersecting the parks and plazas, of which there are a score or more, with fourteen portales that cover the sidewalks for many squares, fourteen bridges, five theatres, that of Degollado being the largest on the continent, except, perhaps, the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, or the Auditorium, of Chicago. It is a handsome building of white stone, with a fine portico supported by massive columns. The original intention was to include a hotel in the building, but this idea has not at this writing been carried out. There are five tiers of seats, stalls and boxes, and the decorations are very handsome indeed. The Degollado was opened in 1866 by the famous Mexican cantatrice, Peralta. The other

THE MURILLO, GUADALAJARA.

JUAN PANDURO, THE NOTED INDIAN SCULPTOR.

theatres are the Apollo, Principal and the Circo de Progreso. There are twenty-five baths, twenty-three restaurants, and twenty-eight hotels, and when it is remembered that this city did not have a railroad till 1888, these statistics have more import. The public buildings, the Cathedral, Governor's Palace, the Mint, Degollado Theatre, the Hospicio, the Penitentiary, the Hospital de Belén, and the State Capitol of Jalisco are all fine specimens of Mexican architecture not expected in this far-away place. The Paseo is a boulevard drive on both sides of the Rio San Juan de Dios, which runs northward in the eastern part of the city; the drive extends from the Alameda to the southern boundary. Besides the Alameda the principal parks are the Plaza de Armas, Jardin Botanico, Parque Alcalde, and the Calzada de San Pedro, beautifully adorned with tropical trees and ever-blooming flowers. As to churches, the Cathedral is a magnificent structure. The original foundation was laid in 1548, in a hut thatched with straw. The present building was commenced in 1561, the corner stone was laid ten years later, on July 31st, by Bishop Ayala, and the building was completed in 1618; the towers were thrown down by the earthquake of 1818. The clock between the towers was also injured by the earthquake. The interior is rich in decorations and paintings; one, the Assumption, by Murillo, for which an offer of 75,000 dollars gold was refused by the Archbishop, is especially fine, and there are others too numerous to attempt description. The two towers are wholly unlike any others in Mexico, but more like the steeples of the churches of this country. In one of them is the "Campanita del Correo," literally, the little bell of the courier, or post, which rang only in announcement of some event of importance. Another bell, called San Clemente, was, in former times, rung during a thunder storm, to ward off the lightning. An adjunct to the Cathedral is the Sagrario, a comparatively new structure, commenced in 1808 and completed in 1843.

The other churches are San Francisco, San Agustin, San Felipe, La Compañia, Guadaluve, Mexicaltzingo, Jesus Maria, Capuchinas, Santa Teresa, Santa Maria, La Merced, Santa Monica, El Carmen, San Jose de Analco, San Sebastian de Analco, La Parroqua de Jesus, San Juan de Dios, Aranzázu, La Soledad, San Diego, Belen, La Concepcion, La Trinidad y la Parroqua del Pilar, with others in course of construction.

One of the most famous institutions of Guadalajara is the Hospicio, and one of the most notable in the world. It is a handsome building of white stone, covering an entire square, and containing twenty-three patios, or courts,

with fountains and flowers. It is not a hospital, as popularly supposed, but an asylum home for the poor of all ages, from the baby in the cradle to old men and women bent with their infirmities. The institution is admirably managed, under authority of the State of Jalisco. Children are taught all that may be learned in schools, and as they grow older they learn some useful occupation in the arts and sciences, and the product of their labor is offered for sale, in support of the Hospicio, among which are some of the most exquisite embroideries and laces, made by the girls. Music, painting and calisthenics are a part of the tuition, while the more practical matters of life involve serious attention. No permit of entrance is required. You will be met at the gate by one of the Sisters in charge, and placed under the guidance of an attendant, who will show you one of the most interesting places you may find in all your travels.

STREET IN GUADALAJARA.

The Hospital de Belén is interesting even to the casual visitor, and intensely so to the medical man. It is a building of one story only, but covering an immense area, as each of the four sides measures over a thousand feet. The interior is curiously arranged—from a central court radiate six long, narrow wards, that are each 260 feet long by 24 feet wide, in which are maintained over 800 beds—the physicians in charge may stand in this central court, and simply turning half around may see what is going on in each ward, may see each of the 800 beds without moving from his position. One ward is used for the sick from the prisons, is protected by a heavy grating and guarded. The Hospital was founded by Señor Bishop Fray Antonio Alcalde, and was opened in 1791. The Penitentiary is built on much the same plans as the Hospital, with long corridors, radiating from the central patio—so that a guard of fifty men in the central court might hold at bay 2,000 prisoners in case of revolt, or one rapid-fire machine gun with half a dozen men could hold them in check. The towers seen from the right-hand windows of the cars, on the approach to the city of Guadalajara, are at San Pedro, a surburb of Guadalajara. The village is about two leagues east of the city, and can be reached by street cars that start from near the

northeast corner of the main plaza, and run over a very picturesque road, the Calzada de San Pedro, shaded by large trees and ends in a very pretty plaza. The wealthier class of Guadalajara have their summer residences at San Pedro, and some of their houses are very beautiful indeed. The famous Guadalajara ware, that is known the world over, is from the potteries of San Pedro. If you will walk two squares east on the street that leads from the southeast corner of the plaza of San Pedro, turn down to the right half a square, you will come to a low adobe house on the left side of the street. The latch string is on the outside, and a warm welcome within its doors from Juan Panduro, the Indian sculptor, who will show and sell samples of his exquisite handiwork, or, rather, their handiwork, for there are two artists—father and son; and if you desire a bust or statuette of yourself of life-like likeness, it may

CHURCH OF SAN JOSÉ, GUADALAJARA.

be modeled while you wait, afterwards baked and sent to your hotel, or the artists will call at the hotel and do the modeling in your room.

There are four horse-car lines leading to as many suburbs, each an interesting ride. If there is time to do them all they are worth it.

But to the Barranca is not so easy a journey, yet not one that even the fatigue of a burro ride will bring regrets. Tram cars take you across the plain in an hour, then there is another hour by burro for the descent; this latter hour is worth a hundred anywhere else for the very novelty of it. It is a narrow winding path down the mountain side, a path just wide enough for the trains of burros to pass as they go up and down. They come to the mouth of the cañon without any hint of it till you are on the brink of a yawning chasm that looks ten thousand feet deep, but it is not quite so much as that; it is only two thou-

sand feet, and the road makes the descent in little more than a mile, though its crooks and turns make it about three miles; these crooks and turns are so short that a train of twenty burros will in some places have four turns in it, so that the riders see each other immediately above and below, as in a winding stairs.

The scenery is grandly magnificent and wholy indescribable, so wildly picturesque, not as seen from a car window; here you are in the very midst of great castled rocks, frowning precipices and unfathomable abysses, passing first the scraggy mountain oaks till, in the lower road, the path is through a forest of bananas and shaded by their broad leaves. At the bottom of the barranca is the Lerma River, here called the Rio de Santiago, and on either side the towering mountains lift up in perpendicular cliffs, in the grandest pictures of sublime magnificence. A little ferry, with narrow boats pulled from side to side by a rope, transfers passengers and the freight brought by the burros, while the poor little beasts that never get a ride anywhere must swim here. The return takes a little longer time, as the ascent is more difficult, but the riding is more comfortable going up hill, and the journey back to the city is about four hours. All in all the trip is worth the fatigue of it.

Near Guadalajara are the beautiful Falls of Juanacatlan, a cascade with a clear leap of over seventy-one feet—a veritable Niagara, of somewhat abbreviated dimensions, but, truly, the wonder of this country. Like the greater Niagara of the North, the waters have been harnessed to turn the wheels of mills and factories and the dynamos for the lights of Guadalajara. To reach the Falls of Juanacatlan, stop at the station of El Castillo, either as you come or go, or take the little accommodation train that makes one or two trips each day from Guadalajara. Guadalajara is the capital of the State of Jalisco, and is on the western division of the Mexican Central Railway, 381 miles from the City of Mexico.

Guanajuato. The nomenclature of the cities and towns of Mexico requires a curious spelling that is often at variance with the pronunciation, but when once you know how to call the names they are as musical as at first they seem hard to say. The derivation of these names is for the most part from the Tarascan or the Otomite tongue, or of Toltec or Aztec origin, in latter days given a Spanish spelling which, properly enunciated, bears some resemblance to the original. The Tarascan Indians named this place Quanashuato, signifying the hill of the frogs, and the Spaniards changed either spelling or pronouncing very little when they spelled it Guanajuato and pronounced it Wan-ah-wah-to, with just a suspicion of a "g" before the "wan." As to the wherefore of the "hill of the frogs" does not appear in the legend, unless the hill was named in honor of one of their gods, one of which, in the shape of a huge frog cut in stone, was found here. To reach Guanajuato the traveler must go to Silao on the Mexican Central Railway, where there is a branch road leading eleven miles eastward to Marfil;

Wan-ah-wah'-to

STATUE IN THE ALHONDIGA, GUANAJUATO.

thence by street cars up the barranca, nearly three miles, to the center of the city, over the most interesting road, for its length, in Mexico. From Marfil to the Jardin de la Union and the Presa de la Olla the route is along the highway that leads up the gulch, as an American miner would call it, through, under and over the immense silver reduction works. A good plan is to retain seats on the horse cars as far as Jardin de la Union, and then change to another, going on up the hill to the Presa de la Olla. Perched on the steep hillsides that rise almost perpendicularly are the low flat houses in such out-of-reach places that it is a wonder how anything but a goat could ever get there; there are hundreds of these houses on both of the mountains, some of them so far up that they look like dry-goods boxes that might have been carried there by a cyclone and lodged on some crag or jutting rock, and the fact that they are all inhabited is proof that the Mexican is a good climber, whatever else he may not be. This highway along which the street cars run is crowded with people, burros and dogs, going up and coming down, in all shapes and sizes, laden or unladen as the errand may or may not have been performed.

The houses of that antique mold that suggests Egypt or the Holy Land are larger and better, till at the Jardin de la Union are some really fine buildings, a grand theatre, some fine churches and the Palacio Gobierno. The road does not end here, but continues on up the barranca to what I may call the top of the city, where are some of the most romantic little homes in a most picturesque residence district. A stream which comes down from the upper hills falls from one reservoir to the other, forming little lakelets that are crossed by bridges to the houses on the other side. The walls of the reservoirs and the bridges are covered with vines and flowers, and the houses are completely embowered with them. I remember one of these charming nests—I can't call it anything else—as dainty a piece as was ever a subject for a canvas. There is scarcely room between the rocks and the stream for the house, and it is built on arches that stand in the water. Overhanging trees and vines from the cliffs above make a bower of beauty that casts a grateful shade over the balconies and Moorish arches below, so that the sunlight comes to that house softened by swaying leaves and the air perfumed by ever-blooming flowers.

The Pompeiian colors of the walls and arches added other hues and tints to the brighter ones of the flowers. Some pea-fowls sat sleepily on a wall, a cock with spreading plumes strutted proudly up and down, and in the lake the ducks floated lazily. From an upper casement window where the awning cloth was thrown outside the casement rail, as is the fashion, two dark-haired beauties robed in white, the long braids making inky stripes that must have reached almost to their feet, looked out. Dost like the picture? There were two of them—one in reality, the other in bright reflection in the clear crystal waters of the lakelet.

It is an up-hill walk from the Jardin de la Union to the little alameda at the Presa de la Olla, where the band plays evenings, Sundays and feast days, yet worth it all; but if you are not equal to it, ride up on the cars and walk down for the sights by the way and the grand view of the city and the surrounding country. As soon as the street cars leave the station at Marfil they begin to arrive at and pass the silver haciendas or reduction works, where the pure silver is taken from the ores by the various processes—ores that come from these mines roundabout that have been among the richest in the world, that from their discovery by two muleteers in 1548 to 1898 have produced over one thousand millions of dollars and are still worked as very rich mines. These silver haciendas will need no pointing out; they are the old castle-like structures that line the road from Marfil to Guanajuato. The mines are farther

A STREET IN GUANAJUATO.

up in the hills, whence the ore is brought on the backs of mules and burros. The Mint is one of the finest and largest in the country and coins more money than any other. The process of melting the bars of silver, stamping and milling, is the same as in our mints; here was a white-haired old Indian, whose locks seem silvered by the metal he has ladled from the furnace to the molds in thirty long years of continual service, and the two Indians seated on low stools literally surrounded by the silver coins, handling every piece, and by passing them through their fingers and over the palms of their hands could detect the slightest scratch or minute defect. A long practice made them perfect, and they never made a mistake in picking up twenty coins at a grasp, no more, no less, and never failing to throw out an imperfect piece. Such a keen sense of touch is truly wonderful, and it is stated as a fact that their work was so perfect that no further examination was made, but the coins rejected by them were returned to the furnace to be melted over again. The mint is curiously built, but a strong, substantial building, that might have been a treasure house in Babylon of old, even to the hanging garden that adorns the roof with growing flowers. The center of the field of operations in doing Guanajuato should be at the Jardin de la Union. Near by are the churches, the theatres, the hotels, the Mint and State buildings, and the Alhóndiga or Castilla de Granaditas, erected in 1785 as a Chamber of Commerce, now used as a prison. It was captured by Hidalgo in the early part of the war for Independence, and after he and the patriots Allende, Aldama and Jimenez were captured and executed at Chihuahua, their heads were brought

here and hung on hooks on the walls of this building. Hidalgo is still shown —I mean the hook is still shown. The execution of the patriot priest and the hanging of his head on these walls was resented by the Mexicans, and after the War for Independence was over the head was taken to the cathedral in the City of Mexico and in his honor there was erected the bronze statue that stands at the entrance.

During the attack on the Alhóndiga by the patriots Hidalgo called for a volunteer who would go under the walls and set fire to the massive doors—a sturdy peon came forward, and, taking from the mountain side a wide, flat stone, threw it on his back as a shield against the missiles that might be thrown

TEATRO JUAREZ, GUANAJUATO.

from the walls, took a fire brand in his hand and with it burned the great doors and admitted Hidalgo and his followers to the patio, where they encountered the Royalists, drove them up the grand staircase and to the roof, where they surrendered. Blood that flowed in the conflict is shown in stains on the heavy balustrade. In one of the corridors is a statue of the heroic Indian with the stone on his shoulders and the uplifted firebrand.

The Theatre Juarez, opposite the Jardin de la Union, is one of the finest play houses, not only in Mexico but on the continent, and for a city of its size is not surpassed in the world; it is a handsome building, of modern

architecture, built of the beautiful green stone found in these hills, the columns supporting the portico are constructed of discs of this stone laid one upon another. The magnificent auditorium is richly decorated; this and the scenery is from the brush of Mexico's greatest scenic artist, Herrera. The splendid foyer has sumptuous parlors with retiring-rooms for ladies, luxuriously furnished and daintily decorated.

There is wealth of paintings in the churches of Guanajuato, as there is a wealth of silver in its mines. The churches are fine, especially that of the Compañia, commenced in 1747, and finished in 1765, the shelf cut out of the rock for its foundations alone costing nearly $100,000. The tower contains a chime of bells, and you may have heard before you came, or known, after you heard the bells of Mexico, that they are not usually hung in chimes. The

ON THE ROAD FROM MARFIL TO GUANAJUATO.

dome somewhat resembles that of the Capitol at Washington, and is the one seen high above all the others in all views of Guanajuato. The old Church of San Sebastián is on the line of street cars leading to the Presa de la Olla; in the churchyard are scores of crumbling tombs with curious inscriptions. The Church of San Diego contains a picture of the Last Supper of San Francisco. The other churches are San Francisco, Loreto and Guadalupe. In the former is the much-venerated image of Our Lady of Guanajuato, presented by Philip II. of Spain.

High up on a hill, in the western part of the city, is a panteon that may be called a replica of the catacombs of the Old World. In the vaults are artistically arranged the bodies and bones of lates lamented, whose departure from this vale of tears covers more than one century. The visit to the panteon is

not the most cheerful one, but the curious-minded will be entertained. The panteon proper is a cemetery in which there are few graves. The bodies are placed in tombs, arranged in tiers in the thick walls. A stipulated sum is paid for the first five years, with the privilege of renewal. If at the end of that time the mourners' grief has cooled, and further payment is not made, the body is taken from the hole in the wall; if nothing but bones remain they are thrown into the heap at the end of the arched corridor under the panteon. If the body is preserved in the dry air of the climate it is placed against the

CATACOMBS, GUANAJUATO.

wall to grin, and bear company to the other mummies that have stood there through the ages. About half way between the station at Marfil and the Jardin de la Union is a little park on the right as you go up; stop here and walk up the hill on the north side of the street to the panteon or call most any Mexican that may be standing by, tell him you want burros; he will have them there in a jiffy, and you may ride up, if you can call this going on burro-back riding.

The City of Guanajuato is totally unlike any other in Mexico, and the visit

there is one that will be remembered; but the legends and fairy tales would form a volume if they were all written down, from the turning of the hose on the hogs to wash the silver from their bristles, gathered in their wallows in the pools, to the miracles priests performed. I remember mine, and all the sights seen from the gallop of the street-car mules up the hill from Marfil, till I bought the *helados* from an Indian boy as I took my seat in the train for Silao. I will explain that an *helado*, or, as the venders cry the name, "*e-low*," is a sort of ice cream, frozen in a tin tube about an inch in diameter and four inches long, and it was not the least of the pleasant surprises I found

GUANAJUATO.

at Guanajuato. The first settlement in Guanajuato was made in 1557, although the San Bernabé vein of La Luz mine was discovered in 1548. The later dates cannot be precisely stated, as the records were destroyed during the War for Independence in 1810—but it is reasonably certain that these figures are correct and that the town charter was granted in 1679 and for the city in 1741.

Guanajuato, the capital of the State of the same name, is 250 miles from the City of Mexico and fourteen miles by branch road from the main line of the Mexican Central Railway at Silao.

Guaymas. Is the chief seaport of the State of Sonora, and the southern
Wah-e-mas' terminus of the Sonora Railway. The harbor is a very beautiful one, surrounded by high mountains and dotted here and there with islands that seem to be submerged peaks, with only the rugged points above the water.

Hermosillo. the capital of the State of Sonora, is on the Sonora River,
Er-mo-seel'-yo in the midst of an agricultural district, surrounded by rugged mountains, where there are mines of gold and silver, where live the Yaqui Indians and other hostile bands that have always been a hindrance to the working of the mines. Hermosillo is on the Sonora Railway, 263 miles from Benson, on the border, and ninety miles from the Gulf at Guaymas.

Iguala. Is a most picturesque little city nestled in a pretty little bowl of
Ig-wál-a a valley, among the mountains of the Pacific slope, on the Cuernavaca division of the Mexican Central Railway. Noted in history through the Plan of Iguala, drawn in this city by Iturbide, called The Three Guarantees, represented in the national colors, green, white and red, so Iguala may in a way be called the birthplace of the Mexican flag. The ride over the Mexican Central from the City of Mexico to Iguala is one of the finest in the Republic, replete with magnificent scenery described elsewhere. The Cañon of the Black Hand, commonly known as the Iguala Cañon, is only a few miles east of the town. Here are some of the most wonderful feats of modern engineering.

Irapuato. Irapuato means strawberries; not that this is the translation
Ir-ra-pwat'-o of the word, but when the name of that station is called and the train stops there, all the passengers go out and buy strawberries. No matter if it is December or January, the cry of *"fresas!"* is heard on all sides—and great luscious berries, the finest and sweetest in the world, are offered at midsummer prices, and the bottom of the basket always exhibits that rising tendency so common to the strawberry box of the United States. Irapuato is also celebrated as the place to change cars for Guadalajara. The city is on the west side of the track; only the church towers may be seen from the station above the green trees which surround them. Here is a pretty little city worthy of a stop-over check for one train at least, or if en route for Guadalajara there is often time for a street-car ride up town. The town is irregularly laid out, if indeed it was ever laid out, the narrow streets turning here and there, converging to numerous little plazas, and to the Alameda in the center of the city, where there is a combination of cleanliness and beauty of artistic gardening. There is also a queer combination in the two old-fashioned well-sweeps that might have come from "down south," and the beautiful music stand that exists only in Mexico. The wells and well-sweeps are for irrigation purposes for the exquisite flower beds that adorn the park, the borders of which are in fantastic shapes, laid with pebbles and bowlders in different colors. The trees and shrubs are also similarly decorated and protected about the roots.

The music stand, the necessary adjunct of every Mexican town, is at Irapuato a thing of beauty and a joy to its people, when the band plays in the even-

ings and on the feast days and Sundays. It is in the center of the park, under the trees and surrounded with flowers—so there's fragrance with the melody.

There are churches and churches, and pictures and pictures, in name from Guadalupe to San Francisco and each seeming different from the last one, so there must be a look into each arched door and a stroll through nave and sacristy and climbs to belfry tower as everywhere else, and withal there is nothing disappointing in Irapuato, from the strawberries to the little fonda on the plaza.

Irapuato is on the Mexican Central Railway, 212 miles from the national capital.

Jalapa. Ha-lap'-pa

"*Ave Maria purisima, que venga el sol,*" be your prayer when you come to Jalapa, as the Jalapeño invokes the Virgin to let the sun shine through the mists that almost constantly hang over the place—not that it rains, but a fine filmy mist prevails, in contrast to the bright sunshine of all other Mexico. But when the sun shines, than Jalapa there is not a brighter spot on earth, nor one more quaintly curious, nor yet any other more charmingly fascinating. Whether your coming be down from the mountains or up from the sea, you may look from your window in the car with an anticipation not akin to the thoughts as you came to the others of these old-time towns. Either way the approach has been through tropic forests, and the stop at the station is in the midst of one. There is an incongruity in the modern newness of the railroad surroundings, the electric lights and the street cars. A glance beyond these is looking backward into another century. In the ride up town, the twentieth is between the rails of the track, and the sidewalk is back in the sixteenth, where the red-tiled roofs project over the walk-way, and casemated windows are strongly iron-barred to keep bandits and lovers out, and sweethearts and wives within. These iron bars may have been a necessity in the old bandit days, but not for that purpose now, although it may be they are retained 'gainst the lovers, for the women are reputed for their beauty, till it has become a proverb among the Mexicans, *"Las Jalapeñas son halagueñas,"* "bewitching, alluring are the women of Jalapa," and whether this is the principal reason why Jalapa is considered as "a part of Paradise let down to earth" does not appear. However that may be, the American who has never been there, and knows only the product, the jalap of the old family doctor, is apt to consider it anything else but Paradise, and perhaps has wondered if any good could come from the town; but when he has seen "las Jalapeñas," he may even forget the jalap's dose.

AN IRAPUATO ALTAR.

In the days when the journey thither involved a tram-way ride of seventy miles and two days' time going and returning, the attractions were sufficient

to allure hundreds of tourists, and now that it is on a main line between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz, and reached within a few hours from either city, their numbers greatly increase.

There is a fashion to speak of Mexico as "old Mexico"—eminently proper, but unnecessary. There is nothing new there but the railways; but whatever ancientness that may impress elsewhere, there is something older about Jalapa;

IRAPUATO.

really it seems to have the age on all the other towns in the country. It was a place of importance when Cortez came. The houses on both sides of the narrow streets are of a cumbersome style of architecture, with here and there traces of the Moorish or Castilian. The long windows, heavily barred with iron, reach nearly to the ground, and if there is a second story, there is a bit of projection forming a casement or balcony, and over the railing the

brightly colored curtain in yellow and red keeps out the too intense rays of a tropic sun, and may also keep out the too intent gaze of some son upon the face and form of the señorita that may be behind it. And this makes a memory of some old Castilian story of maiden and mandolin, of caballero and casement, of music and moonlight—for here are the very walls ('tis well they have not ears) and there the window and the balcony where some Romeo may have climbed, and some Juliet leaned her cheek upon her hand. Jalapa lies on the eastern hillsides of Meniltepec, and the streets running on steep inclines, or across the slopes, are cleaned by every passing shower, so that

DRYING COFFEE IN THE STREETS OF COATEPEC.

cleanliness, as well as beauty and antiquity, are attributes of this delightful city —an example of nature's emulated by the natives within their homes and gardens.

The grandeur of the scenery round about is unsurpassed. Just back of the city is a great mountain with a great chalk-like rock, which from its shape—like a chest—is called the cofre, the Cofre de Perote, and farther away to the southwest is the snow-capped peak of Orizaba, another of Mexico's extinct volcanoes, towering high above the surrounding mountains. To the east the hills get lower and lower, till far away the dim outline of blue defines the coming together of sky and sea.

Excursions to Teocelo, Xico and Coatepec may be made by rail, or by the old highway through tropical forests and coffee groves, on foot or burro-back. The quaintly pretty little towns and grand view of the Coatepec Valley is worth all the journey there. Another very interesting trip may be made to Jilotepec, about six miles away down in the valley, to be made on horseback or by burros. The burros are rather to be chosen, for the very novelty of it, and for safety as well—one does not have so far to fall.

The Palacio Gobierno is the building of the city, though by no means the most interesting. Its location is on the Plaza Mayor. There is a very pretty little theatre, most unique in its appointments, hardly to be expected in this so long out-of-the-way place. The Institute of the Ordnance Survey is located at Jalapa and has produced some fine maps and topographical drawings.

The present Cathedral was formerly the Church of the Conception, founded in the sixteenth century. The other churches are San Francisco, founded in 1555; San Juan de Dios, San Hipólito, 1641; San José, 1770, and the Calvario, 1805, dating their foundations from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries. While there is much of interest in their altars, shrines and paintings, the charms of Jalapa are without the walls of these or any other buildings, unless it be those where live the Jalapeñas.

Jalapa means a "place of water and sand." It was an Indian town when Cortez came, and being on the main road from the coast to the capital, was a place of importance. From 1720 to 1777 an annual fair was held for the sale of goods brought from Cadiz in Spain. Jalapa is the capital of the State of Vera Cruz. A street-car line leads up the steep street from the station to the Plaza Mayor, up a hill so steep that it requires six mules to draw the car. The city is located on the main line of the Interoceanic Railway, 257 miles from the City of Mexico.

Lagos. Lah'-gose A city three hundred years old in Mexico is not uncommon, and some of them had gotten their growth when their charters were granted; that is about the age of the city that was formerly called Santa Maria de los Lagos, St. Mary of the Lakes. In modern times it has lost much of its trade and some of its name. It was formerly the point of connection with diligencias for Guadalajara and San Luis Potosi, but the completion of the railways to both of these cities took even this business away. However, it is not commercial importance that attracts to the average Mexican town, and Lagos has what all the others have, and a visit will not be disappointing. It is a pretty town, on the west side of the track, yet hardly to be seen, it is so overshadowed by trees. There are many interesting features in its churches, markets, streets and plazas, and there is a boast of good provender and good wine at the hotels.

Lagos is in the State of Jalisco, on the line of the Mexican Central Railway, 296 miles from the city. Street cars run from the station to the center of the city.

Leon. Lay-own On a broad and fertile plain watered by the Rio Turbio is the greatest manufacturing city of all Mexico, though the fact is not discoverable from the cars. There are no many-storied buildings with tall chimneys indicating such industries, but they are here at Leon. Every citizen lives in his own house and his home is his workshop. There is scarcely an article of use or ornament but what is made at Leon. The beautiful saddles, bridles and horse accoutrements so much affected by the Mexican; shoes and all other leathern goods, *zerapes* and *rebosos* answering the purpose of coats and shawls for men and women, cotton and woolen goods, iron ware and cutlery, are all manufactured at Leon, and every one of the little low, square-built houses is a busy shop of some kind or other.

THE CATHEDRAL, JALAPA.

There is no indication, from the station, of a city of such size and importance, nor from the street cars as they wind through the cactus-hedged lanes for a mile or more, and come to the long, narrow streets, crossing others at right angles that seem of the same interminable length with their never-ending rows of houses as far as the eye can reach. This car line reaches to the main plaza, a very pretty one, with the market at one corner, and the Casa Municipal on one side, and on the other three, the portales, with clean, well-kept shops and stores, offering the products of the town. The plaza is shaded with trees, and there are flowers and fountains and the inevitable music stand. Horse cars lead out to an old causeway, now resorted to as a paseo for promenades and drives to the pretty gardens in the suburbs. A little further out, on the road to the north, are some hot springs and baths.

The establishment of the church in Leon received a set-back at the start, in the murder of the cura, Espinoso, by the Chichimec Indians in 1586, but the

LAGOS

church survived, and those buildings now in existence are very interesting, both for their great age and peculiar decoration. The one with the great dome and two high towers was formerly the Church of Nuestra Señora de la Luz, commenced in 1746 (now, since 1886, the Cathedral), and is over 200 feet long, but only forty-five wide. Here is an original painting of Our Lady of Light, the Patroness of Leon, presented, as attested by the Jesuit signatures on the back, by José Maria Genovesi, in 1740. In the Church of Nuestra Señora de los Angeles are some very curious carvings by a native artist, one Muñoz of most happy memory. The other churches are La Soledad, San Felipe and San Juan, the former being the oldest.

Some idea of the size of Leon may be formed from the knowledge that there are 507 streets, 7,820 houses, 236 manzanas, or squares, and ten plazas. There was a Spanish town on this site in the year 1552, referred to in the royal

archives as the town of Leon, from which time the city dates its age, though the formal order for its foundation was not issued by Viceroy Almanza until 1575, but this order not royally confirmed until 1712. It was not made a city until after the war of 1810, when it was so declared by the State of Guanajuato, in which State it is.

Leon is on the Mexican Central Railway, 259 miles from the City of Mexico.

Lerdo. Laer'-do

Near the Nazas River, and in the midst of a very fertile cotton region, this is one of the newest towns in Mexico, and its boast is in an equable climate, cotton mills and oil manufactories rather than antiquities. There is a pretty garden in the principal plaza with seats under the trees. There are four churches, a market and the Plaza de Toros to be visited. The soil of the Lerdo plain is very fertile, and the climate is particularly adapted to the culture of cotton; it is claimed that two and three crops may be made without replanting, and as to corn and wheat, they just grow all the time. It is only three miles south from Lerdo to Torreon, the junction point of the International and the Mexican Central Railroads. The city is on the west side of the road and about three miles distant from Gomez-Palacio, reached by electric cars that run across the plain, through an avenue shaded by green trees. Lerdo is on the Mexican Central Railway, 684 miles from the capital.

FROM THE STATION TO THE TOWN, LERDO.

Manzanillo. Man-zan-eel'-yo

Is an important seaport on the Pacific coast in the State of Colima, where there is an excellent harbor, with very beautiful and picturesque surroundings. A railway of sixty miles connects the port with Colima, the capital of the State.

Maravatio. Marry-va-tee'-o

Looking from the west windows of an approaching train, the picture is a pretty one of green trees, with red-tiled roofs peeping just above them, and over all a Moorish tower, with its bells, is lifted up against the blue sky. An arched bridge of stone is on the other side, where it spans a branch of the river Lerma; a beautiful stream passes under the track just south of the station. The town lies quite close to the railroad, and there is often time for more than a passing view in a stroll through the crooked streets to the principal plaza where there are fountains and flowers. In the suburbs of San Nicolás and San Miguel are the other plazas reached by other still more crooked streets, which also lead to a small lake just outside of the town. San Juan Bautista is the parish church, a large, quaint old building in the form of a cross; the carved altars are worth seeing, as are also the other churches, Columna and Nuestro Señor de los Herreros, Our Lord of the Blacksmiths. Maravatio is one of the oldest of Mexico's old towns, and has a reputation all over the country for the excellence of the shoes manufactured there. The original town was called Maravatio el

Alto, located 15 miles southwest, and was founded in 1535; the present town was founded in 1541.

One of the old houses near the parish church bears date of 1573. Maravatio is on the Mexican National Railroad, 138 miles from the city.

Matamoros. Mat-ah-mo'-ros. Was formerly the capital of the State of Tamaulipas before it was removed to Victoria. The town is on the Rio Grande opposite Brownsville, Texas, and about thirty miles from the Gulf. The city was occupied by the Americans under Gen. Taylor May 18th, 1846—but even before that was an important military base during the war between Mexico and Texas. There is a division of the Mexican National Railway extending north to Monterey. Eastward there is rail communication to San Antonio, Houston and Galveston, Texas.

Mazatlan. Maz-at-lan'. One of the most important ports on the Pacific coast, with only a fair harbor of eighteen to twenty feet of water, but picturesque to a degree, situated at the mouth of the Gulf of California, and surrounded by high hills that are reflected in the marvelously clear water of the beautiful bay—with what the natives believe to be the highest lighthouse in the world; but there are others that are higher; inland about thirty leagues are the famous mines, Real del Rosario, discovered in 1655 by the losing of a rosary by an Indian who remained by the scene of his loss over night, and who found in the morning that his camp fire had melted the silver from the ground. Mazatlan, although one of the newest of Mexican towns, has figured extensively in the country's history. The city was founded in 1822, rebelled against Santa Ana in 1844, and again in '46; was captured by the Americans in '47; captured by insurgents in 1859; was bombarded by the French in 1864; was captured by Maximilian's forces in '66, and by the Mexicans in '68, after which there was more or less trouble until 1877, since when peace has reigned. The town is delightfully clean, and quaintly picturesque.

THE TWO REPUBLICS.

Mérida. Mer'-e-dah. The ancient Maya town, Ti-hoo, was on the site of the present City of Merida, which was founded by Don Francisco de Montijo in 1542. Merida is the capital of the State of Yucatan and its commercial metropolis, and a city of the tropics in every way worthy of a visit and one of the many towns in Mexico noted for the beauty of its women. In the midst of a district noted far and wide for its ruins, prominent among which are Uxmal and Chichen-Itza. It is perhaps the most interesting city of the peninsula. In the city the remains of the old walls, the ancient churches, convents, the plazas and portales are sufficient to entertain for a protracted visit. Merida is reached by rail from Progreso on the Gulf in twenty-two miles. There is rail connection also with Valladolid in the interior and Campeché on the Gulf.

Mitla. Meet'-la. The archives of the Acropolis of Athens are written, and the tale of Thebes has been told in ancient history; but that history runs not far enough back in the ages to tell of the builders of the temples of Mitla, Palenque and Uxmal, whence they came, or where departed. The

parchments that bore the builders' tracings have mouldered to ashes in the century of centuries, and the hieroglyphics worn to polished stone in the drifting sands of a passed eternity, till the tale must forever remain untold. Yet stand, as mute monuments, the chiseled columns, that call back the cultured civilization of the mighty men of Mitla, and Palenque's people, in whose temples we walk, wondering at their magnitude and magnificence; calculating, hopelessly, upon the task that modern men would tire under, and wondering and wondering how these walls were laid, how their mosaics where graven, how these monoliths were raised, and where their quarries were; how they were brought hence, how these massive columns were raised, and how the corner stone was put in its place. Afterwards we turn away in disappointing ignorance of it all, and hopelessly, for there is no history, nor yet a legend, to fathom the mystery of it.

You may find but little of the history or legend of Mitla from its people of to-day who do not even speak the language of their neighbors, the Mexi-

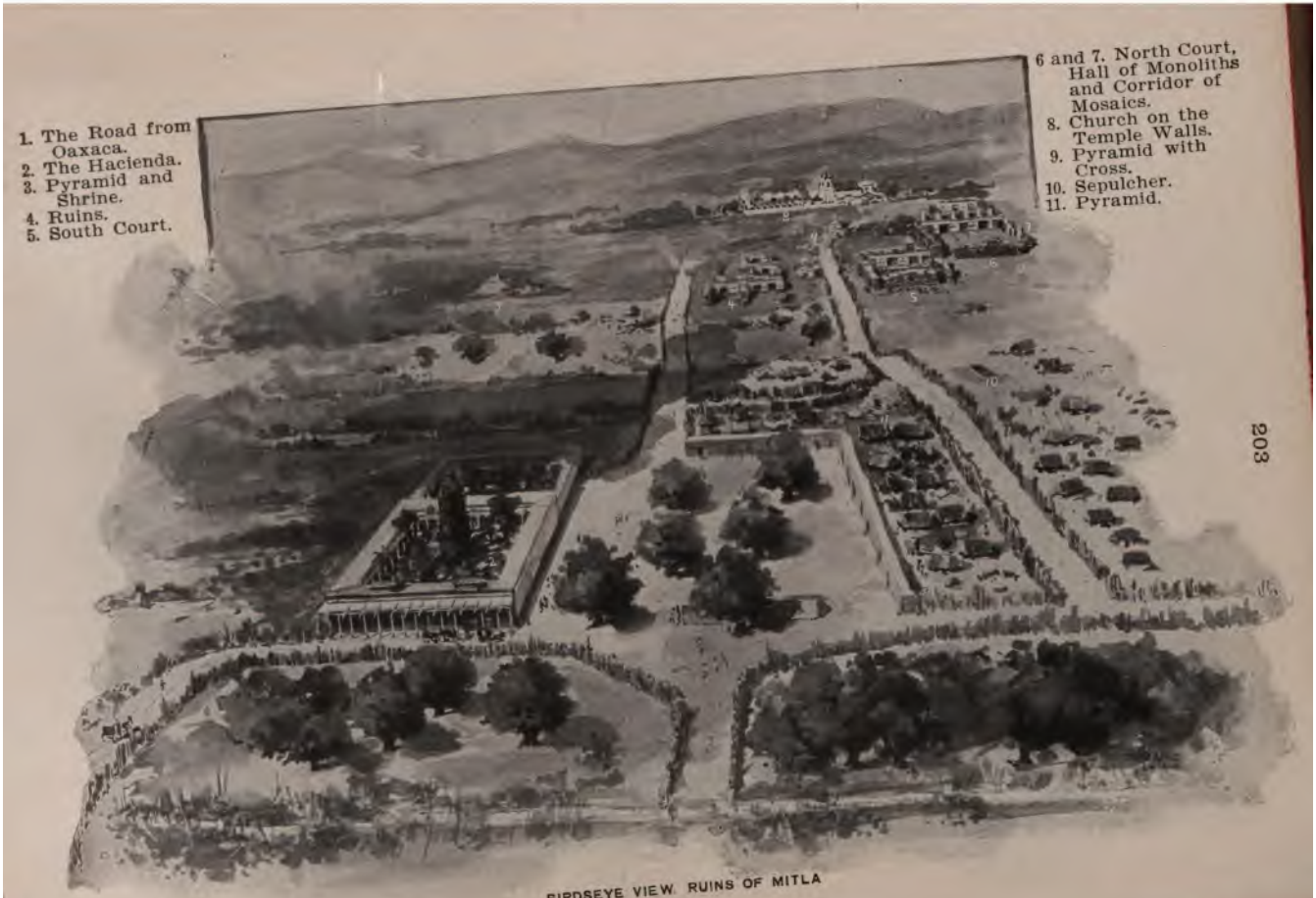
RUINS OF UXMA ..

cans—Spanish is as Greek to them—and if they know anything handed down from their fathers they have not told the secret. They call the name of the place, not Mitla, but Lyó-baa, which in Tzapoteco tongue means the "door of the grave"—well named, for here indeed is the grave of all tradition.

The journey to Mitla is an easy one. It is by the Mexican Southern from Puebla to Oaxaca; thence there is a railway completed in 1906 to Tule; through a valley almost treeless, save where the verdure is along the banks of a little rio, or clustered here and there about an hacienda or straggling village, or on the sides of the mountains which hedge this valley in, and help to make the journey a pleasant one, with pretty pictures of scenic beauty.

There is dust on the road to Mitla but no more than on the average country road, nor as much as in the Yosemite Valley or the Yellowstone Park, and there is more in Mitla to interest, though of a different character than either of these.

Carriages may be obtained at Oaxaca, to start from there or sent out early in the morning to wait at the end of track for arrival of the train which should be before noon to take advantage of the afternoon breezes that almost always blow from the south and across the road; let this be the hour of starting in the winter months as it will bring you to Mitla before dark. In the summer start


1. The Road from Oaxaca.
2. The Hacienda.
3. Pyramid and Shrine.
4. Ruins.
5. South Court.
6 and 7. North Court, Hall of Monoliths and Corridor of Mosaics.
8. Church on the Temple Walls.
9. Pyramid with Cross.
10. Sepulcher.
11. Pyramid.

BIRDSEYE VIEW. RUINS OF MITLA

very early in the morning to avoid the almost every afternoon rain. Returning the same rules may be followed.

Lunches may be taken from Oaxaca, but this is not necessary; the Hotel Cerqueda at Tlacolula, very near the end of the journey, is surprisingly good, where good coffee, fine, native chocolate, excellent bread, and fruits may be obtained, and at the hacienda of the *muy amable*, Señor Don Felix Quéro, at Mitla, there are good beds, somewhat hard, but clean, and an excellent dinner is served, by a genial host, who will welcome in cordiality and speed the parting guest with good wishes, till you will, with the memories of the wonders, the pleasant journey and the good living, bless the day you came to Mitla.

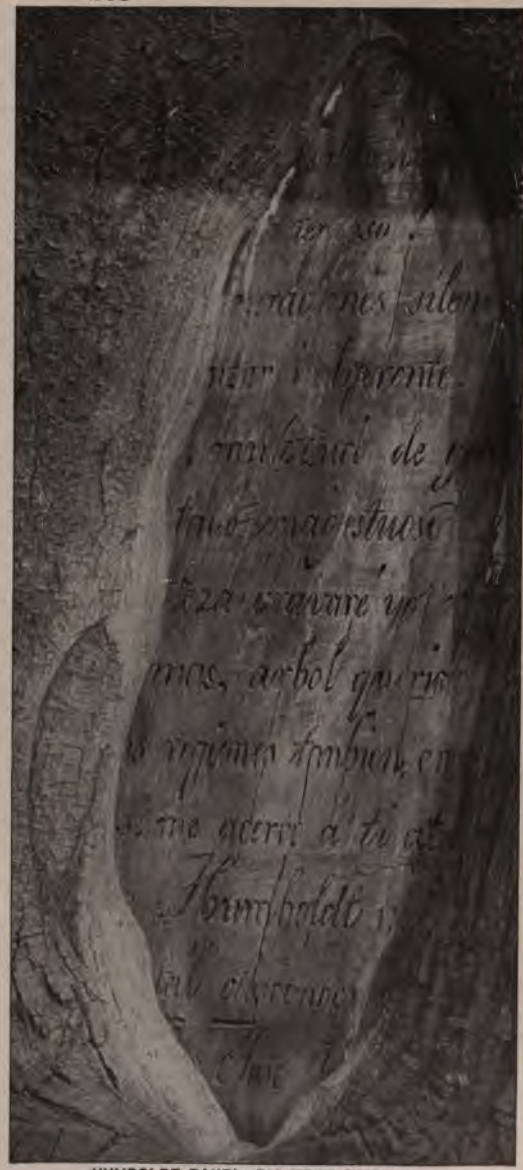
A MITLA TEAM.

There is no reason why you should not occupy your carriages from Oaxaca—and the only reason for the suggestion to take the railway to Tule is to avoid the jostle of the ride over the stony streets and rough road out to the Big Tree.

Absolute arrangement must be made for carriages to be at the end of track by the time tram-cars arrive—this may be best arranged through the superintendent of the railway, and tell him that you must see the Big Tree of Tule, within a hundred yards of the track. You have told your driver that if he drives there is something in it for his own account, and he will drive. The populace will turn out to greet you, in a kindly way, and, from the purest curiosity, follow you about. The big tree of Tule is in the church yard of Santa Maria del Tule. A great grandfather of trees, that must have been still a great tree long before the Spaniards came, or even while the builders were at the temples of Mitla. It is 154 feet and 2 inches around the trunk, six feet from the ground, and, as a native says, "it takes two looks to see the top." To give a better idea of its immense size: if twenty-eight people with outstretched arms, touching each other's fingertips, stood around the trunk, they could barely complete the circuit.

BIG TREE OF TULE.

On the east side of this giant of the forest is a wooden tablet, with an inscription signed by Humboldt, the great German traveler, and probably placed there by him, or by his order. It has been there so long that the bark has grown over it, almost completely embodying it in the tree, and partially obscuring the inscription, so that the beginning and ending of the lines cannot be read. In the native tongue the tree is an *ahuehuetl*, a species of cypress. Back on the old road again, and the little mules go in a gallop across the valley, then over the barren foothill of the mountain, with still a broad even road, though at a slower gait till the turn at the top, then you may go as fast as you please. There is a pretty view from this hill, back to one valley of green fields, and forward to another. Looking toward the valley to the south there is seen what seems to be a vast pyramid, in the midst of it, perfect in shape, but on closer view it is found to be covered with small trees, but it may be a pyramid for all that. We are in a land of mysterious wonders, and there may be yet undiscovered relics of the forgotten ages. The road passes through the quaint old town of Tlacochahuaya and long before you come to the village you will see the domed towers of a group of old churches, that will interest you. Pronounced by the late Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee to be most picturesque. You can take



HUMBOLDT PANEL, BIG TREE OF TULE.

your time for luncheon and coffee at the Hotel Cerqueda at Tlacolula, and, while it is being prepared, you may walk across the market place and come to the Plaza of the Casa Municipal, and a very pretty one, indeed; then come back through the church yard, and through the quaint old church of the parish. If you are not indeed hard to please, you will not regret the luncheon at Tlacolula—still I have not advised to start on the journey without a basket.

The mules have rested, the drivers been refreshed, and it is a whip and a hurrah through the streets of the east side of the town, with a hundred dogs coming out to bark at your flying wheels; down through the cactus-hedged lanes, and on into the fields again, with the greater part of the journey behind you, and a down-grade road to Mitla. On the right is the val-

TOMB ON MOUNT GUIRI, NEAR MITLA.

ley; on the left the mountains have come closer, till there are huge boulders, of thousands of tons, that may have rolled down from them and lodged on the smaller hills, close to the roadside; not one or a dozen, but hundreds of them, probably shaken from their places by some violent quaking of the earth. There are a few miles of this, then, across a wide, rocky bed of a large river, in the rainy season, though only a rivulet now, and up the hill on the other side, and you are at Mitla—at the hospitable door of Don Felix Quéro.

An exchange of courtesies with Don Felix, rooms arranged for, the order for dinner given, and you are ready for the ruins.

If the journey has been well done, without delay, you should reach the ruins within four hours now and when the road is completed to Tlacolula the trip from Oaxaca to Mitla may be made in three hours, which with good teams

has been done many times in winter, but in summer it takes longer on account of rains.

It is only five minutes walk from the hacienda to the Ruins, through a straggling village of thatched huts, through narrow streets hedged with giant cacti. Pass out the door of the hacienda, turn to the left at the corner, turn again to the left around the white walls, on northward through the lane, across the dry bed of the *rio* and on the right of the road just at the top of the opposite bank are the first remains of the ruined city. After passing these bear to the right towards the church on the hill and in a moment you stand within the graven walls of a temple that may be older than Solomon's.

I have called them temples, and temples they may have been, raised to the honor of the gods their builders worshiped, though there is little similarity to the teocalis found in the city of Tenochtitlan and the other cities of Anahuac on the plains to the north. These low walls differ radically in their construction and decoration from the high pyramidal temples of the Toltecs, though the absence of arches in the temples of Mitla would indicate that the builders were of the same school, as the Toltecs had no arches in their architecture and for the most part avoided curves and circular decoration. If not a temple, then it may have been a fortress, a most impregnable one, and unless the instruments of war were more formidable than those of later generations, or even those of the present day, the thick walls would have resisted the most persistent assaults. The fortress idea further obtains from the fact that there are no windows or other openings in the walls, and the only entrances open into the inner square or plaza; for these reasons the fortress idea is in favor, but the people of the earlier ages did not need such formidable works of defense. The palace of a king or mighty chieftain may have been within these walls —the Hall of the Monoliths, a banquet hall, the Corridor of Mosaics, a royal bed chamber, and the central court might have been the throne room and audience hall, but I adhere to a first impression and say, here was once a great temple. This may have been one temple, or two of four courts each. There are in each of the north and south groups four walled courts facing about an open patio, lying exactly at the four points of the compass, with their walls on lines true to the needle. Of the southern group, only three of the courts have the walls standing. The east wall is in the best condition, next the north, while the south is almost crumbled away, and the west is but a heap of stones.

MITLA MAIDENS.

The heavy cap piece of the entrance to the north court is supported in the center by a huge column of hewn stone. Under it leads a passage underground, that may have extended to the other courts, as there is a subterranean gallery running the entire length of the court, east and west, with a short extension due north, under the east court of this group is another

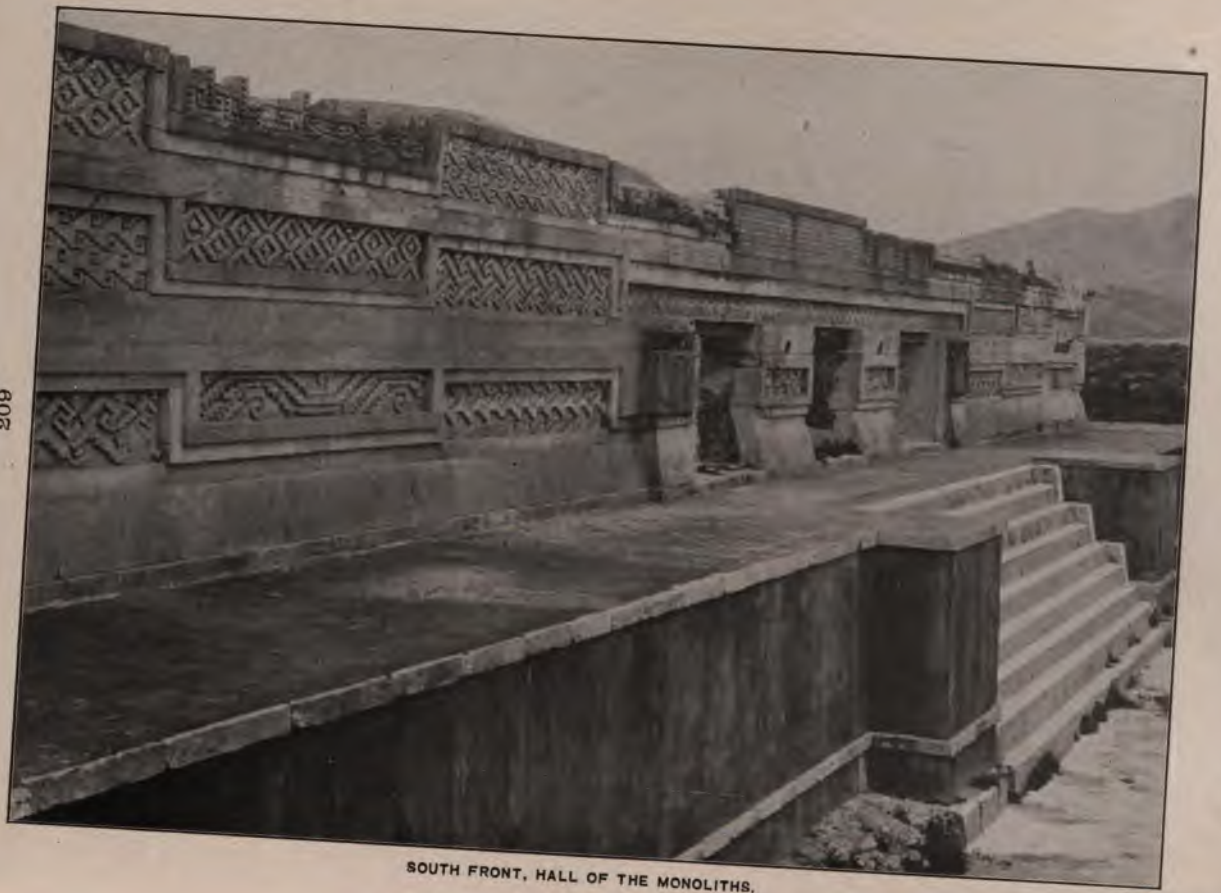
cruciform chamber. In the north group the north court is in the finest state of preservation, and gives ample evidence of the magnificent handiwork of the men of a buried and forgotten race, whose civilization is attested in the intricate carvings here; in the shaping of these stones; in the lifting them from their quarries, and setting them in their places, as with a mason's tact, that all the earth's tremblings have not shaken, nor the warring elements effaced their gravings. The north court is built on the same plan with the others; its walls are in a most complete state. The entrances of all the courts open into the open patio in the center, with no openings at all in the outer walls. There are no windows anywhere.

In the north court and extending its entire length is a grand corridor, called the Hall of the Monoliths. Here are six massive columns, nearly

EAST SIDE, NORTH COURT, MITLA.

seven feet in circumference and twelve feet high, ranging down the center of the hall. An under-the-walls passage leads to a second larger room, whose walls also face the compass points. This room is surrounded by four smaller ones, the one on the west side being in an almost complete state. The walls are laid in the most intricate mosaics, of small pieces and of the most beautiful and unique designs, fitted and put together without mortar or cement. In each one of the courts of all the groups are niches, square, faced with heavy stones set in the walls as if intended for the shrines of household gods.

The ancient races of this land had no arches in their architecture, as is evidenced by everything that is left of their meager history, and here, over their square-cut doorways, are magnificent monoliths, twelve to eighteen feet long, four to six feet in width, and three to five feet in thickness. The east court of the north group has only part of the front wall standing, and two



SOUTH FRONT, HALL OF THE MONOLITHS.

columns which show that there was here also a hall with the monolith columns; the massive lintel that was over the door has been thrown down.

Down the hill towards the village, in the midst of some huts of cane, is a modern discovery, which the Indian guide calls "the sepulcher," long used as a corn bin. It is about eight feet long and six feet wide, and below the level of the ground. The architecture and cutting of the stone is exactly the same as in the larger ruins on the hill.

The old church on the hill has its walls and foundations laid in the walls and foundations of another group of the pre-historic temples—probably the oldest foundation and walls of any Christian Church in the world. The same stone carvings and inlaid work of the other ruins are found in both the exterior and interior of the church, and much of the material of the temple walls has been taken to build the church. Back of the church in one great chamber now used as a stable are several patches of the hard red paint showing some of the hieroglyphics that once adorned the walls. The view from the tower of the church will give a better idea of the extent of the ruined city. Looking to the south see the walls that extend to the banks of the rio, to the westward is a pyramid of earth and stones crowned by an ancient but yet a more modern shrine; and across the rio in the midst of the village, some other pyramids of earth and stone but loosely put together, yet withstanding the ravages of the elements. Leaving the church, walk down the hill near to temples on their right, and after crossing the rio come to the sepulcher and pyramids, and passing through the village to the main road, and turning to the right come to the hacienda again.

Of these ruins no more may be written, truthfully, than I have here. Descriptions may be elaborated, and yet not do them justice. History is painfully silent as to their origin. They were as they are to-day when the Spaniards came. Fray Martin de Valencia visited them in 1533; in the old Spanish chronicles notices are made in 1565 and 1574, and Cogolludo, who saw them in the middle of the seventeenth century, speaks of them with admiration, as works of "accomplished artists," of whom history has preserved no tradition. His visit to these ruins was written of in 1688.

We are left to wonder what race of men carved these walls and laid their intricate fittings. Where did they quarry these huge stones, and how were they hewn to their perfect shape? How did they transport them hence, and how lift them to their places, since men enough could not get around one to lift it? What edged tools could cut their flinty substance, since only chisels and axes of soft, untempered copper have been found? All is deeply, darkly secret against all research. We come to them, and go away, knowing as little as before we came, and pass on with a silent salute to the artisans of so enlightened a race, whose work has made the arrogance of the twentieth century silent in its wonder and admiration.

These ruins have withstood the ravages of time, perhaps a thousand centuries, but here cometh, in this day and generation, a destroyer who can destroy in a year what may not be built in a hundred; may do what time and the elements have not done in a thousand. The relic hunter comes to take away what the sands have not covered up. Let him who reads these lines beware. Let him look upon these walls, but not lay his hand upon them to take their smallest pebble. And if any man shall show you a stone, and say that it came from the walls of the Ruins of Mitla, say to him that he is a vandal; for that he is, indeed and in truth.

Thus were these ruins when I came to them in 1894; thus they were when the ancient chronicler saw them, when Humboldt and Du Paix took their long

journeys thence—no change had taken place; but recent excavations have revealed new mysteries in hidden walls and pavements, tombs and subterranean chambers.

In 1900 the débris was removed from the patío of the north court and a hard cement pavement with cut-stone curbing and borders uncovered. In 1902 a similar work in the south court showed another pavement with a sealed entrance, which on being opened disclosed a beautiful subterranean chamber, cruciform, about thirty by forty feet under the east edifice of that court, and with the same mural decorations as are in the chambers above.

The excavations at Mitla and in the surrounding valley have been made under the supervision of Señor Don Leopoldo Bátres, who, as the representative of the Supreme Government of Mexico, has charge of all such work within the Republic. Professor Saville, representing the New York Museum of Natural History, has ably assisted Señor Bátres. Great honor is due these eminent archaeologists for their work in Mitla of Mysteries.

At this writing the good work of excavation, restoration and preservation is progressing so that no permanent book may give the details up to date.

All over this valley of mysteries new discoveries are being made, and only the daily paper, or the magazine, may give the latest details of what has been found at Mitla.

Monclova (Mon-clo'-va) has a history, and seems to be content with it. When Texas and Coahuila were one State, Monclova was the capital; now it is the capital of neither, Texas having one of her own, and that of Coahuila having been removed to Saltillo. Monclova is in the center of a rich mining district; the most important are the mines Cuatro Cienegas and Sierra Mojada. Monclova is a very old town, and as such is a very interesting one. It was named for the Viceroy Melchor Portocarrero Lazo de la Vega, Conde de la Monclova, but for obvious reasons has not retained the entire name, which is to be applauded if for no other reason than for the benefit of the trainman who calls the stations along the line, since he has such inferior success with the shorter ones. Monclova is on the Mexican International Railroad, 942 miles from the City of Mexico. It is in the State of Coahuila.

Monterey. (Mon-te-ray') The Spaniards had penetrated far into the interior and to the northward, before the middle of the sixteenth century, and in 1560 had reached near the now American border. In that year they founded the town of Santa Lucia, that was afterwards called Monterey in honor of the then viceroy, Don Gaspar de Zuñiga, Conde de Monterey, the permanent settlement being made in September of 1596 by Fray Diego de Leon. If he had sought the country over he could not have found a more lovely site for a city than in this valley of level lands. It is completely surrounded by high hills, curiously shaped, and the prettiest in Mexico. So curiously shaped are their dark blue outlines, clear cut against the sky, that the one, *Cerro de la Silla*, 4,149 feet above the plain, is a perfect saddle of the military type known as the McClellan, and, at the peak, is shaped exactly like the saddles seen in Mexico, requiring no stretch of the imagination, as in the case of the old Man of the Mountain and Anthony's Nose, the saddle mountain being recognized at a glance. The *Cerro de las Mitras*, 3,618 feet high, is the mountain of the mitres. It does not so assert itself, but the mitres are just as compelling as the saddle, and that piece of the bishop's vestments is as discernible to the average vivid vision. They are the bluest of blue mountains standing out against the very bluest sky, and the marvelously clear atmosphere is responsible for it all.

These mountains surround a lovely valley, watered by clear running streams

and carpeted by the green of fertile fields that are brightened further by flowering gardens, with great trees to shade the lanes and streets. In the midst of this is Monterey, as quaintly novel as the valley is very beautiful.

Here, through the city, there runs a living stream of cold, clear water that has its source in the great spring, the *Ojo de Agua.* Along its banks the people come to bathe under the shade of the overhanging foliage. On a bridge, La Purisima, where one of the principal streets crosses this stream, the Mexicans made a valiant stand against the advancing Americans in '46, and while, as the legend says, the Virgin of Guadalupe hovered over the banners of Mexico, they held the pass as the Spartans at Thermopylæ.

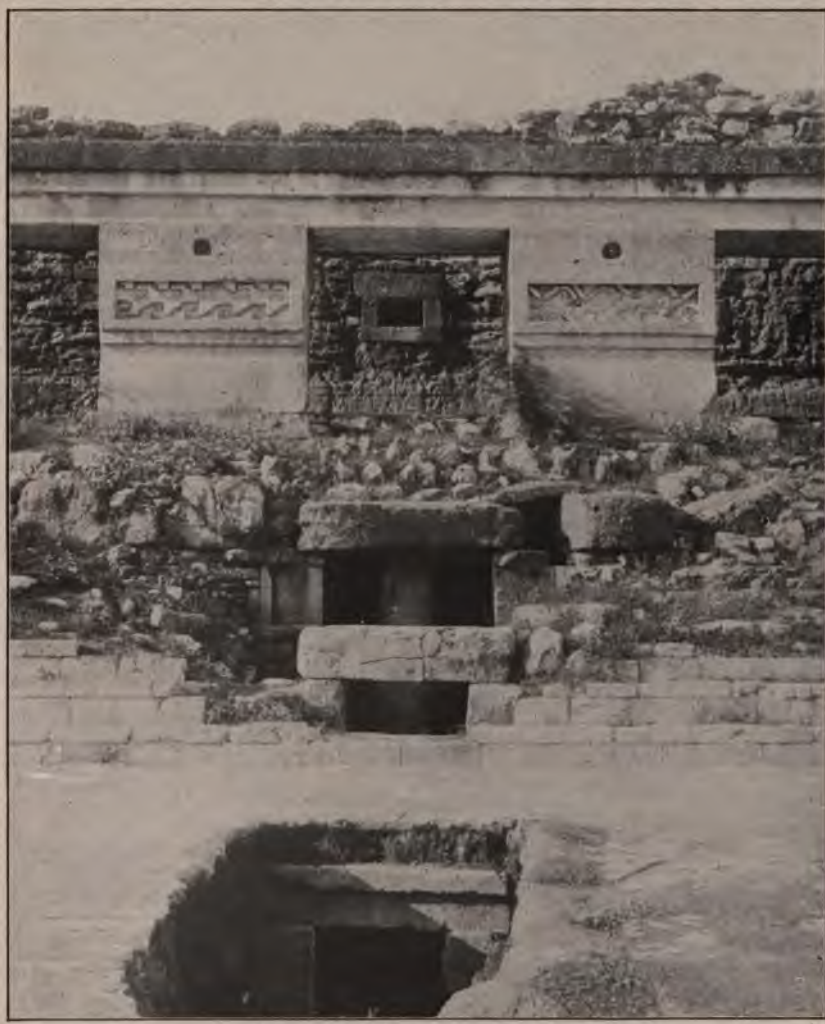
In the western part of the city are the *casas de recreo,* a semi-suburban district where the houses are in beautiful gardens of fruits and flowers, with streams of running water and fountains under beautiful trees. These are reached by street cars, as are all of the points of interest in and around Monterey. Special cars may be hired at reasonable rates, and they are much to be preferred to the carriages that rattle in an uncertain way over the stony streets; especially are the street cars to be preferred for the rides to the Bishop's Palace and to Topo Chico. The Bishop's Palace is a very picturesque old ruin on a high hill northwest of the city, seen from almost every part of it and from the cars. The Palace was commenced in 1782 and completed in 1790, by Bishop Verger, for a summer residence. It is now fallen into disuse, and occupied solely by two sentries, whose lonely watches are changed once a month. These two are but a memory of the gallant army that defended the hill against the assaulting Americans, under General Worth, on the 21st of September, 1849, when the capture of the hill meant the surrender of the city. It is a pleasant ride across the plain to the Hot Springs of Topo Chico. The wonderful hot waters issue from the side of a hill about three miles to the north. The ride through the fields is a pleasant one, and at the end of it there are pavilions, baths and a good hotel. The legend of Montezuma's daughter, her journey to Topo Chico and miraculous cure by the all-healing waters, lives in the centuries after her—how she came from the far-away Hill of the Grasshopper, a weak and puny maiden, but when she came again to Chapultepec it was with renewed life and vigor, to the rejoicing of all. The court of the plumed and feathered king became, at once, agents for the Topo Chico springs. The waters are only to be bathed in to insure their own recommendation, and they so resemble the great Hot Springs of Arkansas that they are only to be as well known to make them equally popular.

The other excursions by horse car and carriage from Monterey are to Santa Catarina and the chapels of Guadalupe and Lourdes, and eight miles further to El Potrero, the road leading through a beautiful cañon to a valley of meadows surrounded by mountains. About nineteen miles south of the city, reached by rail, are two wonderful caves near the little village of Pesquería. A visit to the near-by mines by means of the little narrow gauge railroads will prove interesting.

The only really old church of Monterey is that of San Francisco, dating from 1560. The present church was built in 1730, though there are some of the old ruins adjoining it, near the Plaza Mayor, where there is a picturesque old convent with a garden. The Cathedral is a massive structure after the style of the average church of Mexico; it was commenced in 1792, finished in 1833, and consecrated on the 4th of July of that year. It was used as a powder magazine during the American war, and its walls and towers give evidence in their scars of the vicissitudes of war.

The main plaza is a very pretty one indeed; it is, in fact, two plazas, with

the Casa Municipal between them. At the east end is the Cathedral, and just south of it is the Episcopal Palace. Near by is the State House and



ENTRANCE TO SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER.

Theatre and the Casino, one of the finest club houses in the country. The Alameda and Campo Santo are in the northwest of the city.

HALL OF THE MONOLITHS.

Monterey is a much Americanized city, with its great smelters, factories and breweries, but it is Mexican withal, and is a most delightful first-view town across the border. Monterey is at the crossing of the Mexican National and the Monterey division of the Mexican Central and the terminus of a branch of the Mexican International that connects with the main line at Reata; Monterey is the capital of the State of Nuevo Leon, and is distant from the City

THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER, MITLA.

of Mexico 636 miles. Street cars run from railway stations to the Plaza Mayor.

Morelia. Mo-ray'-lia Than Morelia there is no more lovely city in all Mexico, and its people are content with it, to remain within its walls, going not abroad except where business calls, and that only when it is most urgent; when you have seen them in their homes there will be no wonder

CORRIDOR OF MOSAICS, MITLA.

at their contentment. In the olden days when the Viceroys of Spain or their emissaries were going about in Mexico founding cities, they, with one accord, seemed to have had an eye for the beautiful in the selection of a site, and particularly did Mendoza have when in 1541 he founded the city of Valladolid, (now called Morelia in honor of the patriot Morelos), when, as the ancient chronicler says, the Viceroy found a site having the seven qualities of Plato, and founded a small but very noble city, now grown to a large and nobler city, whose towers are seen from afar with their belfries and crosses peeping over the intervening hills. There is a "saddle" mountain at Morelia and others as curiously shaped on all sides, sloping down to smaller undulating hills and valleys in the midst of which the city is. Coming from the east the track runs along the river bank, where a large proportion of the populace do congregate for the launder of their clothes and themselves. It is a pretty river with great overhanging trees on either shore, making dark shadows over the waters, and a cooling shade protecting from rays of a southern sun. The river is on the north of the track, and the scene from the windows on that side is novel and interesting for a mile or more before the station is reached.

THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

Street cars run from the station to the pretty plaza, to the very excellent hotels of Morelia and beyond to the suburbs, where there are the most charming and cosiest flower-embowered homes in the world. It is a pleasant street car ride, but it is best to leave the car just where it starts down the hill by the old aqueduct and passes under its arches—then walk through the Calzada de Guadalupe, a wide stone-paved paseo that leads to the Parque de San Pedro. On each side is a massive stone balustrade, and at intervals convenient resting places on the benches, also of stone. There are two rows of tall trees with intertwining branches above, lending a constant shade over the causeway and over the houses on both sides. The Calzada was commenced in 1732 and the work designed by Bishop Calatayud was intended to afford an easy and pleasant walk to the Santuario de Guadalupe. If you have never seen the Mexican home that you may have read of, and which you may have thought was described extravagantly, you may see it here. If haply some arched doorway is swung ajar you may have a glimpse of fairy-land that you would never dream could exist behind such a cold gray

wall. The patio is filled with flowers; some vines have climbed to the upper galleries and almost hidden them with a bank of blossoms, blending in a perfect harmony of color from a deep carnation to a delicate pink, relieved by tints of blue and purple, with here and there some white and gold flowers. From a bed of flowers in the center, sparkling waters, as if from their petals instead of from hidden jets, fly in crystal globules to the overhanging leaves of a feathery palm. You may not see the birds, there are so many flowers to hide them, but the twittering, the whistling and singing in a hundred notes tell that they are there. Such are the homes of the Calzada de Guadalupe that leads from the city to the Parque de San Pedro, a park of great beauty, shadowed by a forest of great trees, a favorite resort of the people. Through the park runs the old aqueduct built by the good Fray Antonio de San

AQUEDUCT AT MORELIA, VIEWS FROM BASE AND TOP.

Miguel Iglesias, in the year of the famine, 1785, as a means to provide food for the people. Under one of the high arches is a tablet commemorating the bishop's charity.

The Cathedral, one of the finest in all Mexico, and the Palacio de Gobierno stand facing each other in the city's center, fronting the plazas. The main plaza is called the Plaza of the Martyrs, commemorative of the execution here of a company of patriots in 1830, and here also Matamoros was executed ten years later. The plaza east of the Cathedral is that of La Paz where the market is, and where may be bought the dulces for which the town is noted, and also the curious pottery of Uruápam; the other plaza is that of San Francisco, in front of the church of the same name. In the Plaza de los Mártires the band plays, under a beautiful pagoda in the midst of a

garden of trees and flowers; here the people most do congregate, and here may Morelia's folks be seen at their best, (in the evenings when there's music, as there is two or three times a week), men of high and low degree, women who wear the mantilla and her more lowly sister of the tápalo and of the reboso, both showing the beauty of the city's people.

The Hotel Oseguera is a part of the building that was erected for the bishop's palace, but as its cost created talk among the people, it was abandoned to more profane uses and became a hotel, and one of the best and most unique in the land. The Hotel Michoacan has also a convent legend. The Ocampo Theatre is the chief place of amusement, excepting always the Plaza de Toros, built after the fashion of the bull-rings of old Spain, entirely of stone, very substantial and of immense seating capacity.

The house in which Morelos was born September 30th, 1765, is at the second corner south from the Cathedral; it has a tablet recording the event. In the first block east of the Cathedral and half way of the block is the house in which Iturbide was born, September 27, 1783.

Of the churches, of course the Cathedral is the most prominent, in fact there are few finer edifices anywhere than the Cathedral at Morelia; its towers, the great organ, the silver altar rails, vestments and vessels, images and candelabra, all of fine silver, have not an equal—though what is there now is only a remnant, nearly half a million dollars' worth having been confiscated by the government in 1858, for the refusal to pay a levy of $100,000, and one wonders how it all could have been used and where to put it. There are some interesting pictures and handsome carvings and the silver font in which Iturbide and Morelos were baptized. The Cathedral was founded at Tzintzuntzan in 1538, was removed to Patzcuaro in 1540, and finally to Morelia in 1579, to the little church of La Cruz. The present building was begun in 1640 and completed in 1706.

The Church of San Francisco was founded in 1531, but not completed until seventy years later; it is said that an underground passage leads from the church to the fields beyond the city. The Church of Nuestra Señora Socorro dates from 1550, and contains a much venerated image of that Virgin. In the Santuario de Guadalupe are shown the chains around the atrium that were once used to shackle the prisoners of the State. The other churches are Carmen, 1596, with some fine pictures by Juan and Nicolás Juarez and Calvera. The Compañia is of Jesuit foundation, a very handsome group of buildings, dating from 1582. The churches of Santa Catalina de Lena, Las Teresas and Capuchinas were originally convents. La Merced and San José are smaller churches. The College of St. Nicholás is the oldest college in America, having been founded in 1540, by Bishop Quiroga, a portrait of whom is preserved in the building. Among the pupils of later years were Morelos and Iturbide. The college was closed during the wars from which the country suffered, but remains to-day the oldest and one of the most flourishing institutions in the country. Morelia has also a very fine seminary for young ladies, however, of modern establishment.

The surrounding country is very picturesque and ten miles west are the famous hot springs of Cuincho, famed for their cures. Morelia is very famous in the country's history and suffered greatly in its wars, and many have been the dire and dark scenes enacted that made bloody marks on her escutcheon; but the fair city of to-day rejoices in honoring her heroes and dwells in contentment and peaceful hospitality. The city was founded as the City of Valladolid, May 18th, 1541. September 12th, 1828, the name was changed to Morelia, in honor of the patriot Morelos. Morelia is the capital

of the State of Michoacan; it is located on the western division of the Mexican National Railroad, 225 miles from the capital of the Republic.

Oaxaca. O-ah-hack'-ah It was in the year of Montezuma's downfall that the conqueror, Cortéz, sent bands of men, here and there, to spy out the land he had invaded. He had deposed the Aztec princes, and the Emperor was in chains, a humiliated slave to the Spanish King. There was a lull in the wars, and the projects of peace claimed attention. The open road of the sea at Vera Cruz left no protection for the Spanish ships. A surveying party proceeded down the coast, guided by a chart that Montezuma had shown them, and found a harbor at the mouth of the great river Coatzacoalcos, that offered safe and suitable accommodations. A spot was selected for a fortified post, and a detachment of a hundred and fifty men, under Velasquez de Leon, was sent to form the colony. The route of de Leon was direct to the southeast, through the cañons, down through the Valley of Oaxaca, where Cortéz obtained a grant of a large tract of land, and laid out plantations for the crown. The estate was soon so prosperous that its value was more than twenty thousand gold onzas. The report gives detailed descriptions of large and beautiful edifices, and some of them the most elaborate specimens of Indian architecture in the Province of Oaxaca. The princely domain comprehended more than twenty large towns and villages, and 23,000 vassals. Of these twenty large towns and villages, Mitla was one, and another was Oaxaca.

On his return to Spain Cortéz was, by a decree of Charles V, dated July 6, 1529, created Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca, a title by which he was known in those days even more than by his own name. To speak of "the Marquis," meant Cortéz. The decree granting the estates of the valley was signed in the month of July, of that year.

The route that the little band of Velasquez marched over was down through cañons where now runs the Mexican Southern Railroad, the mouth of the river Coatzacoalcos, the eastern terminus of the Tehuantepec Railroad.

Oaxaca was a city, then, before the Spaniards came, and the date of its original foundation is as obscure as that of the Ruins of Mitla, though there is a record saying that the ancient city was founded in 1486, and it is certain there was a settlement here much earlier than that, which became a city that was called Huaxyacac, which means in the native language "in the nose of the guajes"—the guaje is a tree useful for its wood as well as its fruit, a tree that abounds in this valley, and each one of the various tribes gave the town a name as referring to the guajes—the Zapotecas called the town Luhulaa, "place of the guajes;" the Mixtecas called it Nahundua, "land of the guajes;" in Mixe it was called Huac Huim, meaning "within sight of the guajes;" the Chinautecos called it Nicuhui, "chief place of guajes;" the Mazatecos gave it the name of Naxhintze, "the hill of the guajes." Only two tribes gave names that did not mean something about the "guajes," the Cuicatecos, called the place Nahanduva, "the wooden trumpet," and the Chochos called it Cunchaa, "the residence of the supreme authorities." Thus it may be seen in what a roundabout way the guajes (*Wahk-hees*) came to name the town Oaxaca.

The first foundation of record was by a regiment of soldiers sent thither by the Emperor Ahuizotl as a spy upon the actions of Zachila III. Then the Spaniards came in 1521 and named the place Antequera from a fancied resemblance to a town of that name in Spain; Juan Cedeño and Hernando de Badajos were the leading pioneers. In 1526 the parish of San Marcial Oaxaca was given the title of "villa" and on 25th April, 1532, by decree of Charles V, Oaxaca became a city; in 1535, June 21st, Pope Paul III estab-

lished the Bishopric of Oaxaca. On the 10th of October, 1872, the old name of San Marcial was dropped and the present name of Oaxaca de Juarez adopted in honor of her illustrious son, the great president, Benito Juarez, who was born here on the 21st of March, 1806. Little is known of the city from 1560, when it had a population of 500, till 1790 when it had 14,000 people. This great increase was due to the commerce, chiefly in the exportation of cochineal, trade in which article alone amounted to over a million a year, an industry that is still flourishing.

When Hidalgo, in 1810, declared for independence, he was denounced by the Bishop of Oaxaca as an instrument of Satan, and two emissaries named Lopez and Armenta, sent by Hidalgo in the disguise of venders of tinder, to spy out the land, were taken and executed, their heads were hung up in the street where they were taken, and to this day the street is known as the Calle de Armenta y Lopez; later there were several other executions among the priests and deacons in 1811, and the next year that other patriot priest, Morelos, marched from Tehuacan with 5,000 men and forty cannon. In Oaxaca Bishop Beigoza preached a Holy War against the coming invaders and got together a body of 2,000 men, Spaniards, priests and students; Gen. José Maria Regules had about 200 Royalist Cavalry and thirty-six cannon of all sizes with which to defend the city.

On the 24th of November, 1812, Morelos arrived in front of the city and demanded its surrender within three hours and as no reply was received the attack was made by six divisions of the patriot army and after a weak resistance by the Royalists, Morelos' soldiers were in the streets of the city supported by a lively fire from the artillery under Don Manuel Teran and the division under Don Ramon Sesma, who was assigned to the storming of the Cerro de la Soledad, while Morelos entered the city through the suburb of El Marquesado, where the Mexican Southern Railway station now stands. General Don José Maria Regules, the valiant Spaniard, was one of the first to find a place of safety in the Convent of Our Lady of Carmen, where the women and children had gone for protection, from where a vigorous firing was made on the advancing insurgents, but it was soon taken by them under the command of Matamoros, while Teran was victorious in the last stand made under the portales in the Plaza.

The battle was fought and won in two hours, commencing at 10 a. m., was over at noon and Morelos in command of the city at one o'clock. The Royalist officers were brought before the victorious Morelos, who paroled all except General Regules and one or two others, who were executed on the spot where Armenta and Lopez were beheaded—and the bodies of these two latter, the emissaries of Hidalgo, and of the two deacons Tinoco and Palacios, who had also been beheaded by the Royalists, were exhumed and given a solemn funeral, with all the honors of war, from the Cathedral with Morelos as chief mourner.

A local government with Don Manuel Nicolás Bustamente as first president of city council was established. Morelos departed for Acapulco in January, 1813, leaving a garrison of 1,000 men under Col. Benito Garcia, who was driven out a year later, in March, 1814, and the city came again into the hands of the Royalists and from that time on was taken first by one side and then by the other, until the war with Spain was over, and even then there was little rest, as in all the revolutions Oaxaca was an important base of operations.

On the 15th of September, 1830, in Oaxaca was born "the man of Mexico," and her most illustrious son, Porfirio Diaz, and, from the days of his early manhood his history is almost the history of the city; and as well might the

city's surname be Diaz as Juarez if the temples of both her sons are considered. The birthplace of Diaz was in La Calle de Soledad Number Ten.

Porfirio Diaz commenced his career in his native city. He was the only student who dared to rise against the Dictator Santa Ana and had to fly for his life. Later he returned to the battle and captured the city. This was the beginning of the association of Diaz and Juarez—through Diaz had studied law under Juarez and Juarez under Ignacio Mejia—and the three were soldiers in a common cause and remained loyal to their country and to each other through all the stormy times of the revolutions, and the latter lived to see his student and student's student become presidents of Mexico. In 1858 Diaz defended Oaxaca against Gen. Cobos and pursued him to Jalapa. Again in 1860 Diaz came up from Tehuantepec, fought and defeated Cobos again near the celebrated Ruins of Mitla. In 1865 the French under Marshal Bazaine laid siege to Oaxaca with the greatest expedition of that war. Diaz was again in command of the defense of his own town. The siege of three weeks deprived his soldiers of all food, army stores and ammunition, church bells could be made into cannon balls, but there was no bread. On one of the last days Diaz placed a howitzer in one of the towers of the old convent of San Francisco and stood by it himself till he was literally dragged away by his officers. Was finally captured and taken to Puebla a prisoner but soon escaped and after numerous skirmishes, marched against the Imperialists and this time was the besieger where but a little over a year before he was besieged, and on the 1st of November, 1866, made a triumphal entry into

DOME OF SANTO DOMINGO, OAXACA.

Oaxaca with many captured cannon, munitions and stores, and then marched on Puebla and the City of Mexico.

After the French war Diaz returned to Oaxaca and the citizens presented him in fee simple the Hacienda de la Noria, where he lived for two years, the first of peace and quiet for many that had passed; two years of happiness with the wife he had married by proxy in the days when his country had need of him and there was no time for marriage. Don Porfirio remained in Oaxaca till 1874, when he departed for the United States, a proscribed man, returned to his country to be made its President, and after his first term came back to Oaxaca and was unanimously elected Governor, and when he went again it was once more to the Presidential chair. So Oaxaca has been called "*Morada de heroes en el jardin de los dioses*," a dwelling place of heroes in the garden of the gods.

The Cathedral is chief among the churches but by no means the largest or most imposing building. The founding was in 1553, although the work on the walls did not commence in earnest until 1610, and then it was exactly a hundred and twenty years before it was completed. The cost of the main church with the sagrario and the Capilla de Guadalupe was nearly $2,000,000. The first cathedral was in the very primitive church of San Juan de Dios, which was built of straw—the Bishop of Antiquera was Dr. Juan Lopez de Zárate.

The church of Santo Domingo is not only the most interesting in this city, but there are few in the Republic that form so much of its history.

The interior adornments of this magnificent church were the finest in Mexico; the life size figures of the saints were in relief and literally covered with gold; so rich and so heavy was the gold in the walls that the soldiers quartered in the adjoining ex-convent employed themselves in removing it until the restoration of the church was commenced by Archbishop Gillow. It is said that the enormous sum of $13,000,000 was spent on this beautiful building, which if true, makes it the most costly church building on the continent.

La Soledad was founded in 1582 and built at a cost of $160,000. The adjoining old convent is now used as a School of Arts.

Of the other churches San Juan de Dios was commenced in 1532; El Carmen Bajo, 1544; Las Mercedes, 1570; San Cosme, 1576; La Compañia, 1579; Las Nieves, 1581; San Francisco, 1592; San Felipe, 1633; El Carmen Alto, 1679; Guadalupe, 1686; San Augustin, 1699; Consolacion, 1706; Las Capuchinas, 1728; El Calvario, 1729; El Patrocinio, 1755; Los Principes, 1782; Sangre de Cristo, 1791; La Defensa, 1792; and Betlem in 1807. The most notable of the public buildings is the State Palace, fronting the main plaza, built in 1883-5 at a cost of about $150,000.

Among the other public buildings are the Palace of Justice, built in 1872; Municipal Palace, 1873; Scientific Institute, 1630; State Library, 1880; Hospital General, 1865; and the Hospicio in 1876. The very beautiful city of Oaxaca is at the junction of two lovely valleys and is almost completely surrounded by high mountains, the Cerro de San Felipe del Agua, Monte Alban, and near by, the Cerros Creston and Fortin. On Monte Alban are the extensive ruins of a pre-historic city; and five miles away are the recently discovered ruins of ancient sepulchres called Xoxo; in the hills and valleys of the surrounding country are evidences of the existence of a civilized race prior to the peoples who were here at the time of and just before the conquest.

The approach of the railroad is down through a lovely valley. The towers may be seen, above the trees, while the train is yet some miles away, and when it stops it is under the shadow of a high hill that stands up on the

east side, and between it and the green fields on the other side of the track, stands the station.

Tram-cars lead from the station to the Plaza Mayor, passing first a little plaza shaded by great trees, in the midst of which is a fountain of running water; then through the narrow streets, passing the old Church of La Soledad, and stopping at the plaza.

The main plaza, or rather plazas, for there are two of them, are very beautiful, shaded by immense trees, and filled with flowers; the two join at the northeast corner, at the jutting of the Cathedral pavement. The main plaza is styled the Plaza de Armas, and in its center is a monument to Juarez, who was a native of Oaxaca, as is also General President Porfirio Diaz; the adjoining park is called Plaza de Leon.

Among the other pretty parks are those of Guadalupe, San Francisco, Netzahualcoyotl and Constitution, and most charming spots they are, and the grand Paseo or boulevard will entice you.

One of the finest buildings is the Government Palace, facing the Plaza de Armas, and it is, indeed, a palace, with its arched portales extending the entire length of the square. The churches of Santo Domingo and La Soledad have been monasteries and fortresses as well, and more than once have had cannon within their walls, that thundered forth in liberty's cause. There is a scientific institute, a seminary, an historical museum, and a library, by way of public institutions. The houses of commerce and trade would do honor to a larger city, and one with older railroad facilities. There are good baths, with elegant appointments, with tiled floors, full-length mirrors, and mantel shelves of onyx. The market, within a square of the plaza, is intensely interesting, somewhat like the others of Mexico's markets, and yet unlike them, in the tropic dress of the people. Every fruit in the world is offered, and flowers at ten cents a bushel; the most exquisite roses, in February, as many as you can carry, for a real, that would cost a mint of money at home.

Oaxaca, reached by the Mexican Southern Railway, is 228 miles southeast of Puebla, boasts of good hotels, and there may be good living while you stay in this beautiful place, for its beauties will entice you to linger, and the hospitalities of its people make you welcome.

Orizaba. O-riz-ah'-ba

was a town long before Cortéz came and had a Spanish population in 1533, when it had one of the unpronounceable names of the Chichimec Indians, who saw "joy in the waters" of the numberless cascades hereabouts and called the place "Ahauializapan;" but the Spaniards, not being able to call it that, without dental danger, from time to time cut out some of the letters and reduced the name to Orizaba.

With its charming location in a lovely valley, it is just on the first terrace above the tierra caliente, where the high hills are close up to the city's borders to throw their shadows across the red-tiled roofs, trees and gardens, and domes and towers, and to cool the waters of its clear running streams and fountains, and with just a glimpse of the snow-capped volcano gleaming in the tropic sun, Orizaba is beautiful and very charming.

Street cars run from the station to the hotels, to the Alameda and the plazas, through the city, and extend westward through the very pretty gardens to Ingenio, the little lake, the church and the mills at Nogales. The rides and drives may be made to the cascades that abound in these hills; the first in the Rincon Grande, the next and larger Tuxpango, and two others near El Barrio Nuevo and at Santa Ana, very attractive excursions, occupying only a few hours; and, besides las cascadas bonitas, there are flowers and ferns and orchids to be gathered by the wayside.

There are hills to be climbed for the very fine views and to visit historic spots and legendary locations. The cross on the summit of the Cerro de Borrego, seen from the cars, marks the spot where some French soldiers were slain, and the narrow path up the side was their line of march, where a party of Zouaves surprised and defeated the Mexican forces on the night of July 13, 1862.

Long centuries ago the healthful climate of Orizaba was a resort for the fever refugees from the coast districts, and remains a favorite in these modern days, where they come from Vera Cruz and the Gulf coast cities to pass the summer days under the shadow of the hills and in the grateful shade of the trees beside the clear, cool waters of La Joya Valley. The place was a favorite resort of Maximilian.

IN A BANANA GARDEN.

In the pretty little Alameda is a monument to Ignacio de la Llave, one of the notable men of the town, for whom the very fine old Theater La Llave was named when it was dedicated in 1857. The markets of Orizaba are especially attractive in the array of tropical fruits and flowers, with their venders in the bright costumes of the tropic climes. There are so many groves and gardens that it is hard to say whether the coffee groves are in Orizaba or Orizaba in the coffee groves. The streets and plazas are marvelously clean and the white-walled houses gleam brightly in the sun.

The first parish church, called El Calvario, and later Santa Teresa, was built in 1564. The present parish church, San Miguel, is a remarkably handsome building of stone, completed in 1720, after nearly fifty years of building, and the tower was not completed till twelve years later. The north chapel is called the Corazon de Jesus, and the southern, the Chapel of the

Rosary. The church contains a magnificently inlaid chest of ebony and ivory for the keeping of the sacerdotal robes and vestments. The Church of San José de Gracia is another fine group of chapel, church and convent, but of very modern build, having been completed in 1810. The pictures and frescos are by a native artist, Barranca—an artist not without fame in these parts, and whose son has proved himself a worthy heir to his father's brush. Pictures by both are to be seen in all the churches of Orizaba. About the year 1600 the Church of San Juan de Dios was founded. It was permanently injured by an earthquake, in 1696, and a new church was commenced; in 1714, it was completed, but the final completion and dedication was not until 1763. It was originally a hospital, built by the charitable townsfolk, for the fever refugees from the lowlands; the worthy charity originated by Don Juan Ramon, Don Pedro Mexia, and Don Sebastian Maldonado exists to this day, but not as the original hospital. That is long since in ruins. The healthfulness of Orizaba is perfect, and a more charming little city is not to be found anywhere. Orizaba is in the State of Vera Cruz, on the line of the Mexican Railway, 181 miles from the City of Mexico, and, although only eighty-two miles from the sea, is 4,832 feet above it.

Pachuca. Pa-chew'-ka

Pachuca is a windy city. The winds blow down from the mountains, and up from the valleys, and it seems, sometimes, as if they came from both at once, blowing hot and cold, so that it is not essentially a resort town, except, it may be, for miners, for here are some of the richest mines in all this country. There are nearly three hundred mines in and about the city and suburbs, and in the near-by districts of Regla and the Real del Monte. The mines are said to have been discovered by a poor shepherd, nearly four hundred years ago. They have been worked constantly ever since, yielding fabulous sums every year, till it is impossible to say what the total has been, one mine alone, Trinidad of old, having yielded nearly $50,000,000 in ten years; and the others, Rosario, Candado and Xacal have made many fortunes. The old "patio process," or amalgamating process, invented by Bartolomé de Medina in 1557, was first used at Pachuca. The principal modern mines are Rosario, Santa Gertrudis, Cayetano and the Dolores, but no accurate estimate can be put on the amount of treasure that has been taken out of their depths.

The streets are narrow and necessarily very crooked, as they wind up and down the steep hillsides, and are, withal, very picturesque. Among the notable buildings is the Caja, a fine structure, with great towers above, built in 1670, by the Marquis de Mancera, Don Sebastian de Toledo, as a treasure-house for the Crown, when the government had the exclusive distribution of quicksilver for use in extracting silver. The Casa Colorado was built by the Conde de Regla, as a public granary. This Conde also built the aqueduct of the water supply.

The Church of San Francisco was founded in 1596, and the present church completed in 1660. In the adjacent chapel of Tercer Orden are interred the

bones of the good Fray Cristóbal de la Cruz. What is now the school of mines and mining, was once a college of the missionaries.

The great feast of San Francisco extends from September 30 to October 8, when the city is given over to bull-fighting, cock-fights and a general good time, after the fashion of the people. Further up in the mountains is the very curious Real del Monte, reached from Pachuca, over a very fine road. The town is in the very heart of the mountains, picturesque to a degree in its combination of English houses, with peaked roofs and chimneys, and the flat-topped houses of Mexico. The only town in Mexico where there are any dwellings with chimneys, as it is quite cold sometimes and fires are necessary.

ALTAR OF PALENQUE.

The great house of the town is the Maestranza, containing the offices, store-houses and machine-shops of the Cayetano mine.

In the year 1739, Don Pedro José Romero de Terreros, a great miner of his day, and an operator of Querétaro, was en route for his home in Spain. He came to Pachuca; the richness of the prospect was too much for him; he stopped here and spent his fortune, but remained by his venture till he had made another and larger fortune. The output from 1762 to 1781, being over $12,000,000, and in 1818 the total reached the enormous figure of $30,000,000. An English company came into possession in 1824, with shares at a par value of £100, that in a year were sold at £16,000, but at the end was a complete failure. The mines are now operated with satisfactory results.

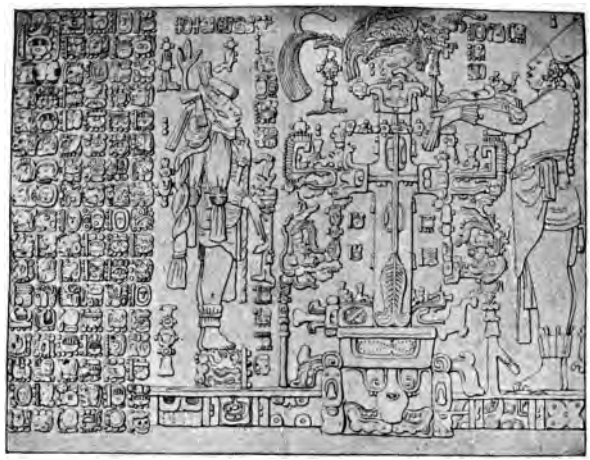
Pachuca is reached by a branch of the Mexican Central Railway from Tula and direct from the city; by the Hidalgo division of the National and by branches of both the Hidalgo and Mexican Railways, distant from the City 84 miles.

Palenque. Pal-en'-ke Buried in the forests of Chiapas, under the tangles of growing vines and fallen trees, half hidden by the mold of centuries, are the ruins of a prehistoric city that, what little of it the world knows of at all it calls Palenque—named not for anything that may be known of its origin, its appellation is equally as mysterious. In 1750 some Spaniards wandering in the interior of the south of Mexico came accidentally upon the remains of an ancient city of some eighteen to twenty miles in extent, or, it is more probable, the natives led them into this almost impenetrable forest to show them the *casas de piedras*, "houses of stone." Prior to this time and event the existence of such a city was unknown; there was no tradition and no book ever made mention of these ruins, doubtless older than Herculanæum and more extensive than Karnak. In 1787 an exploration of the ruins was made under Captain Antonio del Rio at the command of the King of Spain. The report of Captain del Rio was delayed by revolutions and went by way of Guatemala to London, but were not published till 1822. Another expedition under order of Charles IV. of Spain was made by Captain Dupaix in 1807, but his report was not published until 1834. Previous to 1831 Colonel Golindo made an expedition to Palenque, an account of which was published in the Literary Gazette of that year. After that a Mr. Waldeck made an exploration under authority from Mexico. In 1839 John L. Stephens, on his return from Guatemala, made a reconnoissance into the forests of Chiapas and spent some time within the walls of the ancient temples and published some interesting chapters in his "Incidents of Travel," which were handsomely illustrated by an English artist of note—Catherwood. Since then Charnay and other noted explorers have visited Palenque and all without exception agree to its wonders and the prehistoric origin, and Stephens says that if a like discovery had been made at that time in Italy, Greece, Egypt or Asia within reach of European travel, it would have created an interest not inferior to the discovery of Herculanæum or Pompeii or the Ruins of Pæstum. Mr. Stephens' account is enchantingly interesting and covers some 200 pages of his book—though he relates all the incidents of his travels; for instance, telling of his having heard the Spaniards tell of a very peculiar beetle found in the forests of Palenque that emitted light from their bodies sufficient to guide travelers in the paths at night, and that he found the story was partially true; he found the beetles crawling on the walls of the Ruins, and the light from four of them cast a glow several yards around, and by the light of one beetle he could read.

As to the extent of the Ruins, Stephens says that the natives aver that they cover a space of sixty miles and that some writers have said that the ancient city was ten times larger than New York and three times the size of London—but he says also that the natives know nothing about it and strangers less, because the surface of the earth is covered by an impenetrable forest, compared to which our wildest woodlands is an open field, and that one might pass within a hundred feet of the greatest of the temples and not find it; consequently the extent is unknown to any one as no exploration has ever been made. But there are walls and temples, towers and altars, on the verge of that forest to indicate the place of a great city. The remote antiquity of the Ruins is unquestioned. The Padres point to the cross in the tablets as an argument that the builders were Christians and that the city was founded in the third century—while Dupaix places the date long before the Christian era—but it is all the merest guesswork; certainly it was a ruined city uninhabited when Cortez marched within thirty miles of it on his way south and did not stop, for he did not know it was there; if it had been inhabited he would have heard of it and turned aside to subdue its people.

The greatest of the temples discovered is vulgarly called "the palace." It

is on a pyramid nearly 50 feet high, with a base of 300 by 250 feet. The walls of "the palace" are cut by fourteen arched doorways eight feet apart, ten feet wide, running up to pointed archways; within the walls are a number of courts, the largest of which is nearly a hundred feet square. The floors are covered with a plaster and the wall covered with stucco molded or carved into curious figures and hieroglyphics. From these floors staircases lead to towers that are yet thirty to fifty feet high, and in the olden times must have been much higher. There are scores of these temples, but there is not space to even enumerate. Stephens mentions in his writings two tablets that were in a house in the village and his artist, Mr. Catherwood, made drawings of them; these are noted in a very interesting work on the topography and resources of the State of Chiapas by Señor Don Ramon Rabasa and the descriptions of the two writers are identical, although the first was written sixty years before the second, which is as follows: "In the facade of the building on either side of the entrance is a strange figure—one has a headdress of leaves and flowers and has a trumpet from which exudes flames and smoke—from the shoulders hangs a tiger skin, adorned with a snake, a bird and other devices with bracelets on the arms and feet. The other figure has a complicated adornment of the head composed of plumes, with the sacred bird, el gavilán, the sparrow hawk holding a fish in its beak. The other adornments are a tiger's head and a grotesque figure with other gravings. Over both figures are various hieroglyphics." I give the description of Señor Rabasa and the illustration of Mr. Catherwood in Stephens' book.



THE PALENQUE CROSS.

The Ruins are three leagues from the village of Santo Domingo del Palenque, reached by horseback from El Salto and by boat from Frontera to El Salto, or via the Usumacinto River to Monte Cristo, thence by horse; in either case the trip is not a hard one for the average venturesome traveler, who will be amply repaid for whatever discomfort there may be in the journey. The population of Santo Domingo del Palenque is 1,347.

Parras. A very pretty little city in the heart of the vineyard district of Par'-ras northern Mexico—a typical Mexican town, with its plaza and alameda shaded by great trees, its churches with rounded domes above them gleaming white in the bright sunshine. The wines of Parras are noted for their purity and flavor. Parras is on the Coahuila & Pacific division of the Mexican Central Railway, ninety-nine miles from Saltillo and ninety-two from Torreon. Population, 6,476. Altitude, 5,032.

Patzcuaro. Patz'-qua-ro

If ever you should come to Patzcuaro and see its quaint and curious streets, narrow and crooked, with shrines and saints set in the walls at every zig-zag corner; with its tree-covered plaza, where, on the market night, the fishwomen sit beside little oil-wood fires and the native comes to buy fish, and the copper and earthen pots to cook them in;—if you should ever come to Patzcuaro, make the climb to Los Balcones and look out over the valley, with its scores of towns, and the lake, with its islands rising out of the clear waters in cone-like peaks, you will say that the ancient Tarascan kings were correct when they called the city "Patzcuaro," "place of pleasure."

Between the station and the town is about a league, over a winding road, hard beaten with much travel up and down the long steep hill. The mode of transportation is the diligencia of the old Mexican type, and its creaking leathers only quicken the anticipation, but not the pace of the mules. The wayfarers met or overtaken, and one meets more than are overtaken, are on foot or on the backs of burros, taking the product of the field or the yield of the lake from the valley to the markets of the town, or returning with the proceeds and purchases, so that the speed—speed is not exactly the word here—of the coach is not objected to; and the view gradually grows by inches, as it were, till the ride is one of the pleasures of Patzcuaro.

A MEXICAN SAW-MILL.

When one comes to the top of the hill there is not time to enjoy the panorama spread out in the valley where the lake is, and then there is so much right at the wheels that is new and novel to claim attention. The mules, finding the pulling easier than on the incline of the hill, trot along at a brisker rate and are soon at the hotel—not a pleasing prospect from the façade, but the patio with its flowers and the gallery all around are reassuring; the rooms are not so inviting, but the clean newly-made-up beds are satisfying, so that it does not matter if there are no carpets and only a tiled floor, one is only to stay there when one can go nowhere else, and while one does stay there, it is to sleep—to sleep, perhaps to dream of castles in Spain, and wake to find a no less pleasing reality in a beautiful land, whose civilization is older and whose ruins and legends as interesting.

The plaza of Patzcuaro is a pretty one, and in the center of it is a beautiful pagoda, where the band plays in the evening. Over the flowers and fountains, which bloom and play from January to January, are the grandest of grand old

trees that may have sheltered the Tarascan potentates when they came to this place of pleasure, and the same perennial verdure is there in the leaves.

A market night in Patzcuaro is such as could be nowhere else in the world. Scores and scores of little fires light the scene. By each fire sits a woman, a man or a boy, with their wares around them; the fruits, vegetables and fish are in little stacks on mats on the ground. Everything is sold at so much per stack in a Mexican market, and if you don't like the size of it, you can go where the stacks are larger, or the prices smaller; some sell fish, others fruit of every kind that ripens under a tropic sun; the stock in trade of another is peppers and potatoes, tomatoes and tamales; another offers earthen vessels and some of copper, for household uses, and there are flowers in abundance at almost every stand—or, more properly, at every sitting, as the venders all sit on the ground surrounded by their stock in trade.

The portales—columned archways—extend over the sidewalk on the four sides of the plaza in front of the stores where they sell zerapes and rebosos.

A delightful morning walk is through some narrow, crooked streets where, in the niches in the walls along, are the fourteen stations of the Cross in the street that leads to the Hill and Church of Calvary.

ON LAKE PATZCUARO, THE VOYAGE TO TZINTZUNTZAN.

Los Balcones is a stone parapet or balcony in front of the Church of El Calvario, where there are several stone benches on the edge of a precipice, a thousand feet above the plain where the lake is. When the sun is just peeping over the eastern peaks of the distant Sierras, tingeing the sky from blue to gold and putting on a mellow light, it is the very prettiest picture. The valley and the lake spread out, with the forty-three towns of the plain, and the islands rising from the blue waters of the lake like the peaked and castled ones in Como, in Italy, makes a picture of surpassing beauty and fascination.

The plaza, in the morning, is not so weirdly picturesque as when the oil-wood fire-light blazed flickeringly, but as fascinating. The old churches, with their crude, quaint pictures and their relics and offerings are to be looked over, and another visit to Los Balcones is to be made to see the setting of the sun that was so bright in its rising. After an early breakfast of the most luscious fruits and the delicious coffee from the plantations of Uruápam near by, and some fish fresh from the lake, it is time to start for Tzintzuntzan. Canoes should be arranged for and they will be waiting—curious canoes, long and wide, with high projecting prow and stern, hewn from great trees, each one a solid piece. The oarsmen are Indians, with ladle-looking paddles with long handles, which are industriously plied, and you are soon on your way up the lake.

The slow progress could not be monotonous on Lake Patzcuaro; there is that to see here that could not be seen anywhere else. The islands look like the peaks of submerged mountains with just the tops above the water. On the steep sides are some quaint little houses, and rising above the trees, almost at the top, gleams the white tower of a church, whose little bell sends forth a sonorous peal over the water. The picture is a pretty one, and has its double, as distinctly outlined as the original, in the marvelously clear water, and every single canoe is two, coming together at the keel, as the reflection makes it look. The fishermen are busy everywhere; their canoes dot the lake for miles around. They are long, flat-bottomed boats, with a piece of cotton cloth stretched on hoops for a shelter, not unlike the cover of a country wagon. The fishermen stand in the bow with a long pole, which has a net on the end. This is dipped in the water at random, and with more or less success. The canoes hug the eastern shore, and it is not a long row—not more than three hours—to Tzintzuntzan, where the famous Titian is. Tzintzuntzan was once a great city, and the capital of the Tarascan kings; now, only a straggling village, with a group of ruined churches. Your carefully studied salutation in Spanish, a handful of cigars and a bottle of wine, will make the padre and you the best of friends. He will know, even before you ask him, that you want to see the picture, and will open the high arched door of carved wood which leads to a patio or open court. A surpliced Indian boy brings a lighted candle. The padre leads the way, and a wondering little procession follows through a dark corridor that leads up to another massive door, barred and chained and padlocked.

THE TITIAN AT TZINTZUNTZAN.

You are back in ancient feudal days, in some old castle opened to you. The clanking chains and rusty, creaking hinges are on your prison doors; but the boy holds the tallow dip high, and shows the padre's kindly face. You are only at Tzintzuntzan, in search of a Titian.

The door opens into an inner room as dark as night. The padre unfastens a grated window and a flood of golden sunlight comes through and falls full upon the picture.

Such coloring, such composition, such feeling, could only come from a masterhand. Whose? Tradition says Titian, and presented by Philip II. of Spain. Eminent men, authors and artists agree. The padre closes the window and the door, locks and chains them again; the boy holds up his flickering torch, and you go out, leaving the padre and his treasures as a dream too unreal to be true. An effort has been made to buy the painting, and $50,000 was offered by the Bishop of Mexico, but the faithful, devoted Indians refuse, and the price that bought the "Angelus" would be no temptation. Yet the "Entombment" is some hundreds of years older, is the work of an old master,

and is big enough (the figures are all life size) to make a hundred of the "Angelus;" and yet its price would not buy it, the Indians refusing absolutely to allow the picture to be taken away.

In the Casa Municipal of the village is a painting of the Calzontzin Sinzicha receiving Christianity. Some attempts at excavating were made in 1855, but the Indians were superstitious and quietly filled up the trenches as fast as they were dug.

The See of Michoacan was removed from Tzintzuntzan to Patzcuaro, and building of a great Cathedral was commenced, under a bull of Pope Julian III., published July 8, 1550. But only a part of the church was finished, since the See was removed again to Morelia, and it is now used as the parish church. It will hold 3,000 people. The bones of the good Bishop Quiroga, in wrappings of silk, are preserved in the church, on the left of the main entrance. Here also is an image of Nuestra Señora de la Salud, dedicated by Bishop Quiroga. Connected with this church there was, in ancient days, a very rich nunnery. There is an altar over the spring which supplies the city with the water which gushed forth from the rock struck by the staff of Bishop Quiroga. The staff is also shown in the Cathedral at Morelia. The Church of San Agustin was established in 1576, San Juan de Dios in 1650. The other churches are San Francisco and Guadalupe. About a mile eastward of Patzcuaro is the chapel of Humilladero, erected on the spot where the Indians received the Spaniards with overtures of peace, which were hardly reciprocated by them.

Of the islands of Lake Patzcuaro there are three, Xanicho, Xarácuaro and Pacanda, that are populated by a community of fishermen. Xanicho is the largest, with a population of 1,200, and a quaint little church, Geronimo, and a school for boys and girls.

Near Tzintzuntzan is the little town of Iguatzio, where there is a pyramid, from which idols, ornaments and arms have been taken, and under which are subterranean passages, with supports of timber, which tradition says communicated with those of Tzintzuntzan, discovered in 1855. These and the paved road were in existence when the Spaniards came.

The cruel acts of Niño de Guzman greatly retarded the peaceful work of the emissaries of Cortéz, Guzman's cruelties culminating in the burning of the Calzontzin Sinzicha to extort the secret of supposed treasure. After the recall of Guzman to Spain came Vasco de Quiroga, a lawyer, afterwards the good bishop, who did much to repair the cruel doings, and through him came about the good works of peace, and the frightened people returned to their homes and were taught to make copper ware and to work in other metals, as well as the other arts of peace. The good effect of his teachings are felt in this region to this day, and his name is much venerated. He died at Uruápam in 1565, March 14, at the age of 96 years.

The old city of Michoacan, which included Tzintzuntzan and Patzcuaro, was founded February 28, 1534, by a Royal Order of Charles V., but the seat of the See was finally to be at Morelia, where it now is.

Patzcuaro is on the western division of the Mexican National Railroad, in the State of Michoacan, 274 miles from the City of Mexico. Street cars from the station to the Plaza.

Puebla. Poo-eb'-lah

It is called the City of the Angels, but Puebla is a city of tiles. Tiles are used everywhere, from the domes of the many churches of the valley to their walls and floors; glazed tiles of many colors adorn the exterior and interior walls of residences, and in varied hues on the towers they glisten in the sun. One house in the Calle de Mercaderes has its façade entirely of tiles; and in the Church of Nuestra Señora de la Luz, and the old convent of Santa Rosa, now an insane asylum, are some very beautiful mosaics of tiles.

Looking down from the surrounding hills, or in the approach across the plain, the tiled towers present a picturesque effect.

The history of Puebla is romantic, and full of legends. The original name of the city was Puebla de los Angeles, from the vision that led to its founding on this site, or, rather, two visions. One legend goes on to tell of the marshalling, in mighty hosts, of the angels above the place where the city now stands. The other story is, that the good Fray Julian Garces, desirous of founding a halting-place between the coast and the capital, set about to find a site for his city, and one night, as he rested from his labors, he dreamed a dream, and in it saw a beautiful plain, on the slope of the great volcanoes, with two little hills about a league between; there were springs in the plain, and two rivers of abundant waters, with living trees and flowers. While he looked upon this, two angels appeared, with rod and chain, and measured streets and squares. After this remarkable dream, the Bishop awoke and immediately set out. Guided by the same power that showed the vision, says the chronicler, he soon came to the plain of his dream, saying, "Here hath the Lord, through his angels, shown me the site of the city, and to His glory it shall be made." And thus came the name Puebla de los Angeles. But more substantial history relates that some fifty families of Spaniards, from Tlaxcala, came to this valley, and, on the 16th of April, 1532, commenced the building of houses of the city that for more than three hundred and fifty years has borne the name derived from the vision, till it was officially changed to Puebla Zaragoza, in honor of the hero of the battle of the 5th of May, 1862.

AT PUEBLA.

Puebla has seen much of the vicissitudes of war, and, next to the capital, has suffered most. It was captured by Iturbide, August 2, 1821; occupied by General Scott, May 25, 1847; was the scene of Zaragoza's victory, May 5, 1862; recaptured by the French on the 17th of May, 1863, and in turn taken from them four years later, April 2, 1867, by General Porfirio Diaz.

Northeast of the city, within the suburbs, is the hill and fort of Guadalupe, named for the church that was there in the earlier days. Here was the battle ground of the 5th of May, 1862, when General Zaragoza, with 2,000 men, repulsed the 6,000 French soldiers, under de Lorencez; the French re-occupied the city in 1863, but in 1867, April 2, General Porfirio Diaz recaptured the forts and made prisoners the entire French garrison of Puebla. The ruins of the church were used for fortifications, and, with the stone, the fort was built, though the church was not completely demolished. The crypt was used as a magazine, and the other parts put to baser uses. On a slightly lower hill, called Loreto, about half a mile north, is the fort of Cinco de Mayo, and within its walls the little chapel of Loreto. The view from the hill of Guadalupe is one of extreme beauty.

The city is spread out on the plain in the foreground. To the westward the great volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl; to the north is the mighty Malintzi, and to the east old Orizaba; the lesser hills are Tecolote on the left, and the Cerro del Conde; to the right Amaluca, near by the hill and fort of Loreto; to the left, the Cerro San Juan, with its arched hacienda, and beyond it the Pyramid of Cholula. There are churches, churches, everywhere, and in all directions, with their walls and domes of all the colors; San Agustin

IN THE CATHEDRAL, PUEBLA.

is white; San José, red; Santo Domingo, white; Concepcion, brown; Santa Teresa, yellow; San Cristóbal, red; Carmen, yellow; San Angel de Analco, red; Compañia, blue; Soledad, white; San Francisco, grey; while towering

above all is the brownish-grey of the Cathedral, and, far away, the white towers of Los Remedios, on the top of Cholula's pyramid. There is not a picture like it in many days' travel, and there may not be in all the world.

It is not a long walk to this hill of Guadalupe, a trifle tiresome, but very pleasant, if you take your time. The way is through the Plazuela de San Francisco, out by the old Plaza de Toros, across the stone bridge over the Atoyac, through the little paseo, and by the group of churches of Calvario San Juan del Rio and Piadosas, and over the old causeway where marched the processions in olden times; this is the way to Guadalupe.

The streets of Puebla are wide, as streets go in Mexico, and are wonderfully clean, sloping from curb to center, where, in some of them, are running streams, while others are flooded for sanitary purposes. The parks and plazas are pretty, indeed, with their trees, and flowers and fountains. The markets are more metropolitan than Mexican, though many curious articles are offered in the stalls. Mats and baskets of colored straw, the crude crockery of Puebla manufacture, clay figures and Indian carvings of onyx. The buildings are more pretentious than in the average city of the country, though built in purely Mexican style. They are two and three stories high. There are two theatres and two bull-rings, and the bull-fights of Puebla are notable for their excellence, if that word may be used in connection with the sport.

The public buildings are not so ambitious as might be expected in so fine a city. The legislative sessions are in the old Alhóndiga, on the Plaza Mayor, and the Courts are in the old Colegio de San Pantaleon; the penitentiary is one of the finest in the land. There is a State College, with libraries of nearly 40,000 volumes; a Normal School, and other educational institutions, and an Academy of Fine Arts; also, several hospitals.

The Cathedral of Puebla rivals the great Cathedral of the City of Mexico, and, except in point of size, is regarded by many as the finer church. Bishop Zumárraga laid the corner stone of the first church, in 1532, and of the first Cathedral in 1536, but the present building was not begun until a hundred years later; it was consecrated April 18, 1649. The location is on a stone terrace to the south of the Plaza Mayor. The church is surrounded by an iron railing, placed in 1886-87. This, with a monument, is in memory of Pius IX. Between the two tall towers of the west front is the main doorway, with the date above, 1664, marking the completion of this portion of the building. The building is

323 feet long and 101 feet wide, with a height on the inside of more than eighty feet, the whole surmounted by a splendid dome. The old tower, which alone cost $100,000, contains eighteen bells, the largest of which weighs nearly 20,000 pounds. The great choir, built of stone, is in the center of the nave, inclosed in wrought-iron gratings, made in 1697. The carvings of the organ are superb, in native woods, as are the doors of the entrance-ways. The work of Pedro Muños, begun in 1719 and completed 24th of August, 1722. To the left of the altar and between it and the choir is the pulpit, carved from Puebla onyx. The intricate marquetry work is a revelation. On the door that leads to the Bishop's seat is an inlaid picture of St. Peter, and in the shrine above is preserved a thorn from the crown of Christ. The interior of the Cathedral was repaired in 1887 by a native of Cholula, Señor Leandro Tello. The high altar was commenced in 1789, and completed in 1819, at a cost of $110,000. It is constructed of every conceivable marble of Mexico, and the exquisite onyx of Puebla, the work of a native artist, Manuel Tolsa. Beneath the

altar is the tomb of the Bishops, this also laid in beautiful slabs of onyx. The chapels are the Capilla de los Reyes, with a shrine and image of Nuestra Señora de la Difensa, to whom is attributed many miracles; the Capilla de San José contains a fine figure of that saint, and an ivory crucifix, a present to Bishop Vasquez by Gregory XVI.; the Bishop's tomb is in front of the chapel. The Capilla de los Relicários has an altar of richly carved wood, and a silver urn, containing the ashes of San Sebastian de Aparicio, also the busts of other saints, with relics of their bones carried, under glass, on their breasts. Here are scores of boxes, containing relics innumerable.

In the sacristy are many pictures, set in golden, carved frames; the tables have slabs of richest onyx, and the vestment chests are handsomely carved.

Among the portraits in the Cathedral are those of the various Bishops of Puebla, of Gregory XVIII., Charles V., Fray Julian Garcés, first bishop of Puebla, Leo X.; in the sacristy are some rich tapestries of Flanders, presented by Charles V. Among the other pictures are the Fourteen Stations of the Cross, the Holy Sacrament, the Assumption, the Apparition of Nuestra Señora de la Merced to San Raymundo de Peñafort, a Virgin and Child, by Ibarra, a Dolores de Acazingo, the Triumph of Mary, and a Last Supper, with many others.

The parish church adjoins the Cathedral, where there are other fine pictures, and a picture by Zendejas when he was over ninety years old; also a beautiful baptismal font of onyx.

The Church of San Francisco is next to the Cathedral in point of interest and beauty. Founded in 1532, on the hill above the Atoyac, the present church was begun in 1667. The very high tower is built of a bluish-grey stone, beautifully carved, and laid in panels of tiles. The old convent of this church is now used as a military hospital. The flat arched roof, the story says, was not trusted by the architect; he feared to remove the supporting timbers, and left it to the priests to do. They were afraid to send laborers to take them out, and it was concluded to burn them out. It was done; the arch remained intact, and is to-day, after more than two hundred years. In this church is a little image, carved in wood, of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios, called La Conquistadora. It is only about eight inches high, with a little child in its arms. This was presented by Cortéz to Axotecatl Cocomitzin, the Tlaxcalan chief, in token of his friendship.

Here also is the chapel of San Sebastian de Aparicio, who first introduced wheeled carts and oxen into Mexico, and who drove an ox-cart between Vera Cruz and the city, and later, in 1542, on the roads north to Zacatecas. The Fray's bones were formerly kept in this chapel, until they were removed to the Cathedral, where they now are, in the Capilla de los Relicarios. The image on the high altar is that of San Antonio de la Torre holding the child Jesus. In the sacristy are the portraits of the twelve Franciscans known as the "Twelve Apostles" of Mexico; here also a Holy Sepulchre, a Last Supper and other paintings of more or less merit. There is a most interesting old panteon in connection with the church.

La Compañia was founded April 15, 1587; the present church completed in 1690. There are two towers and a tiled dome. There is a fine figure of San Ygnacio Loyola, some good carvings and paintings of unusual merit; among the pictures is the Triumph of Mary, by José Carnero, and a Descent from the Cross. The altar pictures are by Villalobos.

San Cristóbal was founded more than three hundred years ago. The pulpit is of onyx. This is one of the few Mexican churches with seats, with the unusual feature, also, of having separate seats for men and women.

Of the other churches, San Antonio contains a relic of the skin of one of

the saints; Nuestra Señora de la Luz is particularly noted for its beautiful tile work; Santa Clara, noted for its fine arches, possesses a thorn from the crown of Christ; San José is the saint who protects Puebla from the lightning, an image of whom is in his church, carved from a tree destroyed by lightning; La Soledad is one of the finest of the forty-six churches of Puebla, but to write their history, or even record their legends, would make many volumes.

From the brilliant victory of the fifth of May, the name of the hero of that day was added and the city is now officially known as Puebla de Zaragoza. Reached from the City of Mexico via the Mexican Railway and via the Interoceanic, via these lines also from Vera Cruz. Time from the

PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

capital about three hours, from Vera Cruz twelve. The Mexican Southern Railway extends from Puebla to Oaxaca.

The Pyramid of Cholula. The date of the building of the Pyramid Cho-loo'-la of Cholula is unknown. Even before the Aztecs came to the plain of Cholula, the great pyramid was there in the midst, and the people told them the legend of it, that it was built by a race of giants descended from the two survivors of a great deluge that overspread the land, and whose intent it was to raise its heights to heaven, but they incurred the displeasure of the gods, who sent forth fires and destroyed them. This indeed is the story that is coincident with the Chaldean and Hebrew accounts of the Deluge and the Tower of Babel, of which there is so much in the traditions of these people that is similar to the tales of the Bible. On the summit stood the sumptuous temple of the mystic deity, Quetzalcoatl, the

"god of the air," whose image was there, under its pinnacled towers, as the chronicler says, with ebon features, wearing a mitre on his head, waving with plumes of fire; a resplendent collar of gold was about the neck; pendants of mosaic turquoise in his ears; a jeweled scepter in one hand, and a curiously painted shield, emblem of his reign over the winds, in the other. Cholula was, in those ancient days, what Rome is to-day. Pilgrims came from hundreds of miles—as do the Mohammedans to Mecca—to bow down before the temple of Quetzalcoatl, in the holy city of Anahuac. Cortéz declared that he counted four hundred towers in the city of Cholula, yet no temple had more than two, and some only one. High above the rest rose the great temple on the pyramid, with its never-dying fires spreading their radiance over the capital, proclaiming the return of the deity to resume his rule over the land. Such was the pyramid and city as the Spaniards saw it at their coming, and the people they found there could tell little else of its history than is written here. The temple was thrown down promptly as was the custom of the conquerors, and a Christian church placed in its stead, that stands to this day.

The pyramid has the appearance of a natural hill, as its sides are overgrown with trees and bushes, which is but an evidence of its great antiquity, as the interior is composed of alternate layers of sun-dried brick, clay and limestone. The height is 177 feet above the plain. The four sides face the cardinal points, and are laid in terraces that now are overgrown with shrubs and trees. The base lines are more than a thousand feet on each side, or twice as long as the great Cheops; or, to give a better idea of its size, is to say that it covers twenty acres of the plain. A paved road leads up the steep west side, with steps of hewn stone, to the arch and cross of the entrance-way to the Church of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios, on the very top. From the balconies the view of the valley and surrounding mountains, the many churches, with their glazed tile towers, and the towns and villages of the plain, is superb. There are two other pyramids or "mounds," as Bandelier prefers to call them, the Cerro de Acozac and the Cerro de la Cruz. Acozac, about 1,300 feet southwest of the great pyramid, is forty-nine feet high with base lines of fifty-five to 150 feet. The sides are vertical and a ladder is necessary for the ascent. The Cerro de la Cruz is about 350 feet west of the Pyramid itself; it is forty-four feet high and has a base of 1,230 feet in circumference and 460 feet at the top. Both these "cerros" are of adobe bricks. On the Cerro de la Cruz tradition says that Cortéz caused the first mass to be said in 1519. On the plains round about are numerous other cerros, or cerritos, as they are much smaller.

The town of Cholula has dwindled, from the great capital of a mighty nation, to less than 5,000 people. The market place, "Tianquiz," is still called by its ancient name. Near the plaza is the ruins of an abandoned monastery of San Francisco, founded in 1529. The church on this spot, called San Gabriel, was founded in 1604; it has a very handsome altar of expensive adornment. Near by and adjoining the walls, is the Royal Chapel and Tercer Orden, whose roof of domes is supported by sixty-four round columns. This church was built in 1608, for overflow meetings. There are twenty-seven other churches in Cholula, and from the pyramid the towers of thirty more can be counted on the plains near by.

The ride on the street cars across the Atoyac Valley, from Puebla to Cholula, is a delightful one. The track runs along the highway, between it and an arched aqueduct. The hacienda of San Juan is the stone building on the crest of a hill to the left, carried by assault in one of the numerous battles around Puebla. The way is across a stone bridge, with arched en-

trances, over the Atoyac River, passing churches and haciendas in numbers, on both sides, with something to interest in every one of the eight miles.

Querétaro. Kay-ret'-aro Querétaro occupies a prominent place in Mexico's history. It was an Otomite town before the Spaniards came, and was made a city as early as 1655, by a decree of Philip IV, of Spain. Nearly every Mexican town has its legend; that of Querétaro is, that an Otomite chief, Fernando de Tapia by name, undertook to Christianize the town by fighting, which seems to have been the earlier method. He came from Xilotepec and Tula, to challenge the people of Querétaro to what might be called

SANTA ROSA, QUERETARO.

a "fair fist and skull" fight, the citizens to be baptized or not as they were beaten or victorious. But it was not to be a fair fight, after all, for while the performance was proceeding, a dark cloud came up, and the blessed Santiago was seen in the heavens with a fiery cross. This ended the fight, the people of Querétaro were baptized, and in commemoration of the miracle, set up a stone cross, on a site now occupied by the church of Santa Cruz, which is shown above the high altar in proof of the legend.

As in the case of many Mexican towns, this one derives its name from an Indian word meaning a game of ball, or from "querénda," a rocky peak.

Querétaro was the place of the ratification of the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico, in 1848, and figured, more or less, in the later

wars and revolutions, till the town is full of warlike reminiscence. Maximilian's last stand was made here, and his surrender on the morning of the 15th of May, 1867. Maximilian had his headquarters in the old convent of La Cruz, and had arranged to attempt an escape on the night of the 14th of May, but before the plans could be carried out the Republican soldiers effected an entrance through the stone walls of the orchard back of the convent and surprised the bodyguard. The Emperor with his staff escaped from the convent, passed through the city to the Cerro de las Campanas, where he was captured and brought back to La Cruz, but in a few days removed to the convent of the Capuchinas, where he remained till his death.

The story of "poor Carlotta" is one of the saddest, and had its saddest feature at Querétaro, where her beloved, but unfortunate, husband met his death. Maximilian was executed on the Cerro de las Campanas, just in the western limits of the city, June 19, 1867, and with him the Generals, Miramon and Mejia. The place of execution is marked by a beautiful chapel. The two generals fell at the first volley, but it required a second firing before the Emperor was dead. He had requested that he might be shot in the body, that his mother might look on his face. He had been led to believe that his wife was dead, a story of consolation in pity given, to which he replied, "one tie less to bind me to earth."

The body was taken to an old convent of the Capuchins, but subsequently to Austria and buried at Miramar. A martyr cruelly betrayed by the French Emperor, and seemingly by all the world except a devoted wife, who pleaded for succor in vain to him and to the Pope of Rome. The Government of the United States protested against the execution, although an imperial power on this continent is inimical to its doctrines, but the protest was unheeded. The Princess Salm-Salm, remembered in our own war times, rode 160 miles to San Luis Potosí, and on her knees begged President Juarez to spare the captive, but all unavailing, and Maximilian died a martyr to a political principle.

Mendez was the first of the generals to be executed. On the 19th of May he was placed near the wall of the Plaza de Toros and shot.

The court-martial was convened in the Iturbide Theatre, June 14, 1867, at 10:00 a. m., and at 10:co p. m. on the 15th the sentence of death was pronounced, and at once approved by General Escobedo, who ordered the execution to take place the next day, but a telegram from Juarez, at San Luis Potosí, postponed the execution till the 19th.

The trial was based on the law of January 25th, 1862, which provided for the execution on the spot of capture of all caught bearing arms against the government—a trial that in this case could have but one verdict. Maximilian was ill and did not attend the trial. Maximilian, at the instance of Bazaine, had promulgated a similar law October 3d, 1865, that was even more cruel.

The morning of the execution dawned bright and beautiful so that Maximilian remarked, "I always wished to die on such a day." With Father Soria the Emperor left the convent at 6 a. m. in a carriage and was driven to the Cerro, Mejia and Miramon following in other carriages. Arrived at the hill the prisoners were placed against a low wall of adobe erected for the purpose. Maximilian was expected to occupy the center, but he stepped to the right and placed Miramon in the center saying: "A brave soldier must be honored by his monarch even in his last hour; therefore permit me to give you the place of honor." An officer and seven men stood only a few yards away. The Emperor went to them, took each soldier by the hands, gave each a piece of gold, saying: "Muchachos! (boys) Aim well, aim right here," point-

ing to his heart. Then stepping back to his place in the line addressed the soldiers, hoping that his blood might be the last to be shed. Then came the command to fire. Maximilian shouted: "Viva Independencia! Viva Mexico." Miramon said: "Viva Mexico! Viva el emperador!" and Mejia gave utterance to the same cries, the guns were fired and the empire was dead.

The convent of the Capuchins is now a dwelling. The chapel on the Hill of the Bells, erected in 1889, replaced the three crosses that marked the spot where the ill-fated emperor and his generals stood to receive the fire of their executioners—the exact position of each is shown by tablets in the pavement of the chapel.

The Chapel was erected, under permission of President Diaz, by the friends and admirers of Maximilian, approved by the House of Hapsburg. Diplomatic relations between Mexico and Austria were resumed soon after the dedication of the chapel.

CONVENT OF LA CRUZ, QUERÉTARO, MAXIMILIAN'S HEADQUARTERS.

The Cathedral, formerly the Church of San Franciscó, built in 1698, has some very beautiful decorations in sculpture, carvings and paintings. Near by is the Chapel of San Loreto. Santa Clara, founded by a rich Indian, the Cacique Diego de Tapia, son of the introductor of Christianity in the town in 1633, San Felipe, Santo Domingo, San Antonio, San Agustin, Carmen, Merced, Santa Teresa, Santa Rosa, and Santa Cruz, containing the stone cross that was set up and worshiped by the Indians, on their conversion on the day of Santiago, nearly 300 years ago, are among the many churches, whose towers are seen from the cars. At the village of San Francisco is the church, or rather shrine, of Nuestra Señora del Pueblito, containing a curious image of the Virgin, which at intervals weeps and sometimes assumes a countenance anything but pleasant, much to the disquiet of the Indians, and

who, for the time being, are put on their good behavior, at least till the clouds roll by.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner says of the church of Santa Rosa at Querétaro: "One of the finest chapels in the world, it is at any rate unique. I know of no church in the world so rich in wood carving. It is overlaid with thick gold leaf, almost gold plate, and, in some places, the gold is overlaid with transparent tortoise shell. The great altar piece, which is said to have been the richest part of the chapel, was wantonly destroyed by the French when they occupied the city. They tore it down and burned it in order to get the gold. I was told in Querétaro that they took gold to the value of a million and a half of dollars. I can readily believe, judging from the thickness of the gold leaf remaining that the sum obtained was immense. In the sacristy covering one end of the wall is a painting that would attract admiration anywhere. In the central space is an altogether lovely figure of Santa Rosa. In form and color the compositions would do no discredit to Murillo." The church is the work of the great Tresguerras of Celaya.

CONVENT OF CAPUCHINAS, MAXIMILIAN'S PRISON, QUERÉTARO.

The old convent of San Agustin is now the Federal Building, containing postoffice, telegraph and other federal offices. The uplifted hands of the figures between the arches of the upper gallery show all the signs of the deaf and dumb alphabet. In the Jardin de la Independencia is a fine statue of Señor Marqués de la Villa del Villar del Aguíla, Don Juan Antonio de Urrútia y Arana, who contributed $88,287 of the $131,091 that it cost to build the magnificent aqueduct that supplies the city with water. The aqueduct was commenced in 1720 and finished in 1735. The first stone of the fountain and statue of the Marques was laid in 1843; partly destroyed by a cannon ball in the siege of 1867, the work was completed in 1892.

In the Jardin Zenea, which is the main plaza, is a delightful little forest of trees and flowers with its statue of Neptune by Tresguerras and a beautiful pagoda where there is music in the evenings.

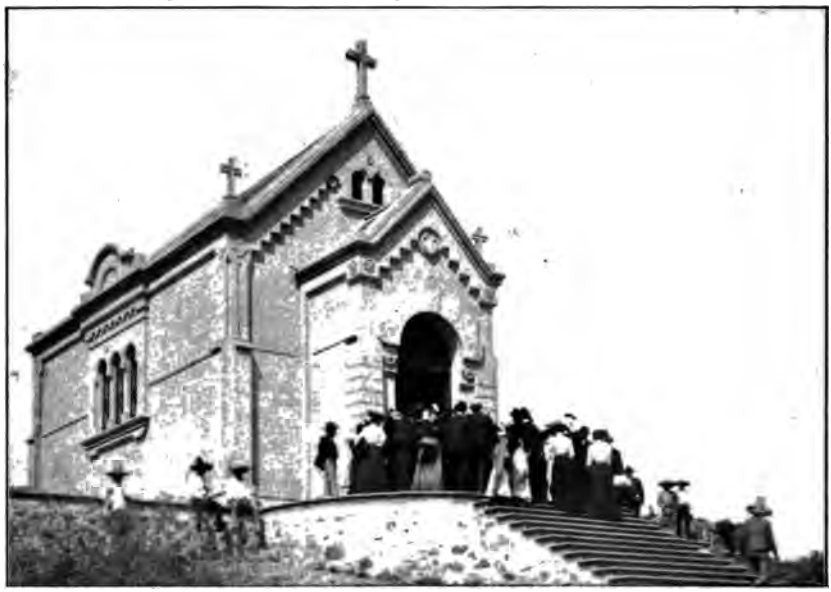
In one of the Calzadas of the Alameda is a column with a statue of Columbus. On the north tablet of the base are inscribed the arms of Querétaro and the memorable dates of the history of the state; on the east are the names of the patriots and on the west the benefactors, and on the other meterological data.

In the Panteon de la Cruz is the handsome mausoleum of the heroine la Señora Corregidora Josefa Ortiz de Dominguez, whose remains were brought

from the City of Mexico and deposited here in 1894, with great pomp and ceremony and now, as one of the orators of the day said, "Querétaro has on the east in the Panteon of La Cruz, the light of liberty in the sarcophagus of Señora Ortiz de Dominguez, and on the west, on the Cerro de las Campanas, the sepulchre of the monarchy."

The City of Querétaro, rejoicing in good government, abounds in educational and charitable institutions among which may be mentioned the civil College, Normal School, Conservatory of Music, Hospicio Vergara, Hospital Civil, School of Arts, Seminario Conciliar, Academy of San Fernando and many primary schools.

The Municipal Palace was in 1810 the house of the Corregidora Dominguez where Señora Josefa, under guise of a literary society, held meetings which were attended by the parties in arranging for the war of Independence; but through the key-hole of the door spies looked and listened; the plans were not frustrated but hastened, as that energetic woman sent word that night to Hidalgo that they were discovered and before another night had passed the patriot priest had spoken the *grito* of Mexican Independence.



CHAPEL ON THE HILL OF THE BELLS.

The State Palace contains the halls of legislature, courts and offices and salons of the Governor; a fine building with a patio surrounded by arched portales, and in the rear a pretty garden. The historical room contains many interesting relics. The lock and key of the house of Señora Ortiz de Dominguez; the coffin of Maximilian; the stools on which Mejia and Miramon sat during the trial; the table on which the death warrants were signed, with the ink-stand and pen; portraits of the chief actors in the country's his-

tory from Hidalgo to Maximilian; battle-flags, pictures, and interesting archives. This collection completed and many other important and interesting works were stimulated by the energy of His Excellency, the Governor, Señor Don Francisco Gonzales de Cosio, during the decade from 1890.

The city of Querétaro lies between the tracks of the Central and the National Rys. A good view of the city may be seen from passing trains. Just after leaving the city, going south, the Central's track passes under; the National's near the aqueduct of the city's water supply, which is nearly five miles long. The tallest arch is nearly a hundred feet high. The water comes from the mountains, over the aqueduct, and is distributed through the city. One of the prettiest is the main Plaza, a very bower of palms and tropical trees; and, by the way, you that have been looking for palm trees all along may see the first at Querétaro. The climate is very delightful. Year in and year out it is one succession of early summer days. Querétaro is the place of opals.

Querétaro is the capital of the State of Querétaro, and is one of the most important cities of Central Mexico, being a distributing point and a manufacturing center. The principal industries are the manufacture of cotton goods, leather and leather wares, and sugar. The Hercules cotton factory is one of the largest in the country; it employs several hundred operatives, taken from the native population. Population of Querétaro, 34,576. Altitude 5,963 feet.

Street cars run from the stations to the plaza, and beyond to the Hercules mills and the suburbs, and the Cañada, a delightful suburban village. Distance from the City of Mexico, 153 miles.

Saltillo. Sal-teel-yo

That picturesque garment, the *zerape,* so much affected by the Mexican, and which does overcoat duty for a large contingent not possessed of the wherewith to buy a *sobre todo* of more modern fashion, had its chief point of manufacture at Saltillo; at least those that have artistic coloring, and whose textile is the most delicately woven, with the softest finish, are native to that city, and to possess one from the hand looms of that city was to own the very best. The zerape of to-day is machine woven, and though some are made by hand, they are not the things of beauty they were in times past, and one of ancient date is really a joy forever. An old Mexican explained to me the difference in colors then and now, and the cause of the change. He said that in the old days the designs of decorative colors were taken from the plumage of the birds and from the flowers of the land, so there were softer tints where natural beauty blended them, than in these modern days, when the untutored eye is caught by the flaring colors of cheap tints and gaudy combinations of the more civilized but less tasteful foreigner, who unwittingly, in the wares he sold the natives, changed the whole school of coloring in the native mind. This applies, not only to the zerapes of Saltillo, but to the pottery of Patzcuaro and Guadalajara.

Saltillo is the capital of the State of Coahuila, which once included all of Texas. The city was founded in 1586, but was not incorporated until 1827. The location is just on the rise of the plateau, and the climate is a delightful one, with only a very few days of cold weather in all the year. All the fruits of the temperate zone, and many of the tropics, are grown. Apples and oranges, pears and bananas, are found in the same gardens that are on either side of the street through which the railroad runs. The short distance from the station to the very pretty plaza may be made by street cars, or carriages, always waiting the arrival of trains. The driver will make a contract, at very low figures, and it may be that there is a lack of elegance in equipment, yet it takes you to the lovely little alameda, to the baths of San Lorenzo or Alta Mira, and to the churches, which we call San Francisco or Car-

men, and brings you safely to the hotel. Water is brought to the city by means of a long aqueduct extending back into the hills.

The battlefield of Buena Vista is about five miles south of Saltillo, hardly worth the while of an excursion, as it may be seen from the windows of the cars. The field is on the east side of the track. This, and the fort on the hill, a relic of the French occupation, is all there is to connect Saltillo with the country's history. Saltillo is on the Mexican National Railroad, 569 miles from the capital, reached also via the Central from Torreon and Paredon.

Salvatierra. Down in the Lerma Valley is one of the prettiest towns in Salva-te'-er'-ra Mexico, and, withal, one of the oldest and most thriving—going on in age to its second century, and possessing extensive cotton and woolen mills. Long ago Salvatierra was a trading point, and its location in the midst of a fertile plain has made it a place of importance.

The tower on the north of the track, seen from the car windows, is that of the Church of Nuestra Señora de las Luces, the parish church, and a very fine one, with handsome decorations and paintings. There are other churches well worth a visit. The Plaza, the Alameda and the markets are all interesting, but the most picturesque is the bridge of stone arches which spans the Rio Lerma, as old, almost, as the city is. It is a picture in itself, with its quaint traffic crossing to and fro, going to town and country with the product of the field and farm, or the results of tienda trades in town. The town was founded in 1643, and named for the then viceroy. The lands were donated by Don Andres Alderete and his wife for the city, for which they received an annuity from the crown of 2,000 pesos. The location of Salvatierra was in the path of marching armies; the city suffered more or less during the various wars, but recovered rapidly, and now the progress of peace is evidenced in all her streets. Salvatierra is in the State of Guanajuato, on the Mexican National Railroad, 197 miles from the City.

San Luis Potosi. There is San Luis and a St. Louis in every coun-San Lu-ese Po-to-see' try, but there is only one San Luis Potosí—only one San Luis of the Treasure—that in Mexico, the capital of the State of that name, and one of the most satisfactory cities in all that country. In the midst of a spreading plain of great fertility, the gardens and groves extend into fields that stretch away to the circling hills, that are rich in mineral deposits of the precious metals, notably those of the rich San Pedro mines, where the annual silver output runs up into the millions. Long before the advent of the Spaniard the mines were known to the natives, and were revealed by a pious Indian, with the hope of advancing the cause of Christianity. A venerable monk called the place by its present name, from its resemblance to the Potosí mines in Peru. Since then the production has been in untold millions down to the present day, when the annual coinage of the mint has been more than $3,000,000.

San Luis was not made a city till about 1666, although a settlement was made there 100 years earlier, so the city has not been one of a mushroom growth; and the advent of the railroad has not been the cause of its prosperity, because this city has been, for a hundred years or more, a great trading center for the eastern, as Guadalajara has been for the western slope. Until the completion of the railways, the means of transportation to the sea was by pack mules across the plains and over the mountains. But now San Luis Potosí has greater facilities and becomes a railroad center, the Mexican National Railroad leading north and south, and the Central westward to the main line and east to the Gulf of Mexico at Tampico. The stations of both roads are near the city's center, adjoining one of the principal plazas—a feature not common in Mexico, nearly all the stations being more or less dis-

tant, but, as at San Luis Potosí also, with street-car connections to the hotels and plazas.

San Luis is noted for the cleanliness of its streets, and the bright fresh look of its houses, which is looked after by the City Fathers. An ordinance prevents the citizens from becoming negligent as to the appearance of their dwellings, and they must be kept in order at all times. It is pleasant to walk through these streets, and through the plazas and plazuelas, of which there are many, with their trees and flowers, fountains and pagodas, where there is music in the evenings, and where the people do congregate. And there's many an open doorway that shows the pretty patios, with their miniature gardens filled with flowers fountains and singing birds, and these

A FOUNTAIN OF SAN LUIS POTOSI.

go to tell that the brightness and freshness of a San Luis Potosí house is not all on the outside. The markets and market places, nearby the hotels, are to be included in the walks about town, and are intensely interesting, as all Mexican markets are. The State Capitol, the Library and Museum, with nearly 100,000 volumes, El Instituto (the State College), the Alhóndiga and the Lonja Mercantil, are the prominent places of the city to be visited, and are all buildings above the average in every way. Street-car rides may be made to Guadalupe and Tequisquiápan, the Baths of La Soledad, to Axcala and Santiago, the cars starting from the main plaza; the fares are from five to twenty-five cents, according to the distance traveled. In the rainy season, as an additional attraction, the street cars carry signs conveying the

information that there is water in the river. Good carriages may be had at the railway stations, or on the plaza, at from fifty cents to a dollar per hour. The churches are more than usually interesting, and are, for the most part, fine examples of the prevailing styles of architecture—are rich in native decorative art, in carvings, paintings and pictures.

The Cathedral, formerly the parish church, is on the Plaza Mayor, a really fine building, with ambitious towers built of stone; the pillars and altars are also of cut stone and the sumptuous decorations, a triumph of art, were made under the direction of Bishop Montes de Oca, 1890-98; the Bishop's Palace, adjoining the Cathedral, is one of the finest in the land; one of the windows opens on to a gallery which overlooks the interior of the great church. The See of San Luis Potosí was not promulgated till 1854, though the first church was founded in 1583.

The two tall towers of red stone seen from the west windows of the cars, just south of the city, are those of the Church of Guadalupe, standing high above the plain and the surrounding trees, and may be seen for miles up and down the road, an imposing landmark, that shows where the city is, long before it can be seen.

In the façade of the church is a fine clock, presented by the King of Spain, in return for the gift of the largest single piece of silver ore ever taken from a mine. The church is well worth a visit, which may best be made by a carriage drive out the Paseo, passing the markets, the fountains, with their scores of quaintly costumed water-carriers, with queer wheelbarrows, carrying from one to three earthen jugs, the barracks and the penitentiary—a somewhat dusty road, but an interesting drive, with much to see.

In the Church of El Carmen are some especially fine paintings, illustrative of the saints—both native and foreign—if saints may be so designated. On the door is written in Spanish the words which say, "who asks here shall receive, who seeks shall find, and who knocks it shall be opened." The other churches are Merced, San Agustin and San Francisco; one never tires of the churches of Mexico, and cannot tire of these.

They are a thrifty people of San Luis Potosí, and the stores and shops attest the fact. Every one has a "this-is-my-busy-day" look; the dealers are intent on business, and the customers, in crowds, drive sharp bargains. The gold and silver embroidery of the native is a pretty souvenir to buy; it is in the shape of slippers and pieces for ornament, that may be bought at varying prices, according as the work is more or less elaborate. Pottery, feather and palm work may also be found. As I have said, San Luis Potosí is a railroad center. There is a frequent train service, and the stop may be long or short, going south to the City, north to the United States, east to Tampico or west to Aguas Calientes.

San Luis Potosí is reached by the Mexican National and Mexican Central Railways. The distance from the City of Mexico is 327 miles.

San Miguel de Allende. (San Me-gil' de Al-yen'-de) A picturesquely pretty city, that is set upon a hill and cannot be hid, is San Miguel de Allende, where its rugged streets, and gardens terraced on the steep sides of the enchanted Cerro de Moctezuma, look down over the valley of Laja and to the blue hills far beyond. The ride of a mile from the railway, in the old-time coaches, is an interesting one, leading over a hill and intervening valley, where an ancient bridge of crumbling arches crosses a stream of clear, sparkling water, and enters the quaint old town that lies spread out on the hillside above; then, with a zigzag course, it is a climb to a plaza that one has no hint or suspicion of, it is such a pretty one, till the coach pulls up in front of the hotel that faces it, and whose casement windows look

out over the prettiest of evergreen trees. The hotel is a surprise as well, and was once the palatial home of a wealthy and pious man, Señor Don Manuel Tomas de la Canal, and his wife, who donated the very beautiful chapel of the Casa de Loreto, a chapel that is a very poem of color and carving. If architecture be frozen music, then this gem is a dulcet melody, where there is a delicious warmth in its very congealing. But to go back to the hotel again, the image of the Virgin of Loreto over the door was placed there through the reverence of the family, Canal, when it was their home.

The very beautiful Gothic church on the plaza, the only one of its kind in Mexico, was the work of a native architect, who knew not the process of "blue prints," and drew his plans with a stick in the sand; these were the only guides for the builders to work by. The original church was completed nearly a hundred years ago, and the interior, with the exception of a renovation in 1842-3, remains the same, only the façade and the beautiful Gothic towers being new; this is the parish church. The others are San Rafael, adjoining the Parróquia, in which there are some strange statuary and paintings, and attached to this church is the Casa de Loreto, one of the most beautiful things in Mexico in carvings, gildings and glazed tiles, presented by Señor Canal in 1635. The names of the other churches worth visiting are the Concepcion, San Francisco, Nuestra Señora de la Soledad and the Chapel of Calvario, at the top of a steep hill, which the wickedest sinners approach on their knees, stopping at the fourteen stations of the cross, on the hillside, to pray.

THE NOPAL CACTUS.

San Miguel has an important place in the history of the country. The patriot, Ignacio Allende, was born here, to which fact is due the addition of Allende to the name of the town. About a dozen miles distant, to the north, is the village and Santuario de Jesus Nazareno de Atotonilco, founded in 1748, famous as the place whence Hidalgo took the banner of the Virgin of Guadalupe that became the standard of Independence, and, with Allende, carried it to San Miguel, where the Queen's regiment joined the insurgent forces, which became a victorious patriot army. The visit to San Miguel is not complete without an excursion to Atotonilco. San Miguel was founded in 1560, though the natives claim a foundation by Fray Juan de San Miguel in 1542 in the building of the little church about three miles westward.

In the southern part of the city and high up on the hill are some very beautiful gardens, laid in pretty terraces of flowers, watered by a hundred lit-

tle cascades of clear water, that come down from the springs still higher up on the cerro, where the baths are—delightful baths, where the water comes pouring from under the rocks and into the baths, fresh and pure, accommodatingly warm in winter and cool in summer. To get there one may ride, but the carriage rattles over some very stony streets, and although it is a climb, I would suggest to walk. Leave the plaza, walk one square up the hill, turn to the right one square, then another up and again to the right, till you come to the gardens. Street cars from the station to the Plaza.

GOTHIC TOWER—SAN MIGUEL.

San Miguel is in the State of Guanajuato, on the Mexican National Railroad, 218 miles from the city.

Sayula. Sah-yu-la. Is a city of 8,819 inhabitants, on the Pacific division of the Mexican Central Railway, in the center of a rich mining district, surrounded by fertile fields, 85 miles from Guadalajara. Altitude of Sayula is 4,674 feet.

Silao. See-low'. Silao was founded in the year 1553, by Don Francisco Cervantes Rendon, but was not pronounced a city till 1861. It is in the midst of a fertile valley, close to the silver hills of Guanajuato. The completion of the railway, the establishment of shops, and the building of the branch to Guanajuato, enhanced the importance of the place and caused a wakening from the three hundred years' nap, from the settlement to the incorporation of the city. It is worth the while to wander through the narrow streets. The Plaza Mayor is not far from the station. Santiago, completed in 1728, is the parish church. It has a particularly pretty tower, tall and slender. The Church of El Señor de la Vera Cruz contains a curious figure of the Christ in papier maché, antedating the conquest of Spain by the Moors. It was presented to the Indians by the missionaries. The Santuario del Padre Jesus was built in 1798. The only other church of importance is San Nicolás.

Silao is in the State of Guanajuato, on the Mexican Central Railway, 238 miles from the City of Mexico, and fifteen miles from Guanajuato, by branch road.

Tampico. Tam-pee'-ko In the tropical *tierra caliente*, Tampico lies on the Gulf shore, at the mouth of the Rio Pánuco, which is a truly noble and great river, in which the navies of the world might ride. Indeed, Tampico is the rival of Vera Cruz, as the chief seaport on the east coast of Mexico, and, with the completed jetties and the deep rivers, the great merchant ships may make fast to the piers, to receive and discharge their cargoes. The rivers empyting here are navigable for some two hundred miles into the interior, where the scenery is rich in tropic beauty. About ten miles west of Tampico there are the ruins of an ancient city, a relic of the Aztecs, or some other race of the pre-Cortéz days. There is a considerable hill and

AT TAMPICO.

the remains of embankments and other earthworks, together with a large, rudely sculptured stone, and a number of pyramidal mounds, excellently preserved by a shell of rectangular stone slabs; the ruins extend for several miles, and a populous city must once have occupied the site.

The chief sport at Tampico is tarpon fishing. There are millions of the "Silver King" in the Pánuco River and between the jetties, so that no long sailing or rowing is necessary to reach the good places—they are right there in front of the city, above and below.

Tackle and boats may be obtained in Tampico and good guides to take you out where the fish are, and you may see them disporting, leaping from the waters long before you are ready for business. Arrangements may be made for the preparation of your fish for the taxidermist.

Just beyond Tamos, the Támesi, another large river, is crossed by a long and substantial drawbridge, at its junction with the Pánuco. Both streams are navigated by steamboats into the interior, and they are well worth the while of the voyage, the scenery being particularly fine. At Tampico the station is close to the water, where the view is enlivened by the various craft lying at the wharves and anchored in the stream—steamships, schooners, brigs, river steamers, tugs, lighters, etc.—a respectable fleet altogether, and but an earnest of what will be seen here in the future. Tampico is an attractive looking place, with an architectural appearance quite different from what may be seen elsewhere in Mexico. It seems a combination of New Orleans with a distinctively Spanish style. The buildings mostly have pitched roofs, and wood is more commonly employed in construction than elsewhere in Mexico, though the walls are chiefly of massive masonry. The houses of many colors have wooden verandas along their fronts, at each story, in the style common in the southern states of our country. A large part of the city stands on a bluff, which rises from near the river to a height of perhaps twenty to fifty feet or more, and at the end of two of the streets broad stone steps descend to the water front.

On the river front is the most picturesque market, with its tents and scores of white umbrellas. Near it is the Plaza, a very busy Plaza it is, too, with the coming and going streets cars, drays and trucks. The river at Tampico is 1,800 feet wide, and has an average breadth of 800 feet for several miles above its mouth. the minimum depth is thirty feet. The rise and fall of the tide is so slight—only about eighteen inches—that there is no inflowing current, and, with the construction of the jetties, there is a constant out-going scour across the bar. For the greater part of the way the river banks are low and marshy, but on the right shore, two or three miles below the town, there is a line of high, rocky bluffs, that sometime will probably be in demand as a place of summer residence, with their fine view of the sea and sweep of breeze from the Gulf, which, blowing soft and free for most of the time, makes the air agreeably refreshing. To reach Tampico from the interior, change cars on the main line of the Central at Aguas Calientes, and on the National at San Luis Potosi, or proceed, via the Monterey division of the Mexican Central Railway from Monterey on the National road. Tampico is a regular port of the Ward Line, and other steamer lines from all parts of the world are attracted hither by the fine harbor, made by the completion of the jetties, two long arms of stone walls extending out into the

TARPON FISHING, TAMPICO.

sea, more than a thousand feet, and one of the most important improvements of the age.

The village at the jetties is called La Barra (the bar); there is one of the finest beaches in the world and a magnificently rolling surf that renders the bathing fine, and the temperature is such that it may be enjoyed as well as summer days. Frequent trains run on schedules between Tampico and La Barra.

Texcoco. Tez-co'-co

Texcoco was the ancient capital of the great Netzahualcoyotl, and, in 1431, was the rival of Tenochtitlan, now the City of Mexico. At that time Texcoco might have been called the Athens of the western world, as Tenochtitlan was its Rome.

After the defeat of the Dismal Night and his march around the northern shores of the lakes Cortéz came from Tlaxcala and Cholula to Texcoco, and brought with him the bergantines across the mountains, put them together on the shores of the lake, and prepared to take his army to lay siege to the capital of Montezuma. The Tlaxcalans, already his allies, the Cholulans destroyed by massacre, he found the people of Texcoco in the throes of dissension and civil war, and there was naught in the way of his march to Tenochtitlan. The base of operations was at Texcoco, and here, later, Cortéz made his abode while under a royal exile from the City of Mexico, and here for some years his bones were buried. In the royal palace of Netzahualcoyotl, at Texcoco, was a courtyard, on the opposite side of which were two halls of justice. In the principal one, called the "Tribunal of God," was a throne of pure gold, inlaid with turquoise and other precious stones. On a stool in front was placed a human skull and crowned with an immense emerald of a pyramidal form, and surmounted by an aigrette of brilliant plumes and precious stones. The skull was laid on a heap of military weapons, shields, quivers, bows and arrows. The walls were hung with tapestry, made of the hair of different wild animals of rich and various colors, festooned by gold rings and embroidered with figures of birds and flowers. Above the throne was a canopy of variegated plumage, from the center of which shot forth resplendent rays of gold and jewels. The other tribunal, called "the king's," was also surrounded by a gorgeous canopy of feathers, on which emblazoned the royal arms.

AT LA BARRA.

Texcoco is a pretty little town, with narrow streets, shaded by orange trees, centering on a plaza, where there is a bust of Netzahualcoyotl. On a corner south of the plaza is a fountain surmounted by a statue of Hercules, presented by Señor Ruperto Jaspeadó. The old Church of San Francisco, founded by Fray Pedro de Gante, was the tomb of Cortéz. There are many ruins and relics of the forgotten ages in and around Texcoco. In the south part are three pyramids, and in the north another. West of the town, about three miles, are the ruins of an ancient wall, near the old Church of Huixotla. About three miles east are the most beautiful gardens of the Molino de Flores (the mill of the flowers). Let the mind be disabused of anything like a flour mill, or a barn-like structure with dusty sides and roof. Heavy gates open through stone walls and admit to what seems the court of a mediæval castle.

Tortuous stairways of stone lead to the castle, the summer home of the ancient family, Cervantes, who have owned this bit of another world for some centuries. Beyond the gates, a little farther, are the gardens that might have been a part of Eden. There are grottoes and cascades, and a chapel that is also the tomb of the Cervantes, with sepulchres cut in the solid rock. Near by is the "laughing hill," Tetzcotzinco, the favorite resort of Netzahualcoyotl. There are terraced walks, and stairways winding around the hill. A basin in the rock has been called Montezuma's bath. It was probably a distributing reservoir to the gardens below. There are some wonderful examples of native engineering near the "laughing hill," where the hills are connected across the valleys by embankments, in some places fifty feet high, on the top of which was built an aqueduct about two feet wide, with a conduit about a foot in width. In all it was twelve or fifteen miles

THE WATER WAGON.

in length, and much of it yet remains in a perfect state of preservation. Three miles west is the Hacienda de Chapingo, belonging to the estate of the late ex-president, General Gonzales.

Texcoco is in the State of Mexico, on the Interoceanic Railway, twenty miles from the City.

Tlaxcala. The very name is synonymous with antiquity and reminiscent
Tlaz-cal'-a of Cortéz and his indomitable band of adventurers. It is one of the most interesting places in all Mexico, both for the beauty of its location and its historic associations.

On leaving the train at the little station of Santa Ana, the traveler will find two horse cars at the station, first and second class respectively. From Santa Ana to Tlaxcala is about six miles, through beautiful woods or through

cultivated fields, the hedges on either side of the road covered with wild flowers, filling the air with perfume. The route is through the quaint little town of San Pablo Apetitlan; thence across the river and past the Church of San Estéban. To the west is a magnificent view of the two mighty volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, their summits crowned with eternal snows, dazzlingly white and glistening in the sunlight; to the east may be seen the lofty and beautiful "Malintzi,"—the whole forming a picture perhaps unequaled on this continent, or in the world. At last, after a ride of about forty-five minutes, the town of Tlaxcala is reached and the car stops in the queer little plaza.

Tlaxcala is situated in a valley, with hills entirely surrounding it, but we read that at the time of the conquest, when Tlaxcala boasted 300,000 instead of 4,000 inhabitants, as now, the town was built on the hills, the valley being reserved for agricultural purposes, and it is probable that from this fact it takes its name, which means "Land of Bread."

The museum is never "open" to the public, for the reason, presumably, that it is only tourists who care to visit it, but it is a very easy matter to obtain admission. The visitor should call at the Municipal Palace (a building which dates back to the Spanish conquest), situated on the Plaza, and one of the obliging officials will send with you a "*mozo*" or servant, with the keys of the museum which is situated on the next street. Before leaving, however, he will naturally expect that you will wish to see the Council Room, and if the vistior is not awed on being admitted to this celebrated chamber, he will, at least, be interested in the pictures which adorn its walls. These are copies of the original pictures of the great Tlaxcalan chieftains who allied themselves with Cortéz, namely: Lorenzo Mazihcatzin, Chief of Ocotetulco; Gonzalo Tlahuexolotzin, Chief of Tepeticpac; Bartholomé Zitlalpopoca, Chief of Quiahuiztlan, and Vicente Xicohtencatl, Chief of Tizatlan. The first name of each is the "Christian" name, given to them by the Spaniards when they were baptized, which was in the year 1520. The Museum contains a most interesting collection of idols and of Tlaxcalan pottery, found at various times in the town and surrounding country, but that which the visitor will most wish to see is the "Banner of Cortéz," as it is usually called, but to be more correct, the banner which Cortéz presented to the Tlaxcalans. It is kept in a glass case and is in an excellent state of preservation. In the next case are the silken gowns which the chieftains wore when baptized, and the embroidered vestments of the priests. These are in such a perfect condition that it is hard to believe they are nearly 400 years old; they are an eloquent memorial to the skill of their makers. Here, too, are more pictures representing the famous four chieftains, as well as old plans and maps of Tlaxcala.

The Church of San Francisco is the oldest in America. Its foundations were commenced in the year 1521, the same year that the conquest of Mexico was completed. Here everything is antique; the very chairs used by the good fathers, at the present day, look as if they might be a hundred years old. In the chapel of the Tercer Orden is an enormous font, the actual font in which were baptized the four chieftains whose portraits and garments are in the Museum. On the other side of the chapel is an old pulpit, the tablet informing us that from it was preached the Christian gospel, for the

first time "in this new world." The church is situated on the slope of a hill, and is approached by a paved way leading up from the queer old market place, where, if you loiter a while, you will hear as much Indian spoken as Spanish. The men and women sit on the ground beside their wares, laughing and chatting among themselves in the Aztec language. You will find, however, that they talk Spanish perfectly, if you wish to buy any of the luscious fruits or other commodities displayed.

The paved way leading up from the market place to the church passes under an old archway which connects the bell tower with the building which was formerly the convent, but now used by the government as the barracks. Facing the church and the barracks is a paved court-yard, which extends about one hundred and fifty feet to the edge of the hill, the side fronting the

BULL RING, TLAXCALA.

cliff being protected by a low wall. Directly under this, about fifty or sixty feet beneath, is the "bull ring," affording the soldiers (or at least the officers) of the barracks an excellent place from which to view the corrida without payment. The "Xicotencatl" Theatre is opposite the San Carlos Hotel, but it looks as if it had not been open for years. It is a walk of about fifteen minutes to the famous Santuario de Ocotlan, built on a hill overlooking Tlaxcala.

This church is built to commemorate the miraculous appearance of the blessed Virgin of Ocotlan to the Indian Juan Diego, the legend being almost the same as that connected with the yet more famous shrine of Guadalupe, near Mexico City. The church is a very fine building, with two very lofty towers. The interior is splendidly decorated, the high altar especially being a perfect marvel of wood carving.

Before arriving at the church you will probably notice the two curious barrel-shaped structures, about ten feet high, in the middle of the road. These are called "cuitacomatis" and are used for storing corn, preserved safely

from rats and mice. It speaks well for the honesty of the little village that the owners do not seem to fear any pilfering by their neighbors, for the "cuitacomatis" are built in the roadway, opposite the homes of their owners, and are only protected at the top by a wooden cover, well thatched to prevent the rain entering.

The view from the churchyard of Ocotlan is most beautiful. From it can be seen the three mountains, Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl and Malintzi. Immediately below is the town of Tlaxcala, and a little beyond is the river, which can be seen for miles, winding its way down the valley of Atoyac. Across the river, which is spanned by a light iron bridge of modern make, a little way from the main channel, the river has cut its way through the rocks, forming a deep cañon, and in one place it has forced its path underneath the rocks, leaving them overhanging, and forming a Natural Bridge.

Tlaxcala is near the station of Santa Ana, on the branch line of the Mexican Railway from Apizaco to Puebla. It is the capital of the State of Tlaxcala. The population is 4,000; its altitude is higher than the City of Mexico—7,506 feet above the sea.

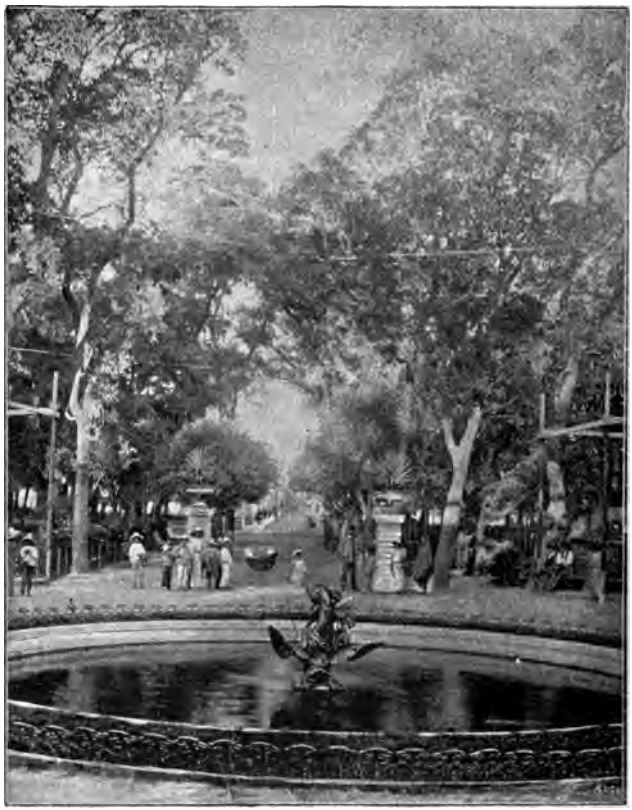
Toluca. To-loo'-ca To go over the hills to Toluca is one of the things to do in Mexico. No matter by what route one may have arrived at the capital, one must go to Toluca. The going there is the chief charm of the three-hour excursion. If you take an afternoon train from the city, you will have the sun behind the Sierra Madres; while the train climbs the eastern slope, creeping along in the darkening shadows, there is still a flood of sunlight over the plain, glistening on the towers of the distant city and the lakes beyond, and, above all, whitening still more the snows on Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl—a picture dazzling and grandly, sublimely beautiful. It may be that the sun has dropped behind the further western hills ere you turn the crest of these, and there is a softening twilight over the Toluca Valley; but when the return is made on a morning train, the sun is again behind the Madres, this time in the east, making another panorama equally beautiful, with Ocoyacac under the precipice, a thousand feet down, and the River Lerma, stringing a silver line way across the plain, and lost from sight beyond the hills. On the farther side is Toluca, and, beyond the city, the Nevada de Toluca, the volcano, once called Xinantecatl. Thus, in a little journey of three hours, are two of the world's grandest views, worth a longer journey to see.

Street cars from the station run through the Calle Independencia, past the statue of Hidalgo, to the plaza and near the hotels.

That Toluca is a marvelously clean city is discovered in the shortest stay; the houses look bright and new, although it is one of the oldest cities in the country, and the buildings are larger and finer than usual. The State buildings—this is the capital of the State of Mexico—erected on the spot where once stood the house of Don Martin Cortéz, son of the conqueror, are the finest in the Republic, and the market, with its pillars of Pompeiian colors, is a thing of beauty. It is not far to the hot country, and all the tropical fruits and flowers are to be found. In the portales one may find laces, "drawn work," pottery and a thousand things for souvenir purchasers.

The residence of a rich hacendado is shown, who, in his time, was a great patron of the bull-ring, and furnished from his hacienda many a *bravo toro*, till they became famous in every ring, and his colors, dangling from a grizzly neck, brought loud huzzas when the animal bounded into the arena. One bull fought his way back to life and liberty. The picadors could not hold him off, and he killed their horses; the banderilleros, if they could place their darts in his shoulders, had them shaken out in his rage, and the mata-

dores were hissed and hissed, because they could not kill him. The old hacendado looked on with delight, and plead with the president not to allow him to be lassoed and "assassinated," as he said. The wish was granted, and the bull was driven back to the toril, and returned to the hacienda to live some happy years, and when, at a green old age, he died in peace, surrounded by a numerous and belligerent progeny, his body was interred minus the skin, which was stuffed and hung up for ornament in his master's banquet hall. The view from the hill, just back of the city, is a pretty one, but from the top of the volcano it is a grand one, reaching from the Gulf to the Pacific. The height, as estimated by Humboldt, is 15,156 feet above sea level. The ascent and return requires two days, though it is not a difficult or perilous one. The top is not more than ten feet wide, and the crater contains a fathomless lake with a whirlpool in the center. The valley and site of the city of Toluca was within the grant of Charles V.to Cortéz as the Marquis of the Valley, and a settlement was made here in 1530, but not till 1677 was Toluca made a city. The Church of San Francisco was founded in 1585. An old passageway leading from a side street has an inscription telling that this arch is retained as a part of the first Catholic church in Toluca.



ALAMEDA OF TOLUCA.

The parish church was built in 1585. The Church of Nuestra Señora del Carmen contains a fine picture of the Virgin, and the dead Christ and what is probably the first organ made in America. Near the city, about two miles west, is the Church of Nuestra Señora de Tecajic, containing a miraculous image of the Virgin, on coarse cloth, painted more than two hundred years

ago, and held in much veneration by the Indians. Toluca is the capital of the State of Mexico, on the Mexican National Railroad, forty-five miles from the City; elevation, 8,617 feet above the sea; population, 25,000.

Torreon. Tor-re-own' Is the very newest city in Mexico, twenty years ago only a prospective railroad crossing, now a thriving city, the junction of two important systems, the Mexican Central and International, with electric cars, cotton mills, foundries, factories, breweries, ice plant, but no domed churches and no legends. Population 15,000. Altitude 3,739. Distance from the City of Mexico 705 miles.

Tula. Too'-la It is but two hours from the capital of modern Mexico to the center of the Toltec Empire, where the ruins of the oldest capital of the continent lie half buried in the sands, blown over them in the 1,200 years since their building—but two hours from the great houses of the nineteenth century to the casas grandes of the seventh. Tula was the capital of the Toltecs, founded about the year 638. After the migration of this people from the north, they halted just beyond the plain of Mexico, and, on the banks of the little river, builded a great city, that became the rival of Tenochtitlan and Texcoco. The place was a "place of reeds," and they called the city Tula, which is also Tollan, and was known by other names, Tlalpallan and Huehuetlalpallan, to the ancient dwellers in the land. In these degenerate days, the mighty capital is a little railway junction village, a most pretty one withal, with antiquities a thousand years younger than the casas grandes, but are older than our oldest walls. The ruins of the ancient temples of the Toltecs are called the *casas grandes*. They are on the Cerro de Tesoro, a hill just beyond the river, reached by a walk of a mile, through a broad way shaded by great trees, over an old stone bridge, of Spanish make, and back, on the other bank of the river, to a point just opposite the town. There, almost buried and without walls, are the casas grandes. The rooms are laid in terraces, one above the other, in hewn stone and hard cement, and connected with stairways. Some ruined walls, of the style of those around the church in the village, evidently of Spanish make, are near the ruins.

In the plaza of Tula are some of the Toltecan relics, and the baptismal font in the church is of the same origin; many of the houses of the town have Toltec carvings hung up for ornament.

The Church at San José, in partial ruins, was founded in 1553, and completed in 1561. In the primitive days of its building, it was church and fortress combined, and the very thick walls were constructed with that view, as are shown by the battlements on the roof, on the walls, and on the walls of the old church near the casas grandes. The church is 190 feet long, 83 feet high, with a tower of 125 feet, all built of stone, roughly cut. The convent, built in 1585, is now used as a cavalry barrack and stables.

The pretty little town of Tula—and it is a very delightful one—can be made the object of a day's outing from the City of Mexico, taking the morning train out, and returning in the afternoon. It is on the line of the Mexican Central Railway, in the State of Hidalgo, at the junction of the Pachuca branch, fifty miles from the City, at an altitude of 6,658 feet above the sea.

Uruapan. Oo-ru-ap'-an The present terminus of the Pacific division of the National Railroad of Mexico is one of the most picturesque and quaintest of the semi-tropics, surrounded by forests and encircled by rushing mountain streams. Uruápan is unique, entirely different from her sister cities. The red-tiled, high-pitched roofs lend color to the picture and projecting eaves drop a grateful shade over the narrow sidewalks of the cobble-paved streets that end in primeval forests where the Falls of Tzaráracua are,

The ride over the western division of the National is through the lake region and is particularly picturesque between Morelia, Patzcuaro and Uruápan—"the loops" near the latter city show some wonderful feats of engineering—in an air line distance of 2,673 feet; the fall is 426 feet, requiring curvatures of track covering nearly three miles.

The coffee of Uruápan is pronounced the best in the world and the fruits are of the finest flavor of any in Mexico. The climate is superb and healthfulness attends upon pure air and fine water.

While far remote from the scene of conflict Uruápan did not escape all the horrors of war—two patriots were, by order of Maximilian, executed in the

IN VERA CRUZ.

plaza, now called in their honor La Plaza de las Inmortales, where has been erected a memorial, in a marble monument with bronze busts of the heroes.

The industrial interests are in coffee, fruits, mills, factories and lumber; lumber is cheaper than stone or adobe, so that many of the houses and portales are of wood. Uruápan is 320 miles from the Capital. Population 9,859. Altitude 5,576.

Vera Cruz. Ver-a Crooz' Since the landing of Grijalva, in 1518, Vera Cruz has been the chief seaport of Mexico. Here, also, landed Cortéz, April 21, 1519, on Good Friday. For this, and the reputed richness of the land in gold, the place was named Villa Rica de la Santa Vera Cruz (the

rich city of the holy true cross). There was no harbor for the safe riding of the vessels left behind, and after the conqueror had established himself in the interior, he sent an expedition down the coast and found the harbor of Coatzacoalcos, the present terminus of the Tehuantepec Route, on the Gulf. But this did not affect the importance of Vera Cruz. It was so much nearer the richer districts of the interior, that the city has remained the seaport of Mexico for nearly four hundred years. Before the completion of the jetties or breakwater ships dropped anchor just below the island of San Juan de Ulúa, and the landing was made by lighter and small boats, which was not included in the ship's fare. The prices of the landing varied with the weather, from fifty cents in fair weather, to a dollar on stormy days. Now, with the new sea wall, ships are protected from the winds and seas and may discharge and receive cargoes direct from the pier.

Vera Cruz may be done in a day. A walk about the streets and plazas, and along the Paseo, with its tall, waving palm trees, is all to interest; and to the church of the black Christ, where the image of the Savior is black; there is only one other like it, at Havana, or near that city. There is another thing that will attract the attention of the tourist at Vera Cruz, and that is the Street Cleaning Department. The employés work without salary, and find themselves, and their thorough manner (but not their methods) are to be commended. Their only reward is the enforcement of a city ordinance which inflicts a five-dollar fine on the indiscreet and reckless citizen who should happen to kill one of them. The natives call these street cleaners zopilotes, but to the American they are just plain, everyday buzzards. I may mention here that Vera Cruz has an imitator, in this respect, in Charleston, S. C. But, altogether, Vera Cruz is to be visited to make the tour of Mexico complete. The island of San Juan de Ulúa, a prison now, once a fort, was commenced in 1582 and finished about 1750. It has been occupied at different times—by the French, in 1838; by the Americans, in 1847; by the allied French, English and Spanish, in 1865; and was the seat of the Juarez Government during the War of the Reform. Excursions to Ulúa and to La Isla de los Sacrificios, may be made. The hiring of boats for landing and for excursions should be made by contract always. A tramway runs down the coast to Medellin and Alvarado, that may be taken just for the ride and the novelty of it.

The parish church, on the Plaza Mayor, was finished in 1734, and dedicated to Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion. The Church of San Francisco was founded in 1568. The tower is now a lighthouse, and the old convent contains the public library. The church was formerly supported by a levy on all ships coming into the port. The Churches of San Agustin and La Campañia were restored after the great fire of 1619.

On the island of San Juan de Ulúa is a little chapel, dedicated to Nuestra Señora de la Escalera, in which offerings are made for the safety of sailors.

Vera Cruz is reached from the interior by the Mexican and Interoceanic Railways. It is 263 miles from the City of Mexico, in the State of Vera Cruz.

Yautepec. These little towns, down on the border of the tierra caliente, Ya-ow'-te-pec' seem farther away from the world, as we know it, and farther behind in the centuries, than the towns of the hills, and when you are in Yautepec you are in another world and another century. The little town is nestled down in a valley that widens out, to the southward and west, into broad plains, where the sugar cane grows; to the northward, the hills rise, one above the other, and reach to Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. The cane fields come even to the city limits, and within them the narrow streets crook and turn curiously. The dull gray walls seem cheerless enough, but here and there a half-open gateway reveals the tropical gardens on their other side, and some

of the taller trees hang their golden fruit over their tops. You leave the station and the locomotive that is there, the only evidence that there is any other world but this lazy one you are just entering, as, in the novelty of it, you really forget the other, till the locomotive's whistle calls you back. A cross-topped tower, high over the low houses, will be a guide. Follow the streets that lead to it, and soon come to the plaza, which is also the alameda—a pretty little park with bright flowers and pretty trees, with a fountain under them, where the natives come, with great earthen jars, for the pure sparkling water that flows from it. Sit here on a stone bench; the inhabitants will come out and look at you. In the evening the band plays, and you will have an opportunity to see the "four hundred" as they promenade. There is wealth and beauty in the procession, such as it is not expected to see. At one end of the little park is a long table, covered with corn. "Ah, this is the market place," some one says, "a sort of produce exchange, and these are the samples of corn." When you return after supper you find that he had mistaken the class of traffic. A crowd of men, women and children are around the table. Each has a dingy-looking card on the table; the card has three rows of five pictures each. A man at the end of the table holds a bag, from which he draws smaller cards, that have corresponding pictures to those held by the players; he calls

the names of the animals in the pictures, and the person having a similar one places a grain of corn on it, and anyone getting five markers in a row wins the game and the money paid for all the cards, less the percentage of the banker. It is much like a certain American game, here one man yells "Completo!" and all the others "el diablo." Just on the other side of the plaza a rambling stream runs over a rocky bed, almost dry now, but the waters, collected in pools, form a laundry place for Yautepec, presenting a picturesque scene. An old stone bridge, with a single arch, spans the stream for a path that leads to a convent, or priestly residence, whose gardens can be seen from the bridge in all their tropical luxuriance. In the graveyard are some crumbling old tombs built in the walls of the church or in the adjoining panteon. At the north end of the village is a pretty little chapel, and near it the Plaza de Toros.

Yautepec is on the Morelos division of the Interoceanic Railway, in the State of Morelos, ninety-eight miles from the City of Mexico.

Zacatecas. The approach to Zacatecas from the north gives no hint of Zack-ah-tay'-cas any city being near. The train climbs the tortuous windings of the track to reach the summit of a hill that is 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. A tall tower-like chimney of a smelter that is seen, first on one side and then on the other, is the only evidence of civilization beyond the cars we ride in, and even at the station where the train stops there is little to indicate the existence of the great city that is in the barranca just beyond the hill, and under the one whose rocky crest is called La Bufa. It is after leaving the station, or on the approach from the south, that the passing passenger is

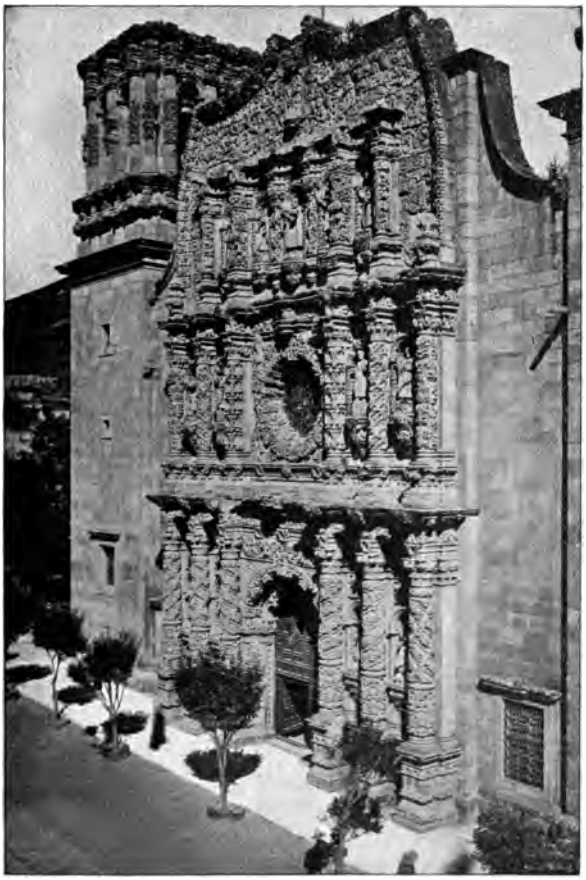
treated to one of the finest views in the world, if his seat be on the east side of the car. Away up the immense gulch, the flat-top houses, the domes and towers, seem to have slidden down from both the hills, till it is filled half way up, on either side, and straggling out the mouth of it, down on to the plain where Guadalupe is. And the road between Zacatecas and Guadalupe! where is there any like it? or these two cities—are there any, except in the Holy Land? And the passers up and down that road, and the streets of the city, in the enchantment that distance lends them! do they not bring back the Bible lessons of your younger days? There are, also, the veritable Palestinian asses laden for the city, or returning lazily over a road that seems as

ZACATECAS.

hard as that which leads to Jordan, and far beyond Guadalupe's towers is—not the Sea of Galilee, but Lake Pevernaldillo. And up the hill, toward the Bufa, is a rocky road, narrow as that which leads to righteousness, hedged with prickly thorns, that leads to the little Church of Los Remedios, founded in 1728, near the summit. Over this road, suffering devotees have crawled to do a penance. On the hill of La Bufa a battle was fought between the Juarez forces and a revolutionary party, May 2, 1871, resulting in a victory for Juarez.

The inevitable horse car dispels the Palestinic idea and it will amply repay you to leave the train and take a seat in one that will take you from

the station to the market plaza and to the hotels of Zacatecas. The city is easy of access—one just drops into town. The street cars leave the station, and, per force of gravity, roll into the city, as they do into the suburb of Guadalupe. The mules work only half the time, but it is an up-hill business when they do work. The cars roll from the station to Zacatecas, or from the city to Guadalupe, but vice versa, they must be pulled up by main force. The coming up is as hard as the going down is easy. The mules walk leisurely down the hill to Guadalupe, without even the labor of carrying the harness, which is piled on the front platform. The city is an interesting one, where some days may be passed in rambles up one hill and down the other. As you saw the city from the train, you could not believe there was room enough, and level enough for a park, but Zacatecas has two that are filled with flowers and fountains, and where, of course, the band plays in the evening, Sundays and feast days; in little nooks and shelves in the rocks are numberless plazuelas — beauty spots of ferns and flowers in rocky hillsides. Zacatecas is a busy city, and the streets present quite a metropolitan appearance, some of the buildings reaching three and four stories. The State and Municipal palaces are imposing above the average in Mexico. The churches to visit are Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion, with its richly carved façade of brown stone, carrying life-size statues of Christ and the apostles, tiled dome and interior of white and gold; it once owned a font of silver that alone cost a fortune and was confiscated by the government. The church was founded in 1612, and is now, since



FAÇADE OF CATHEDRAL, ZACATECAS.

1864, the cathedral. La Compañia is the church of the Jesuits, begun in 1746, and contains some very fine pictures. The others are San Francisco, 1567, and San Juan de Dios. It is probable that the oldest Presbyterian church building in the world is at Zacatecas; it was once the Church of San Agustin, founded in 1576, now devoted to Protestant uses, though a portion of the old convent is used as a hotel.

But it is to Guadalupe that the church enthusiast takes his way, very early after his arrival at Zacatecas. It is four miles to Guadalupe. The cars have been drawn by the mules up the hill to the Plaza Villa Real, from whence they roll back to the market plaza of Guadalupe. Walk through this market, and just beyond it is one of the most interesting churches in this country of churches. In front of the church is a pretty park of roses, well kept. The grand old church, with its tiled dome, is worthy of all the journey to see. The main altar has life-size figures representing the Crucifixion. Behind there is a canvas painting representing the Hill of Calvary, with the Jews and Roman soldiery in the middle background. These, with the figures in front, produce a very startling effect. The church is always crowded with people, kneeling at the various altars and confessionals. On the right of the church is the old convent, filled with hundreds of curious paintings, illustrating the lives and temptations of the saints—some of them going very much into detail. One fine picture, a gigantic San Cristóbal, at the head of the staircase, is finely executed and the work of a master hand, painted by Juarez in 1722. The old church and convent was founded in 1707 by Fray Antonio Margil de Jesus; the principal pictures were painted in 1720 by Antonio de Torres; there is a fine San José by Ibarra.

HIGH ALTAR, CATHEDRAL OF ZACATECAS.

The Capilla de la Purisima, a splendid chapel, is a more recent addition to the old church; it was the gift of a maiden lady of great wealth, a few years ago, and cost many thousands of dollars. The floor is inlaid with hard woods of different colors. A superb altar is rich in gildings, silver and gold, wax figures, silk and satin hangings. The altar rail is of onyx and solid silver. The walls are finely frescoed, arched to a dome fifty feet above the floor. This is all new, but is the finest chapel in Mexico.

Adjoining the convent is an orphan asylum, founded by General Garcia de la Cadena in 1875, where the boys are taught the arts and sciences.

Silver was discovered in 1546 by Juan de Tolosa, and so rich were the mines that the place became a city in 1585 by decree of Phillip II., and from 1548 to 1810 the product of the mines was nearly $10,000,000,000; since that time the output has not been so great.

In 1835 the State of Zacatecas declared against the Dictator Santa Ana, and on the 10th of May of that year Governor Don Francisco Garcia, with 5,000 men, waited on the plains of Guadalupe for the coming of the army under Santa Ana. A great battle was fought the next morning, in which Garcia lost 2,000 killed and 2,700 prisoners, while Santa Ana's loss was only about a hundred; the victors entered the city, pillaged it and butchered many of its people.

About thirty miles west of Zacatecas are the extensive ruins of a prehistoric city; the Ruins of La Quemada consist of walls, pyramids, fallen columns, mounds and pavements, all of massive proportions; some of the walls are eight feet thick and eighteen in height, and the columns nineteen feet in circumference, in a citadel 250x200 feet; although nothing is known of the origin of these temples, it is said by some writers that they are the remains of Chicomostoc, a city of the Aztecs, built about the twelfth century, hence are probably 800 years old. The pyramid, according to Clavijero, was probably erected to Huitzilopochtli and supported a statue of that god which the ancient Mexicans carried with them in their travels. Zacatecas is on the Mexican Central Railway, 439 miles from the City of Mexico, and is the capital of the State of Zacatecas.

Zapotlan. Zap-ote-lán — As usual in Mexico, the town of Zapotlan is a mile or more from the station.

The broad Plaza de Armas is a pretty one; portales long and arched on three sides; on the other to the south the church of San José and the garden and church of El Corazon Sagrado de Jesus. The center of the Plaza is a beautiful garden filled with flowers and tropic trees; some cedars closely cropped have grown so thick that they would turn the rain as effectually as an umbrella, which in fact they closely resemble; the impression is instantaneous. The pagoda where the band plays is in the usual picturesque architecture of Mexico, and the seats, prettily painted, are everywhere in the garden, so the journey from one to the other is not a long one, and the always weary peon can rest to his heart's content.

The church of San José fronts the Plaza. There are two towers of cut stone, as in the handsome façade. The doors are in high archways, massive, and bear heavy brazen plates on which are engraven the names of the children of the city, whose contributions paid for their building. The inlaid floor of the nave is in squares of native hard woods, each with a brass plate bearing the name of the donor of each particular square, which, as the Padre told me, cost them from one to twenty dollars, as the generosity of the donor might be, or according to his fortune in this world's goods.

On each side of the main altar are two shrines of cut stone. The Gothic arches of the vaulted roof are more than sixty feet from the floor, producing a grand effect. Between San José and the church of El Corazon Sagrado de Jesus is a pretty garden with stone pillared arbors over which the vines have so thickly grown that the people may pass from one chapel to the other dry shod and dry headed though it may rain ever so hard. Here, in the evening particularly, the air is heavily laden with the perfume of tropic flowers. Back of the garden is the chapel of Tercer Orden and a school. In the church of El Corazon Sagrado de Jesus is a fine picture of San José that a kind old lady explained to me was possessed of such miraculous powers that if I should

fall from the dome of the church it could bear me up and I would not be hurt. I took her word for it and did not try the experiment.

In 1806 the old church was thrown down by an earthquake during High Mass and more than 2,000 people were killed. The surrounding houses were not injured. In evidence there is a stone taken from the adjoining house that was demolished a year ago which showed that the house was 108 years old, and hence could not have been thrown down by the earthquake which destroyed the church.

In the upper part of the city, near the eastern hills, are a number of shrines of chapels built for the Indians and on land owned by them. One of them, the Capilla de la Platana, the Chapel of the Banana Garden, has a belfry on each side of the garden entrance now almost crumbling to decay, but still the rotten timbers hold the old bells from falling down. At the corner of the chapel is a dilapidated statue of San Cristóbal that was originally in front of the church destroyed by the earthquake. The statue was made in about six sections. A part of the trunk of the body is gone, and also the shoulders and the little child he bears, except one hand of the child and part of an arm of the saint. Despite the misfit caused by the missing parts the Indians have set up the statue and it is greatly venerated. In front of the Chapel of Todos Santos is a stone cross about eight feet high, cut in one piece. This chapel is in a corn patch and long ago abandoned.

The Volcano of Colima and the Nevada de Colima, about twelve to fifteen miles distant, are in fine view from the plaza. They are in reality one mountain, but of two peaks and with two craters. The former is the only active volcano in Mexico; volumes of smoke constantly pouring forth, and at night there is frequently a grand display of fire and molten lava. In 1818 there was a violent eruption, covering the mountain sides with flowing lava. Here in Zapotlan the streets were knee-deep in ashes and a strong wind blowing north carried the ashes so far that they fell in Zacatecas, 200 miles away. The eruptions of fire and lava are irregular, and may occur any day.

Zapotlan is on the Pacific division of the Mexican Central Railway, 102 miles from Guadalajara. Population 17,596. Altitude 5,130.

CHAPALA.

VOLCANO OF COLIMA.

Railway Rides in Mexico.

South over the Central.—Whenever there is a schedule that puts the train over the first two hundred miles south of the Rio Grande by night, take it; no matter which route you travel by, there is nothing to see but chaparral and desolate looking hills, and first impressions would not be of the best if you traveled by day-train. There is just enough novelty in the little towns on the border, that are so oddly new and so old fashioned, to awaken an anticipation for more; it is all the better to sleep over it and dream of what may be to-morrow. I can safely say that these dreams, at least, will not go by contraries. When the first morning in Mexico comes, with a brighter sunshine than you ever saw before, you will be an early riser; perhaps you will roll up the little curtain of your window, before you leave your pillow, and hurry out for a hasty toilet, fearing that you may miss something—and you might, for the scenery begins very early in the morning, and this old, old country is all new to you. The train is rolling along through a narrow valley, level as a billiard board, the veritable high table-lands we have read about, but never seen till now, lying between two close ranges of mountains, shrub-covered and crowned with the most entrancing cloud effects one imagines out of fairy land; the soft, white heaps are tossed above some towering summit or rolled into a blue valley between.

While we are looking skyward there is an entrancing view at our feet; here is a first glimpse of an hacienda. At the farther end of the plain a group of white buildings, a wide corral, fenced in with slight boughs, and a fringe of most exquisite green, along the margin of a fine line of clear water, completes a pretty picture. Out of the corral, on one side, comes an immense herd of cattle, at the other an equally immense herd of goats, black, brown and white. A group of Indian women are filling great red jars at a pool of water, and across the dry water-courses flocks of sheep wander, followed by their shepherds. It is truly another world than that of yesterday.

By and by, between a gap in the deep red mountains, which wall up the narrow valley, there is a wonderful vista full of color, with another glint

of another valley, and, far off, the mystical heights of some new range of hills which distance clothes with abundant majesty. The novelty never wears away. But this country is not all of deep valleys and lofty mountains; there are broad, spreading plains as well, yet, in all the land, in its length and breadth, the mountains are always in view.

The railroads seem to come upon these Mexican towns unawares, and there is rarely a hint of them till we are at the station, and they are, with few exceptions, located a mile or more from the line of road. The first stop is at Chihuahua, made at the shops where the restaurant is located, and, until the train starts across the barranca there is nothing to be seen of the city, then the view is from the windows on the west side of the car. It is a good view of the city, with the tall towers of the Church of San Francisco standing high against the sky. While the train stops at the station just after crossing the bridge there is time to enjoy it. After leaving the station the better view is on the left, where the road to the mines of Santa Eulalia runs through the hills, and pretty soon the buildings and tall chimneys come to view, and just after leaving the station is the Cerro del Coronel on the right of the track. The road runs through a semi-lake region, passing through the valley of the Conchos and San Pedro. Near Santa Rosalia there are some hot springs, famous for their curative qualities. Jimenez is a city of some 10,000 people, the shipping point for the Parral mining district. A branch road runs from Jimenez to Parral and Allende. Escalon is the junction point of the Mexican Northern Railway, running northeastward to the Sierre Mojada mining district, where is located one of the greatest carbonate camps in the world. Southward now, the roads runs along the western border of the great Bolson de Mapimi, to interpret, literally, a "pocket" in the mountains. This is the Laguna country, in the rainy season almost covered by water, and in the dry season it collects in ponds or larger lakes. Several rivers, notably the Nazas, flow into this Bolson, and unless there is an underground outlet somewhere, the water must escape only by evaporation, but so much is used in irrigation that only a small stream reaches the basin.

ALTAR AT GUADALUPE, NEAR ZACATECAS.

East of the line about Conejos is a curious sulphur mountain, easily distinguished by the stripes of the mineral. At Conejos is the junction of the Durango Central Railway. At Bermejillo connection for Mapimi Railroad and Mexican International. At Gomez Palacio take electric cars for Lerdo. Here is the rich cotton district of Lerdo, where the seed requires only to be planted once

in three or four years. Lerdo is seen from the windows on the right, and soon after leaving the station the track crosses the Nazas River on a fine steel bridge; look up and down the river and see the dams and storage reservoirs for irrigation purposes. From Gomez Palacio a branch extends eastward via San Pedro to Monterey, and three miles south the main line of the Central crosses the Mexican International Railroad, with connections on the east for Eagle Pass, and on the west for Durango and for Saltillo via the Coahuila and Pacific Railway.

South from Torreon there is a continual up-grade of track, and the mountains are closer than on the borders of the Bolson. Just below the station of Gutierrez the Tropic of Cancer is crossed, and the first place of importance in the Torrid Zone is Fresnillo, once a great city before the overflow of the mines of Proaño. The city is about five miles from the road, and has now only about 20,000 people.

AGUAS CALIENTES.

Every hour of the journey, now, is one of increasing interest; still, as it is onward, it is upward, and its windings tortuous among the hills, where the scenery is grand, gloomy and peculiar. The climb is to reach the summit of a hill whose altitude is greater than any on the road, except one, a little over 8,000 feet. The tall tower-like chimneys of a smelter, high above the track, are seen first on one side and then on the other, as the road bends in one horseshoe after another. This is the approach to Zacatecas, one of the greatest mining cities of the world. There is no view of the city in the approach from the north, nor even as the train stands at the station; but, as it moves off, take a seat on the left of the car, or, what is better, go to the

rear platform, for one of the finest views of the journey. The moment the wheels begin to roll, sharply down hill now, there is a full view of a city of 35,000 people, for all the world like one of Palestine, with its low, flat-topped houses and domed churches, two hundred feet below, spreading up and down the gulch and on the mountain side beyond, reaching down the valley with a straggling suburb, to Guadalupe, six miles away. The track winds around on the sides of the hills, passing directly over some mines and smelters, keeping the city in view all the while. Up and down the road that runs along the valley are curiously costumed people, droves of donkeys laden with silver, carts and cars, goats and cattle on the hillsides, and a hundred things to see not seen anywhere else in the world.

Leaving Zacatecas behind, under the shadow of the great Cerro de la Bufa, now below, in the valley, is Guadalupe, and far beyond is Lake Pever-

BATHS, AGUAS CALIENTES.

naldillo, whose waters seem to meet the sky at the horizon. Those are not monuments over the graves of fallen heroes that you have seen through this mining district; those white tombstone-like objects are landmarks to designate the boundaries of an hacienda or a mining claim.

The road enters a more agricultural district below Guadalupe, and runs through one valley after another down to Aguas Calientes, on the plain. The city is on the west side of the road. No general view of the city may be had, as it is on the same level with the track, and a forest of green trees hides the houses. There is plenty to be seen at the station. The main street of the city crosses the track just below it; the bath-houses are within a stone's throw, and the hot-water ditch, wherein is the public laundry and baths of the Indians, crosses the track just at the end of the platform. From Aguas Calientes, or at Chicalote, nine miles above, the Tampico division connects with the main line of the Mexican Central.

Onward, over the plains to the southward, it is still down grade to the

barranca of Encarnacion, which the road crosses on a high iron bridge. Just under it, on the left side, is an irrigation reservoir. The station is just at the south end of the bridge, and a mile or two to the westward is the little town of La Encarnacion, with its towered Church of Candelaria, in view from the car windows, and the white Campo Santo. Now the track winds about over some rocky hills, as far as Las Salas, and then down to the plain again at Lagos, the city seen from the west windows. The scenery is not so wild here, but is very pretty indeed. In the range to the west is the immense El Gigante, high above all the other mountains.

Leon is another of the great cities of this fertile plain, and one of the largest in Mexico. It is on the east side of the road; its streets are hedged with cactus and shaded by trees. Nothing but the towers of the churches can be seen.

At Silao is the branch road for Guanajuato. The city of Silao is on the east side of the road and nearer to it than most of the cities are. The ride of sixteen miles to Guanajuato is a very picturesque one. As the train winds about through the hills there are glimpses of the great mining city, first from one side of the cars, and then from the other.

Irapuato is the junction of the Guadalajara division and the station for strawberries. They are on sale on the arrival of all trains, from June to January, and January to June. The city is on the west side, half a mile from the station. Salamanca is the next place of importance, and then Celaya, where this road crosses the Mexican National. Both these cities are to be seen from the west windows. In the latter, high above the trees, is the yellow-tiled dome of the beautiful Church of Our Lady of Carmen, and back of the city the plain slopes gradually to a high mountain that is seen miles up and down the road. This beautiful valley is what is called the Bajío region and it seems to have grown in beauty and fertility; hence on, to Querétaro, it is one vast garden between the low ranges of hills on either side. Querétaro is on the east side of the track and just north of the city; also on the east side is the hill where Maximilian and his generals were executed, and south of it the track passes through a pretty suburb, where you may see your first palm tree and the first oranges and lemons in the groves where they grow. Just after leaving the city the train passes under the great stone aqueduct that brings the city's water supply from the mountains, five miles away. There are eighty of these arches, the highest of which, near where the track passes under, is ninety-four feet. The view is first on the left and then on the right. The great Hercules cotton mills may also be seen from the right windows.

At San Juan del Rio, the last city on the line, the track reaches an elevation of 6,245 feet and commences the climb to the plain of Cazadero; and the City of San Juan del Rio may be seen for miles and miles as the train crawls up the slope; at the little station of Marquez it reaches the highest point on the line, 8,132 feet above the level of the sea, then starts on the down grade to the Tula Valley. Tula is the junction of the Pachuca branch. This little city is one of the Toltec towns where there are some old ruins. It is a very picturesque place on the east side of the track.

No matter what may be the time of day, early in the morning, late in the evening, or if there be a moon, no matter what time of night, be ready to see the Tajo de Nochistongo, the great drainage canal, commenced in 1607, with a purpose to drain the lakes above the plain of Mexico and prevent the inundation of the city, but after a cost of millions of dollars and thousands of men, was abandoned. The train passes on the east cut of the canal, so the view must be from the west windows or on the right, going south.

When this great work is approached let every window on that side be occupied. At Huehuetoca there is the first view of the snow mountains, the great volcanoes of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl from the east windows, and of the plain of Mexico, and within an hour a journey that has been full of pleasure and crowded with novelty ends at Buena Vista station, in the City of Mexico.

Westward to Guadalajara.—The ride over the division of the Mexican Central Railroad, from the main line at Irapuato to Guadalajara, is not exactly like any other ride in Mexico and for this it is interesting. I do not know that the junction point was located at Irapuato as a particular favor to the strawberry Indians, but the necessary time for the transfer of passengers and baggage is very much in their favor, and scarcely a passenger but adds to his outfit. The branch road starts northward but, within half a mile, turns due west and encircles the town on its north side, running along through a tree covered plain. The line is rich in scenic beauty, as all roads in Mexico

WATER CARRIERS, GUANAJUATO.

are, the journey is one of pleasure, no matter what other object it may have, and it is a rich agricultural country as well. The first station of importance is Penjamo, the quaint looking old town lying to the south of the road, and may be seen from the cars. It is a very interesting old place, with its narrow and crooked streets. It has a population of about 8,000. La Piedad is the station for the old town of Piedad Cabadas, known in ancient and modern history by other aliases, but now answering to the name given here. It is a city of some 10,000 people, located south of the line, in the valley of the Lerma. Near the station the River Lerma is crossed. Here this longest river in Mexico is crossed for the first time and the road follows its windings, and runs along the south branch for some miles. From Yurécuaro a branch extends southward to Zamora and beyond to the timber regions of Michoacan. The line crosses the Lerma again at La Barca, a city of 10,000 inhabitants, on Lake Chapala, where the Lerma empties into it. The river is sometimes called

the Rio Grande, and is referred to as the Mississippi of Mexico. It is a curious fact that this river empties into Lake Chapala at La Barca and flows out of it just below Ocotlan, fifteen miles farther on. Lake Chapala is a beautiful body of water, on which there are steamboats and sail boats. The machinery of the first steamer was brought from California, by sea, to San Blas, and thence packed on burros over the mountains; the boiler lies on the beach, a rusty monument to American pluck and energy. It is not recorded that anybody else has carried steamboats over the mountains on mules. The voyage around the lake is one of seventy miles, and of many delights in the superb scenery, exceptionally beautiful. High and overhanging cliffs, reflected again in the clear waters, mountains, fertile plains, valleys with fields of fruit and groves of tropical trees. Sometimes, when a high east wind prevails, the waves loosen the vegetation growing in the shallow water of the delta, where the Lerma comes in and sends some floating islands, often an acre in extent, out into the lake. The town of Chapala, on the north shore, is picturesquely located under the towering cliffs of the mountain, and has long been a health resort of the natives, on account of the very hot springs that are there, which have a high reputation for their curative properties; the waters, clear as crystal, gush from under the rocks on the mountain side. Take boats from Ocotlan or stages from Atequiza for the resorts on Lake Chapala. Continuing the journey by rail, west from La Barca, the track comes to the river again and crosses it, after it has left the lake, near Ocotlan, the third crossing of the river. From the windows on the right there is to be seen a fine old Spanish bridge of many arches, near Poncitlan, and from the left there is another glimpse of the lake. The stream here is more entitled to the name of river than most of the Mexican rios are. They are mostly brooks or creeks, are entirely dry, except in the rainy season, when they are roaring, raging torrents; but this is a river that makes a leap of nearly a hundred feet over the rocks at Juanacatlan.

El Castillo is the station for the Falls of Juanacatlan, the Niagara of Mexico, and, though a somewhat smaller edition, is not unlike the world's greatest cataract. A branch road runs from the station to the falls, a ride of only about four miles, and is accomplished in about twenty minutes; a trip to the falls is one of the things to do. The immense water power, that for centuries has been owned by one of the prominent families of Mexico, was utilized only to turn the wheels of a mill until an electric light plant was put in, and from this point the lights of Guadalajara are supplied. There is now a great cotton and woolen mill whose wheels are turned by the falls. Water-falls are not common in Mexico; it is only in the rainy season that water falls to any alarming extent. There are cascades and cataracts that are not all in your eye, so to speak, here, there and everywhere, that are not always useful or ornamental for the one requisite of water, but Juanacatlan is a beauty and a joy that goes on forever in the rainy season and out of it, but particularly in the rainy season.

The first glimpse of Guadalajara is to be had from the windows on the right hand, looking forward. The towers begin to peep over the hills, and a little further on those of San Pedro can also be seen north of the track. While you watch these, the train is rolling on up the grade, and in a few minutes is passing the outlying gardens of the very beautiful city of Guadalajara.

From Guadalajara the line runs westward to the mining districts of Ameca and San Marcos, with an ultimate extension to Tepic and the Pacific Coast.

Westward to the Pacific.—In its extension towards the Pacific Coast the

Mexican Central Railway has adopted the route via Zapotlan and Colima and will make its western terminus at Manzanillo. At this writing the road is completed as far as Tuxpan, eighteen miles southwest of Zapotlan, a primitive Mexican city of much beauty and of that certain quaintness that pertains to all these places but recently reached by the railway.

The ride from Guadalajara is interesting in every mile of it. Leaving the station the route is east for a mile or more, and then turns southward, tending westward. There is a fine view of Guadalajara and that delightful suburb of San Pedro as the train passes through the fertile fields dotted with white-walled haciendas. The ride increases in interest and the views grow picturesque. Near Mazatepec are the storage reservoirs for irrigation in the valley a little further on, and after leaving Valencia there is a splendid view of mountain, lake and plain, aqueducts here and there and different levels with long lines of graceful arches.

One of the most picturesque views is of the Hacienda of Bella Vista, seen first from the north and from the hills above; then the road winding down finally comes almost under the shadow of its domes and towers, passes over, under and alongside its arched aqueducts that in one place are outlined 'gainst the sky in a long line of grey stone. Along here the road crooks and turns till three tracks of the route may be seen—one of the most pleasing panoramas in all Mexico.

The railway has not been here long enough to drive the pack mule out of business, and he still makes up some long trains of his own, carrying the products of the country; but not to such long distances, not to Guadalajara any more; he puts his burden down at Santa Ana and the other stations along the line. There is a sugar country round about Santa Ana, as indicated by the wares of the station peddlers, who bring to the passing trains crude candies made from native sugar and put up in tiny crates made of thin slats of cane not longer than your finger, each deftly tied at the corners with a thread. The box is worth the price, and the candy is not half bad.

After Santa Ana the route is southward over a wide plain with blue hills all around, following a chain of shallow lakes whose waters are flecked with the white of thousands of cranes and pelicans.

Zacoalco is an old village of that sort we see in the old-time geographies a church with arched walls and a moth-eaten tower background against a sharp peaked mountain.

This chain of yellow-water lakes extends southward to Sayula. In the dry season the diligencias had a smooth road through the middle of the channel. Now, since the passing of the diligencia, the railway skirts the borders, passing villages of thatched huts embowered in tropic trees.

Near Sayula are some fine mining properties, and the town, waking from a lethargy, begins to show signs of life. In a ride of five kilometers southward there is a grade of 700 feet to Quemado, where there is a fine view of the plain and the yellow lakes to the northward and the wide spreading plain.

After turning the summit at Quemado down into another valley there are some more yellow lakes, and the towers of Zapotlan are seen in the distance. After leaving Zapotlan and thence to Tuxpan there are fine views of the Volcano of Colima.

Eastward to Tampico.—One writer on Mexico advises to come to the country by sea and proceed from the lowlands to the highlands, with the idea that this is the best from a scenic point of view—to go upward and let the scene grow upon you. I don't think so, but rather to come from the broad table-lands to an abrupt jumping-off place and look down, even over

the tops of other mountains, lower hills and sloping plains, away to the sea, and let the picture fade in its mists. To my mind this is a picture that no pencil can paint nor pen portray. It is often thus in Mexico, and particularly so in this ride eastward to Tampico. The Tampico division of the Mexican Central Railway leaves the main line at Aguas Calientes, at least this is the nominal junction point where trains are made up and where passengers change cars, when that is necessary, but the actual point of junction is at Chicalote, nine miles north, to where trains run on the main line and then switch off to the east-bound track.

The maguey of this region is used for the manufacture of mescal. The plant is very much smaller than the pulque-maguey of southern Mexico; it runs to root and it is from the root that the mescal is distilled. The nopal, or, as it

FOR RAINY WEATHER.

is called sometimes, the prickly pear, grows here in the densest thickets. It bears a really palatable fruit that is a staple article of food with the natives, who also use the leaves to feed to cattle, the thorns having first been taken off by slightly singeing in the fire.

The only place of importance between Aguas Calientes and San Luis Potosi is Las Salinas de la Penya Blanca, a place of 5,000 people, near the station of Salinas, where one of the greatest deposits of salt in the world is located; the immense product is shipped to all parts of the country. The hacienda of the Errasu family, the owners of this immense estate, is very like

a castle of the olden times, with its moat, draw-bridge, portcullis and all; the walls are as thick as those of a fortress and have their watch-towers and port holes. This was all very necessary in the earlier days of bandits in Mexico. For several years just previous to the completion of the railway, the production of salt was pushed to the fullest capacity, so that there were thousands and thousands of tons ready for shipment when the road was completed, and now there are required several miles of sidetracks to reach the vats and warehouses.

After Salinas the descent commences, and it is more than average downgrade from here to Tampico, and it is simply rolling over one hill after another, down to San Luis Potosí. It is an impressive view of the city, as the train comes down from the highlands, enters the city from the north, through a wide avenue, and stops in the handsome stone station that fronts the alameda, almost in the city's center.

Leaving San Luis Potosí, the road crosses the Mexican National Railroad, on the outskirts of the city, and by the steady and gradual slope of the plain, runs down nearly 1,500 feet in forty-seven miles, to Villar. The descent to the coast is by a series of terraces; each terrace has its range of hills on the outward edge, which makes this region peculiarly picturesque. It will be noticed that the east side of these hills is covered with trees, while the west slope is comparatively bare. Here and there these table-lands are cut through by cañons, and down through them tumbles the water, in a thousand cascades, from terrace to terrace, from one table-land to another, on down to the sea.

From Villar to Las Tablas is another drop in the track of about 1,500 feet, and then it is a little up-grade to Cardenas. The run has been through the beautiful San Isidro Valley; the track has twisted and turned about the mountain slopes. The drop has been so gradual as to be hardly noticed, and if you have thought the scenery grand, as it indeed is, do not exhaust your adjectives; they will be needed a little further on, where you can exhaust all that are in all the languages of the world, over these, the grandest views of the world.

From Cardenas to Las Canoas is only fourteen miles, but the drop is about 700 feet, through the very lovely valley where there is verdure bright and green. Las Canoas, being interpreted, means "the canoes," not that there are any canoes hereabouts, nor are any needed, nor is there water enough to float one; there is water enough, but not in any one place, and it is too much on the slant, falling in a hundred cascades. Las Canoas is simply a little canoe of a valley and the prettiest one in the world, because there is no other just exactly like it—"a grassy-bottomed cup, closed in by precipitous mountains, from which strange formations of fantastically disposed rocks reach out into the even ground." One rock near the road, just above the station, seems a gigantic stage setting for the depicting of some scene in old Scotland, though Scotland has no such rocks and hills as these. You may see the pretty little cup of a valley while the train stops at the station; it is only a little one, and one look around will cover it, though it induces to dwell upon its very loveliness. Just ahead there is the beginning of the great Cañon of the Tamosopo. There indeed is the veritable "jumping-off place." There, at that switch, you can see the rails bend downward over the edge of the cañon—a switch with a signal arm so long that it extends across the track; no train or engine can pass it without throwing it down, and the train off the rails. The place is one of such importance that even human watchfulness is not to be trusted, as a car or train once beyond control, and beyond this switch, would be lost, but this is a safety switch that

saves. It is always thrown to a side track that runs out on a level place and averts any possibility of an accident; the switch is never opened except while a train is passing, and is closed instantly by the ever attendant watchman.

This is a pretty valley indeed, but there are grander scenes just beyond. Such feats of engineering as you have never dreamed of, no matter what railroad you have traveled over. The beauties and the wonders of it are wholly indescribable and beyond compare. A seat on the left, or north side, of the car is the best; the rear platform, however, is the vantage point if you must travel by train. But if by any possible chance you have an opportunity to roll down the cañon on "the trolleys," or on an open car, do it. It is an experience of a lifetime, which the longest life will not forget. The trolley is what would be called, anywhere else, a hand-car, closely resembling the work-car of a section gang, but provided with a powerful brake, that the

IN THE TAMOSOPO CANON.

simple turning with the fingers will bring in contact with all the wheels in an instant; in fact it is only the experienced hand that prevents the trolley-car from stopping so quickly as to throw the occupants forward. There are seats for five persons on each car, and there are only two trolleys, so the equipment has not been arranged with a view to a large patronage, but if there were hotels at either end of the cañon, I think their number would have to be largely increased. And I, since I have traveled on the trolleys, would not have missed it, if I had to camp out at both ends of the ride. There is an untrammeled view, forward and backward, up the steep mountain side, thousands of feet, down the deep depths of the cañon, thousands of feet, and across the awful chasm, to the heights and cliffs beyond, with no narrow windows or door to curtail the magnificent grandeur of the view. This

is travel by trolley, down the great cañon of Tamasopo, but the average traveler must be content with the Pullman car.

The throttle of the engine is hardly opened to give the wheels a turn at Las Canoas, when it is closed, and not opened again until the mouth of the cañon is reached, seventeen miles away, and no steam is used except for the brakes. One hour and twenty-seven minutes are used to travel these seventeen miles that might be done in ten minutes of real hurry, if there were no curves on the track. The slow time is for safety's sake, and the danger has been brought to a minimum, so that it is not thought of; in fact, there is little thought of anything but the wonderful road and its wonderful scenery.

At the head of the cañon the little river jumps off in a pretty cascade, tumbles over the rocks, foams and frets over the great boulders, for some hundreds of feet, then dives into the ground and is seen no more for several miles. In the rainy season there is such a volume of water that it cannot pass through the underground passage, but runs over what is now the dry bed of the cañon.

The cañon widens and the view grows grandly. Here and there the track is held by great walls of stone, and coming to some jutting crag too sharp, too abrupt to build around, a tunnel is cut through. In one place there are three within a few feet of each other, so that a train of ten cars would be in three tunnels at one time. In our mountains and caves there are pulpits, chairs and slides described as the Devil's, but the Devil's Backbone is here on the Mexican Central, in the Tamasopo Cañon, and there is a hole through it big enough for a railroad train to pass. Passing from the darkness of one of these tunnels into the broad light of brightest day, the marvelous view bursts upon the vision with no warning of its stupendous immensity. Perpendicularly down, more than a thousand feet, is the density of tropical green that is shaded lighter up the mountain side, and in a thousand hues, as the sunlight falls upon them at this angle or that. Over on the other mountain, the bright spots of lighter green are patches of sugar, and here, below our track, is the delicate pink of the rosewood tree; each tree seems as one huge posy, so thick the blossoms are. Far away over the other mountains, far away over the other valleys, the panorama, it seems, stretches to infinity, and while we hear the rushing of the waters, so far below, we think we can see the waters of an aerial river, or the distant seas where earth and air are lost in their intermingling. These mountains are unlike those of the interior, being covered with a tropical verdure, fed by the constantly blowing mists from the sea, while the valleys are luxuriantly rich in the density of the full tropical foliage, and what we see here, we have not seen before in all our travels in Mexico, or other lands we may have traveled in, for there is not its equal in varied beauty or difficulty of engineering accomplishment.

There are six tracks in view, as the road twists and turns down towards the valley, that we seem never to get nearer to, and in one place a track seems just under us, though we must travel six miles before we reach the spot in view. It was here that, on that famous trip of the trolleys, we lost our Mexican attendant, who had gone back as a flagman against a possible following train, and we left him behind, as we thought, but not if he knew himself, his country and our lunch basket, of which latter he had had a taste. He simply clambered down the rocks and sat down to rest on a tie of the track down the mountain while we rolled off our six miles and caught up with him!

If ever Joseph's brethren had let him down into this pit of St. Joseph—this Hoyo de San José in the Tamasopo Cañon—he would never have got-

ten out to distinguish himself either in Egypt or anywhere else. It is said to be bottomless. It is in evidence that various and sundry burros, whose misfortunes forced them over the brink, never returned, and that place whence no burro returns has no stopping place of even the narrowest proportions, and where a burro cannot climb must partake of the perpendicular, or of a polished surface. Indeed, this Hoyo de San José is a wonderful hole-in-the-ground, where rivers of water empty their torrents in the rainy season. There is no outlet, and the pit does not fill up, then is it not bottomless, *quien sabe?* The railroad must describe a figure 8 to get around the pit, and just west of it is established a little station and another safety switch that is always set for the side track.

AT PUENTE DE DIOS.

Here now are the full tropics, as you have dreamed of them—great giant trees, with hanging vines from the highest branches. These and the trees are covered with orchids, that flourish in the moisture of the mists from the sea. This almost impenetrable forest is a dense mass of verdure, from the top-most branches to the ferns that grow in their shade. A little farther on the wild undergrowth has been cleared away. This may not be apparent, at first, as there seems to be, and there is still, an undergrowth of—coffee trees. The road runs through the midst of one of the finest coffee plantations, and if there is time to stop at the little platform on the left of the track, you may walk through it, and down a thousand steps to the Puente de Dios, where a rushing mountain stream leaps in a flying cascade into a beautiful pool, passes out of view, and appears again in other pretty pools below this Bridge of God. If the scenery here is not so wild, so grandly picturesque, it is not the less

interesting; passing from the forest and the coffee groves the road comes to an open space and a comparatively level spot where the timber has been cut away. On the right is a village of the timber cutters, a group of thatched huts that, until now, you may not have seen except in pictures, as much a tropical village, both as to architecture and fashion of dress, as you will see.

Here, on the left of the road, is a river fringed with palms and palmettos. The road follows along its banks to Tamasopo, now a little railroad town where trains are made up, and great heavy double-header engines are kept to take them up the mountain. Just out of Rascon the river is crossed and the grade is downward to Valles, then up a short distance to another cañon, not so great as the one just passed, but with one view at least, it is worth them all to see. It is the Cañon del Abra de Caballeros, and the grand view is of El Salto del Abra de Caballeros at the Boca del Abra. The view is from the left or north windows of the cars, or best from the rear platform.

Some day the railroad company will operate an open observation car from Las Canoas, because the magnificence of the scenery demands and it is impossible to grasp its grandeur from any car that has sides or a roof. The track comes to the head of the cañon and runs along high on the mountain side. The river comes to view only a little below the roadway, but for a mile or more the marvelously colored waters fall in one cascade over another till there is a score or more—some more than a hundred feet in height—all the time in full view from the cars; the roar of the lower falls cannot be heard from the depth so far below. Here, at the mouth of the cañon, from the high point where the track is, is the most magnificent picture I ever saw. There is a greater fall of water at Niagara, but the high towering peaks are here at El Salto del Abra, and here is a cascade of three hundred feet, and a chain of them more than a mile long. The composition of the landscape is simply superb; there are neither words to describe it and no pencil, however deft, can paint its beauties. The color is of nature's own and in her brightest hues. On the other side of the cañon a towering peak is 3,000 feet high, its sides precipitously drop down in gray rocks to the water's edge, washed by the torrent that goes on forever, and the cliffs are whitened by the filmy white foam that rises in mists from this home of the cascades. Back beyond the beginning of the falls, another and a higher mountain raises its head loftily. If you can, persuade your conductor to stop a minute—a minute here is worth an hour anywhere else in the world where a railroad runs—only a minute for the very grandeur of it.

I stood there and gazed rapturously. I asked for another minute, but I was called back to earth from the pinnacle to where I had soared. I took that minute, and my rifle from the car, with the thought to see if it would carry to the cliffs beyond. I fired a shot, and a thousand parrots, startled, flew screaming, circling around above and below us, settling down again in the trees where their dwelling places are.

While these minutes were flying, the one great picture had so filled the eye that not one look was taken ahead. Here the cañon widens out and we look abroad, over a hundred miles of sloping plain, with undulating hills that lie between us and the sea. Still, however, we are skirting along the sides of high mountains in which there are many caves. One, La Ventana, has a chamber that is nearly 700 feet high. The name comes from an opening or window near the top that may be seen a long way off, in the mountain side. To reach La Ventana requires a walk above the roadway, but another, Choy Cave, is immediately under the track; in fact, a bridge is built over the skylight of this cavern, and steps have been made down to the entrance two hundred feet below, from which comes a stream of clear, cold

water. The chamber of Choy Cave is over 200 feet high and with steps and passage ways along the subterranean river that is nearly a hundred feet deep. Downward the grade is, with plains and the biggest Mexican rivers to see and cross, the rivers Támesi and Pánuco, near Tamos. Near the line are the ruins of an ancient Aztec city that cover some miles of territory, so that it must have been a populous capital. These cities of the ancients of Mexico are not to be seen from the cars, but the more curious and venturesome tourist will find a field to interest him and worth his while to explore, though he must camp out; there is not even a fonda for frijoles or tortillas, and only jacals for shelter.

We came down from these grand mountains to the sea, and when we stopped at Tampico it was night, the car was rolled out on the jetties, and while the breezes of the Gulf fanned us, we listened to the lullaby of the waves, and dreamed of mountains miles and miles in height, that the sea beat against and came down over their tops in a cascade as wide as the ocean.

THE BARRANCA ROAD NEAR GUADALAJARA.

Eastward over the Mexican Railway.— The first railway of Mexico was built from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and, long before any of the others were finished, the fame of this one went abroad, and all over the world the wonders of its engineering feats, and the magnificence of its scenery, was told, till people crossed the seas with no other object than to look upon its beauties, and the wondrous work of its building. It is easier of access now, and there are thousands of travelers that start eastward from the capital, or westward from the Gulf, with the same object in view.

Passing out of the fine station of Buena Vista, the track takes a northerly course from the City of Mexico, and runs along the solid roadbed of an ancient causeway, trod by pilgrims to the shrine of Guadalupe for more than three centuries, and on either side of the track stand the shrines where the processions halted, and weary wayfarers worshiped. Along the east side of the track is the more modern road of foot travel, and the line of electric cars, from the city to the shrine. Under the shadow of Guadalupe the track turns somewhat to the east; on the left is the village, the great church, the stone sails, and the chapel on the hill all to be seen from the cars.

There is little choice of seats just here. On the right there are views of the city, the lake and plain, and the great volcanoes. Popocatepetl and Ixtac-

cihuatl are constantly in view, then Malintzi, and then Orizaba. In two hundred miles there are snow-capped mountains always in sight. On the right is Lake Texcoco, on the left Lake San Cristóbal, and on either side may be seen the great drainage works that drains the water from these lakes, reclaims the lands of the valley, and carries away the sewage of the city.

Near San Juan Teotihuacan are the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, seen from the windows on the left. Not very formidable pyramids as seen from the cars, but the "Sun" is 216, and the "Moon" 151 feet high; the former more than half as large as the great Cheops of Egypt. Between the two pyramids is a causeway, called the Street of the Dead, also seen from the cars.

MARKET GIRLS.

At Otumba is the field of battle between Cortéz and the Mexicans, July 8, 1520, during the retreat after the defeat of the Noche Triste.

These scenes left behind, and after passing Ometusco, the junction point for Pachuca, the course is southeastward, across an almost level table-land, to the Plain of Apam, where the pulque grows, the track passing through fields and fields of thousands and thousands of acres of the immense plants that an American would call "century" plants. The Apam pulque is the best, or, perhaps it is better to say, the favorite, with those who drink pulque, and if you have not made the experiment, you will find no better place to try it than at Apam. The dealers meet all trains.

The pulque traffic is a source of great revenue to the railway companies. Regular trains, carrying nothing but pulque, leave the stations in the region from one to three o'clock in the morning, running on fast time, reaching the city between five and six o'clock. The barrels and hogskins are tumbled out onto the Custom House platform, the duty paid, and a hundred carts and cargadores take it to the "shops," all over the city. Pulque will not keep, and the Mexican knows it. He hurries it onto the train, and rushes it to the place of sale, drinks it and goes back after another load. From the fields to the "shops" it is not more than a day. When the plant is about to send up the long slender shoot that bears the bloom of the century plant, the bud is cut out, and in the basin formed the sap gathers, and is taken out by a man, with a long slender gourd. With his lips he withdraws the air from the gourd, and the crude pulque fills it, and is poured into the hogskin on his back, which, when full, is loaded on a burro or cart, taken to the hacienda, and after a quick process of fermentation, it is ready for the pulque train and the market.

At Soltepec all four of the great peaks may be seen in one grand sweep of the vision. At Apizaco the branch line extends south to the city of Puebla, passing Santa Ana, the station for the ancient city of Tlaxcala. Along the branch are some points of scenic interest. On the right, after leaving the station, is the Church of Santa Cruz, a little further on, on the left, the grand old mountain, Malintzi, in the distance, and near the road a little cañon and a cascade, whose waters supply the power for a woolen mill. After crossing some barrancas, the train makes a stop at Santa Ana, from whence street cars run to Tlaxcala. The towers of its churches are seen from the windows on the right, and in a little while, from these same windows, may be seen the Pyramid of Cholula, and a look ahead will show the towers of Puebla and the old forts on the hills beyond.

Buy canes at Apizaco; canes of all the woods that grow in Mexico. They are on sale on the station platform, along with the cakes, pies and pulque. You can buy one, or a cord, for it seems here is a solution of the timberless hills of the country; they have been stripped by the cane makers of Apizaco. There are large canes and small, cut and carved in designs fantastic, painted in all the colors of the rainbow and of the flowers that grow. Canes for the old man, the dude, and the small boy. It is Apizaco's admonition, that if any man passes that way, and afterward goes down to his grave caneless, it is his own fault. There is a good restaurant and buffet in the station, and there is usually time to buy canes and coffee, during the time of transfer of passengers and baggage for Puebla.

Leaving Apizaco, the course of the main line is slightly to the southeast, and in a few miles the highest point on the line, 8,333 feet, is reached. The road runs at the base of old Mount Malintzi, and, passing the foot-hills, comes to San Andres, where passengers desiring to make the ascent of the volcano of Orizaba change cars. Now the scenery becomes more interesting, as the track winds in and out among the hills, a seeming prelude to the gradeur, just ahead, that no words are adequate to describe.

Esperanza is the stopping place at the edge of the great terrace of the table-land, 8,043 feet above the sea, where commences the descent to the tierra caliente. At Esperanza the Mexican Railway maintains extensive yards and shops, and hence, southward, a horse-car line runs to Tehuacan, on the Mexican Southern Railway. The station building combines ticket and telegraph offices, a good restaurant and comfortable hotel. It is not much of a pull for the engine to make the start out of the Esperanza yards. The loosening of the brake will sometimes start the train, without the opening of the

throttle. The wheels begin to turn, and the only steam needed will be to slow up, or stop the train. With only little stretches of up-grade, it is a roll from Esperanza to Vera Cruz. The drop from the yards here to Maltrata, seventeen miles, is 2,493 feet, and from Maltrata, (5,550 feet in altitude), to Orizaba, 3,943 feet. The slip down is 1,607 feet in thirteen miles, making a total descent of 4,100 feet in twenty-nine miles.

A seat on the right of the car is to be chosen. The incline of the train can be felt, as it moves toward Boca del Monte, the "mouth of the mountain," and here commences the grandest piece of scenery—one of the grand views of the world. On one side, the towering mountains—the road is only a little shelf hewn in the rocks—on the other, down a thousand feet or more, is a rushing stream, foaming and fretting over the rocks and boulders, at the bottom of a yawning cañon, and beyond it mountains as high as this on whose side the train crawls along. Whether the engineers sought the spot at Alta Luz as the most available for a water supply, or, in commendable forethought, placed the tank here that the people might enjoy the view, while water is taken, the deponent saith not, but the thanks of every traveler are due for the placing of the tank where it is, whatever may have been the motive. Without any warning, or prelude of the grandeur, the magnificence, the surpassing beauty of the picture, it bursts upon the vision. A bridge over an awful chasm inspires awe, and a tunnel shuts the eyes to its depths, for a moment only, and then, as in the sudden lifting of a curtain, from darkness to daylight, displays the picture that no pencil paints.

Here the engine stops for water, a prosaic reason for such a poetic pleasure in the looking on such a view, and demands the traveler's gratitude.

No window is broad enough for its scope, and a doorway is all too narrow. Every passenger is out and down on the narrow space between the rails and edge of the cañon. There is Maltrata, a dozen miles away, to follow the rails, yet we look down on the red tiles of the roofs; the round tower of the village church gleams in the sunshine, two thousand feet straight down below your feet; the streets, gardens, houses, look like the toys from a child's play-box, and the people are only pigmies. The green fields are like a checker-board, spread out in the valley. You may look beyond the valley, to the other mountains, look ahead to some others, and see above them the snow-tipped peak of Orizaba; or try to follow the silver thread of the stream in the valley, or the shining rails of the track, winding down the mountain. You may for a moment traffic with the Indians for the most beautiful orchids, but the gem of the view is in the valley right under you, and your furtive glances come back to this jewel of a valley, La Joya, till it is indelibly fixed in your mind as the most beautiful picture you ever saw.

The object of the stop is accomplished, whether it was for water for the engine, or for you to see the view, and the train rolls on. Regretfully, perhaps, you think of the orchids, that you failed to purchase; surely, those very orchids were worth as many dollars in your own country as the Indians demanded in cents. And you wondered, perhaps, why they refused your offer, held them at the original price, and, unlike all the other Indians everywhere else, would not take less. Just wait a little while, and you may have another chance at these same orchids. While the train is running its dozen miles, curving in and out on the hillside, there is a rough-and-tumble scramble of these Indians, two thousand feet down the rocks, and the same orchids that you didn't buy will be at the station at Maltrata when you get there; and as that is the last chance for the Indian to sell to-day, you may be able to buy at your own price.

Crossing the little valley of Maltrata, keep your seat on the right of the

car. The road enters a cañon, called "Infiernillo," the ravine of the "little hell," which, barring the absence of any superfluous heat, seems to be properly named, and the railway builders must have had a difficult time in running their lines through such a place. There is a bridge 140 feet high, with a sheer precipice above and below, with the mountain stream falling down the chasm in a roaring cascade. Through a tunnel, and out at the other end, is another beautiful valley, the Valley of the Cascades. The road runs down through the center of it, passing Nogales, and coming to Orizaba. There are fine views on either side, but the towns and villages are on the north of the road.

ON THE MEXICAN (VERA CRUZ) RAILWAY.

Orizaba is on the border of the tropic lands, and the scenery hence is unlike any left behind. The finest views are on—both sides. The rear platform is the best position, as from there nothing should be missed. Running through the palm-shaded street, the road goes into the cane and coffee fields. The volcano is in the view, and the hill on the left, overlooking the city, is the Cerro del Borrego, where a small body of French held at bay a much larger force of Mexicans, during the Maximilian war.

After six or seven miles, the line enters the Barranca de Metlac. The choice of seats is on the right, to see the deep ravine, and the Rio Metlac, nearly a thousand feet below. Here an immense horseshoe curve takes the

track around the head of the valley, over a curved bridge, on the other side of which is an ascending grade to Fortin, then down hill to Córdoba. The view down the river is a pretty one indeed, the old stone bridge of the highway in the foreground, and the bluest of blue hills in the distance.

The town of Córdoba is on the north of the track. It might be seen from the cars, but for the dense tropical forest intervening. It may seem to you that all the inhabitants are at the station, dressed in their best suits of clothes—bright and clean, wide of trouser, and broad of straw sombrero, and brightly-colored costume of woman's dress. Here the tropic Mexican appears, in all his picturesqueness, as he is seen in pictures.

On down the hill, the road runs through coffee plantations, fields of sugar-cane and tropic forests of palm and palmetto, groves of oranges, gardens of mangoes, pineapples and bananas, from whence come the luscious fruits brought to the cars at Córdoba.

Through some tunnels, and over bridges, the road drops down into the Atoyac Valley, and crosses the river of that name, just beyond the station, and just after leaving it. On the right, after the tunnel is passed, is another beautiful view, with a cascade falling from the hill over the rocks, splashing the water to snowy foam, and making a silver ribbon through the deep valley below. Passing the bridge Chiquihuite, and that of San Alejo, the road comes to Paso del Macho, where the mountain scenery is left behind, and with a few more twists and turns, takes a due eastward course across the slope to Vera Cruz.

From Esperanza to Paso del Macho an open car with no top or sides is almost a necessity and the day will come when they will be carried on express trains, as it is impossible to enjoy the full grandeur of the scenery in a closed car.

Westward over the International.—It makes little difference at what point the traveler comes to the border, his curious eyes will look with wonder before he crosses the bridge over the narrow, sluggish, muddy little creek that forms the boundary between the United States and Mexico—a creek that does not seem to have grown a bit since it left El Paso, unless it be in mud and murkiness, and why it was ever called the Rio Grande nobody but the man who named it will ever know. Perhaps the discoverer came upon it unawares on a rainy day during the wet season, certainly not on such a day as when I saw it first, when it seemed there was hardly water enough and hardly current enough to carry the mud along.

One does not look at the river, though, but to the hills beyond—the bleak and barren hills that came to view when you are a hundred miles away across the Texas prairies. And yet one does not see Mexico in these hills—only where Mexico is. Beyond the hills, in table-lands, fertile valleys and old-time cities with domed and towered churches, is Mexico.

At Spofford Junction, on the main line of the Southern Pacific, a division of the road makes a detour to the southwestward, and comes to the border at Eagle Pass, where the connection is with the Mexican International Railroad. The town on the Texas side is Eagle Pass; at the other end of the steel bridge it is La Ciudad Porfirio Diaz. The original name of the town, Piedras Negras, was changed in honor of the President of Mexico. Since the opening of the line, in March, 1888, and the establishment of the railroad headquarters here, the towns have grown, till they now number about 6,000 people. The altitude is 722 feet above the sea, and healthfulness is conceded. The higher elevations are not far away, and the climb to them commences at the river, reaching 1,200 feet, at Nava, in twenty-four miles, and, still on the rising grade, the road passes Allende, Leonora, Peyotes and Blanco,

places of 1,000 to 1,500 people. At Sabinas there is a branch to the coal mines of Hondo and Felipe. The supply of bituminous coal is practically inexhaustible. A branch line to Lampazos is proposed to be extended from the coal mines. After crossing the Rio Sabinas, the average is up-grade to Monclova, where the altitude is 1,926 feet.

At Hermanas are some hot springs that are claimed to be equal to the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas with a warm and equable climate. Monclova is one of the very many very old towns in Mexico, that have made very little headway in population or advancement, and the primitiveness of it is its novelty. Near the city is a rich mine of magnetic iron, and the whole region, round about, is rich in the more precious metals.

IN ORIZABA.

At Monclova a branch line extends westward to Cuatro Cienegas with an ultimate destination at Mazatlan on the Pacific coast, passing Sierra Mojada, Jimenez and Culiacan. From Nadadores there is a stage line thirty miles to San Lucas Springs, where there is a hotel and Sanatarium.

From Reata a branch runs from the main line southwest to Monterey, where connection is made with the Mexican National and the Mexican Central Railways. The direction hence is almost due south, to Treviño, the junction point with the Monterey division of the Mexican Central Railway, and the Gulf at Tampico. At Jaral the road reaches an elevation of 3,753 feet, and runs within about thirty miles of Saltillo, the capital of Coahuila, to which point a branch line is proposed. There is a look of utter desolation in these hills, but there are valleys between, where there are fertile lands, and where herds and flocks are grazing.

Now the road takes a more westerly course, runs along the table-lands and comes to Paila, where the altitude is 3,898 feet. A few miles to the south of the line is the very ancient town of Parras, one of the oldest in Mexico, having been founded some three hundred and fifty years ago. The location is superb, renowned for its healthfulness, in the midst of a fine grape country. The wines of Parras are sold in almost every Mexican city and are rated high. They are made in both clarets and sauternes. Parras is now reached by a division of the Mexican Central between Torreon and Saltillo.

From Hornos a branch extends northward through the cotton country to San Pedro, fourteen miles. Near Hornos are the inexhaustible salt mines that supply the product to all parts of the country.

At Matamoros there is an extension northward through the Laguna country, forty-one miles, to Zaragoza, reaching the cotton districts.

The course is now westward, running a little north of Lake Parras, a typical Mexican lake about 3,600 feet above the sea level, and north of the line is the larger lake, Mayran. It is a level track now along the southern borders of the great Bolson de Mapimi until Torreon is reached, where connection is made with the Mexican Central Railway; the elevation, here, is 3,721 feet.

Torreon is near the Nazas River, the great irrigating ditch of this territory, and three miles north is the city of Lerdo in the midst of Mexico's most famous cotton regions, where 'tis said the cotton grows on trees. Proceeding westward on the International it is only five miles to the lovely San Juan Valley where the train rounds a curve and rolls into the oasis. The high point of rocks on the left forms the gateway, and to the other side of the track the valley stretches away to the north. It is a pretty valley, is the San Juan, and they have made the waters of it run around its borders on the hillsides, and through aqueducts of stone, till it is high enough to irrigate the fields. It looks as though these Indian engineers had made the water run up hill; we crossed the stream back there, and here it is on a level with our windows.

Across the valley the rows of trees show which way the river runs, and dotted here and there, little patches of white mark the village and hacienda, with the fertile fields in between and growing grain nearly ready for the harvest. They have two harvests each year in this valley, which they would not have one, perhaps, if they waited for the rains, but the blessed little river stands in the rainmaker's place.

All the mountains in Mexico are cut in fantastic shapes, but here, on this road, a freakful nature seems to have outdone herself, or perhaps, this road gives us a closer view of the rocks and crags that look like castles or a herd of some huge monsters outlined against the sky.

At Pedricena there is a branch southward six miles to Velardena.

Some miles below there is a cave (any conductor will point out the place; a black hole in the hill on the north side), a veritable robbers' cave, where the bandits buried their dead, or came to hide themselves and count the proceeds of business in the old diligencia days. The robbers are not there now, but there are the relics of them in skulls and bones. The cave is high upon the almost perpendicular sides of the mountain and the opening is just large enough for a man to drop himself into a chamber twenty-five feet long, and as wide, with six or eight feet from floor to ceiling and a narrow opening to another smaller room. The darkness can almost be felt, and the dust of ages, a foot thick on the floor, makes the place uninviting. A friendly Mexican match will give a glimpse of the glittering stalactites; on the floor and against the sides of the

chamber are the evidences of the robber story, and a skull or twc may be added to your collection of curios from this curious country.

Long drouths parch the country, but the land is fertile, even without rain, and irrigation is a science in Mexico. The stranger wonders what there is to support the haciendas that are as big as a town. "Can anything grow here?" some one asks. "Nothing is impossible in Mexico. See that palm tree over there in that hacienda; it is the only one within three hundred miles, and where the palm grows there is life in the land." This is truth; the palm is there and there is not another this side of Tampico.

ENTRANCE TO SAN JUAN VALLEY, MEXICAN INTERNATIONAL RAILROAD.

On the south of the road, a little farther on, is an extinct volcano that is near the track, some four or five hundred feet high, and if there was time for the stop, it would be worth all the climb to look down into the awful crater, with its sides and depths crusted with the lava of a thousand years, or more it may have been. You can see the volcano from the cars as you pass by, but you must climb to the crater if you would see that. I might enlarge upon this story, as the train does not stop here and there is little chance to disprove, but the truth is enough to tell of anything in Mexico.

The road now is, for the most part, across the plains; the everlasting hills surrounding it are never out of sight. There is an iron bridge across the bed of a river, now bone dry, that when you come back may be a rushing torrent. When it rains in Mexico, it rains; the showers may be few and far between, but when they come they make up for lost time. But, withal, there is life in this seemingly arid soil, else how came the trees that for miles along this plain make it look like one vast orchard? And there is water above ground, though your palace car point of observation may not disclose it, else where do they drink and how get a sustenance—these herds of horses and cattle? Across the spreading plain is the city of Durango afar off, the towers rising above the low-roofed, square-topped houses. Beyond the city, and overlooking it, is a high hill with the Church of Los Remedios on its very top. A golden sunset makes the background of gorgeous hue, and while you watch its beauties the train rolls down to the station, where the people wait your coming just as they waited for those that came yesterday.

The train comes to an anchor at the pretty stone station, and almost under the shadow of the wonderful iron mountain that was one of the objects of the building of this road. A mountain of solid iron it is, the ore ranging from 75 to 90 per cent of pure iron, and enough of it to supply the world for a hundred years. The completion of the railroad did not help the iron industry of Durango, though. The little foundry that did a land-office business for so many years got thirty-five cents a pound for iron till the railroad came, and they found they could buy in Pittsburgh and ship to Durango for a great deal less than thirty-five cents. The old foundry, with its wooden machinery and water-power, has been replaced by a million-dollar smelter, and iron is cheaper now.

A busy, bustling scene is at the station; coachmen call their destinations and fares, darting here and there to relieve some weary traveler of his baggage and, if he can, thrust him into his own particular coach, before the traveler can enter a word of protest. Private carriages are there in numbers, whose drivers, more dignified than the liverymen, assist their master, or their master's guests to transfer baggage, all the while conscious of the admiring glances cast upon them by groups of pretty Indian girls, who are there, as everybody else is, for the purpose of seeing the train come in, and catching, at the same time, a glimpse of these youths in embroidered suits and gaily tinseled sombreros. Your anticipation of seeing a city extremely primitive is not realized at the station. You stand under the shelter of a modern stone station, with its smooth grass plat, roses, green trees and graveled walks, and watch the scene before you, then glance beyond the throng, down the track over which you just passed, to see the substantial freight depots of the big stores and smelters, each one of which has its own private depot and side-track for handling freight, and wonder why they called Durango "primitive."

It was a matter of small wonder that the ancient city of Jerusalem should be so long without railroad communication with the outer world, and the completion of the line from Joppa was only the talk of a day, but a city more than three hundred years old, and with nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, on this continent, and with a main line of railroad within a hundred and fifty miles of it, secured its first railroad since Jerusalem did. It was left to Durango to be the last of the great cities of Mexico to have a railway, and it is still such a novelty in that city that the populace wait at the station for the arrival of the train in the late afternoon, and come down early in the morning to see it pull out.

It is to see this new, old city that attracts a journey down the line of the International Railway of Mexico; this, and to see the newest primitiveness

of Mexican city life before the women exchange their lace mantillas for Parisian bonnets, and the men strip the silver bangles from their trousers and change the ornamental, monogrammed sombrero for the silk tile.

From Durango northward a branch line extends to Tepehuanes, traversing a rich mining region and through some fertile valleys, with an ultimate extension to Guanacevi.

Eastward over the Interoceanic.—Leaving the City of Mexico from the handsome station of San Lázaro, the trains of the Interoceanic Railroad pass through the eastern outskirts of the city and come to the field of practice of the artillery school, with its adobe targets on the left of the track, and run along an ancient causeway that was once the high road between the capital of the Montezumas and the great city of the Tezcucans. On both sides of the track, and very close to it, are tall trees that make a shaded avenue for some miles, and such an avenue is on the roadway of no other line on earth. Looking back from the rear platform, it will be seen that the branches almost meet above the cars, and down the long vista seem to close the entrance where the train came in. On the right are the plains and marshes extending to Ixtapalapa, La Estrella and Peñon, and to the extinct volcano of Ajusco, to be seen in the distance. On the left is Lake Texcoco; on the right, the waters and marshes of Xochimilco and Chalco. Turning around the southern shore of Lake Texcoco, the road comes to Los Reyes, the junction of the Morelos Division with the main line, a picturesque Indian town, where the people bring fish to the trains to sell to the passengers as something out of the ordinary of train and station peddlers in Mexico, or, perhaps, anywhere else. Skirting the eastern shore of the lake the road enters a fertile plain, where there are haciendas, villages and churches without number. At the station of Chapingo is the hacienda of the late ex-President, General Gonzales, on the north of the track a group of gorgeously painted houses, bearing an oriental look of towers and bright colors; on the right, almost opposite the hacienda of Chapingo, is the village of Huixotla, with an old church and older ruins of Aztec origin. Texcoco is the town that in the old Toltec days was the rival of Tenochtitlan, or the City of Mexico, and the capital of a powerful nation. At Texcoco Cortez stopped to prepare his bergantines, with which to transport his army over the waters of the lake. Tetzconcinco, or the "laughing hill," the favorite resort of Netzahualcoyotl, the Tezcucan chief, three miles east of Tex-

JALAPA.

coco, may be seen from the windows on the right, and near it the trees that overshadow the Molino de Flores, and a little farther on is the aqueduct of the waters for these gardens and palaces of the chiefs of the olden times.

The course is almost due north for some miles, to make a circuit of the foothills of the great volcanoes that are always in the view. At the little station of San Antonio, and between there and Metepec, there is a fine view of the Texcoco Valley, the lake, and beyond it the City of Mexico, forty miles away; and also from the north windows, beyond Metepec, in the distance, are the pyramids of the Sun and Moon, which are older, perhaps, than Cheops of Egypt.

At Otumba, Cortéz met the army of the Aztecs in 1520, and drove them in retreat before him. At Irolo are two branch roads to Pachuca, and at San

OLD SPANISH FORT NEAR PEROTE.

Lorenzo the "cut off" runs east to Oriental where it joins the main line again. The line via Puebla here starts on an up-grade, reaching an altitude of 9,000 feet near Nanacamilca, and then down on the other side, through a most picturesque district, passing along the mountain sides, through cañons, and down to the depths of the barranca, with constantly changing scenes in every turn and curve, till it comes to the lovely valley of San Martin Texmelucan, with its streams of clear, sparkling water, shady woodlands, and scenes of prosperity.

Passing San Martin and Analco, the line enters the great plain and valley of Puebla, one of the richest in all Mexico; the great haciendas here and there and everywhere are in evidence of its wealth. At Los Arcos is the junction of the branch to Cuautla. On the right is Cholula, the greatest of the Mexican pyramids; hence the road runs across the plain to Puebla. Leaving Puebla the road skirts the eastern slope of great Malintzi, and at certain points

there is a striking resemblance in the outline of the rocky crest to a giant face; and here also is a view to be enjoyed perhaps nowhere else in the world, the road running through a semi-tropical valley in sight of four snow-capped mountains—Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl to the west, Malintzi in the foreground, and Orizaba far to the east. It is a fact that, in all the miles of all the divisions of the Interoceanic road, with scarcely an exception of half an hour's run, there is a snow-capped mountain always in the view. The route is now to the northeast, crossing the Mexican Railway at San Marcos, and coming to a well-watered plain that is just on the verge of the terrace that drops down to the hot lands. At Virreyes is a branch road to San Juan de los Llanos and the junction of the Tecolutla division now completed to Teziutlan. On the right of the road, near Perote, is the old castle of Perote, an ancient fortress built by the Spaniards soon after the conquest, as a stopping place for rest, after the long pull up the mountain. Here was kept a large garrison of soldiers that patroled the road between Vera Cruz and Puebla in the old bandit days. Las Vigas is on the very edge of the great terrace. If there is no mist in the valley, the view is grandly magnificent; or, you may look out over a sea of white clouds with the indescribable sensation of traveling by rail above them and through their filmy folds. The track is through an endless lava bed that is a confused mass of black rock, from a pebble to huge pieces of the weight of tons. It was a marvelous piece of engineering in the building of this road and every crook and turn of its track seems to show greater difficulties overcome. At no place is the grade more than two and a half feet to the 100, which is remarkable, when the face of the country traversed is considered. The views are marvelous and beyond compare. There is the chalk-faced Cofre de Perote, white capped Orizaba, and the lesser hills sloping away to the Gulf, the waters of which, the ships and the white houses of Vera Cruz are a hundred miles away. It is a continual drop down till the train stops in the region of the full tropics, at the picturesque station of the ancient town of Jalapa, and thence the grade is still downward to Vera Cruz.

A COUNTRY HOME.

Between Palmar and Colorado is a beautiful piece of railroad work, in the famous Huarumbo cutting, the deepest cut in Mexico, where the line makes almost a complete loop. Near Rinconada is a sugar-loaf mountain, Cerro Gordo, where one of the hardest fights of the American war was fought; it is a wonderful track along here. There are a hundred horse-shoe curves. At one place the track you are to pass over seems a thousand feet below you, the white rock of the ballast showing through the verdure of the intervening trees. Sometimes it is hard to tell whether that is the track just passed over or the one you are coming to. In one view there is a perfect replica of the Hudson palisades.

Down at San Francisco the thatched houses of the tropics are shaded by feathery palm trees, and the straggling villages seem to have their residences designed chiefly for ventilation, with the walls of reeds and the roofs of palm leaves. Numberless streams from the mountains flowing to the sea are crossed here and there, and at La Antigua the river of the same name is passed on a steel bridge, near the place of a landing constructed by Cortéz, where there are some old cannon accredited to the conqueror, and near by some tombs and an old church, bearing date of 1526. In the approach to Vera Cruz all beauty is left behind, and but for the rolling surf of the sea, here might be the entrance to the desert of Sahara, where the sand blows in drifts like the beautiful snow, and where real snow fences are necessary to keep the sand from burying the tracks. But there is only a mile or two of this, and it is not to be remembered with all the grand beauties of the hills behind us.

The Morelos Division of the Interoceanic Railway leaves the main line eleven miles out of the City of Mexico at Los Reyes and runs southwest. The first station of importance is Ayotla, where, like Los Reyes, the inhabitants bring fish to the trains to sell. The old adobe town on the right of the track, on the shores of the lake, is a very pretty one.

After passing Ayotla the road makes a turn around the lake, and the volcanoes come to view and are in sight through all the journey, seen first from the left windows, but as the track curves about are seen from either side.

La Compañia is a very pretty little village, where there is horse-car connection on the left for Tlalmanalco, and on the right, along a shaded roadway, to Chalco, a city on the border of the lake, whose towers and domes can be seen for some distance as the train moves southward. Next is the village of Cuatlenchan, on a hill on the left side; the church on the top of the hill is seen up and down the road for several miles.

Amecameca is the stopping place for the pilgrims bound for the craters of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. The train rounds the hill and stops right at the base of Sacro Monte, the sacred mountain, one of the most picturesque shrines in all Mexico. Look from the windows on the right, or, while the train waits, step on the platform for a good view of the stone stairway, almost hidden by a dense grove of trees. The city lies spread out on a plain on the left of the track. Tourists who have no time for a longer stay, or do not continue to the end of the road, may leave Mexico on the morning train, have a few hours at Amecameca and return in the afternoon. The view from the Sacro Monte is superbly magnificent. No nearer view of the volcanoes is obtainable unless the ascent is made, which requires three days' time and is attended with much discomfort; but the adventure of the ascent, and the seeing of the grandest view in the world, from a height of nearly 18,000 feet, is worth any amount of fatigue. Leaving Amecameca the railway passes through one of the streets of the town and crosses the stone causeway which was built for the pilgrim processions, between the church and the shrine. At a point a few miles south of Ozumba the highest elevation of the road is reached, there

having been a continuous climb from the plain of Mexico, and the down-grade to the hot country is commenced; without an engine the train would roll to Cuautla, too fast, so the engine is retained to hold it in check. From the station at Nepantla there is a magnificent view from the left windows, a view taking in millions of acres of the hot lands to the mountains, a hundred miles beyond. For miles and miles, as the train rolls down the hills, may be seen, first from one side and then the other, the dome and tower of a church. The same church may be seen for two hours; it is the Church of San Miguel, at Atlatlahutla, and near it is an abandoned monastery. Here again the tourist

THE OLDEST RAILWAY STATION IN THE WORLD—CUAUTLA. INTEROCEANIC RAILWAY.

finds another feature of Mexico's scenery and people, totally different from all the other travels in the Republic. The houses are adobe as to walls and thatched as to roofs; the broad plains have curious trees; bands of Indians troop from one town to another in curious costumes, marching along totally oblivious to the passing locomotive and approaching civilization, and will not give away to the latter any quicker than they will to the engine if they happen to be on the track when it comes along. In fact, it is hard for them to understand that the train cannot "keep to the right" when it meets people in

the road, and they claim the right of way from the fact that they were there first.

Now the sugar country is reached. The train passes through a fine hacienda and backs into Cuautla on a Y, passing and crossing an aqueduct, where the natives are seen bathing and washing clothes, comes to a station that was once a church.

The train stops some minutes at Cuautla and there may be time for a walk through the little alameda, just outside of the station, where there are trees and flowers, a hotel where there are good wines, coffee and lunches to be had. As the approach to the station has been through a grove of tropical trees and gardens, so is its departure, and the train continues southward through the cane country to Yautepec; the distant mountains enrich the scene, making a blue background to a lovely tropical picture that extends down to Jojutla and thence to Puente de Ixtla, where connection is made with the Cuernavaca division of the Mexican Central Railway. Near Puente de Ixtla are the famous caves of Cacahuamilpa. From Cuautla there is a direct line to Puebla.

South over the National—The murky, muddy, misnamed Rio Grande does not improve as it grows and goes on to the sea; it is the same insignificant little creek here, as everywhere else that a railroad crosses it, and the country of the first hundred miles of Mexico equally unattractive in chaparral and cactus-covered plains. This desolation continues only to the Salado River, at Lampazos, where the mountains begin. On the right of the track, south of the station, is La Mesa de los Cartujanos, a mountain with a perfectly level top, 2,cco feet above the plain. A narrow path, not wider than is necessary for a man and a mule, leads up the rugged side to the wooded and watered table at the top, where once was the home of a tribe of Indians, the Cartujanos, so called from an ancient Benedictine mission, established there two hundred years ago, who, strangely enough, found wood and water on the summit, when there was none on the plain. The route of the railway is southwesterly, following what was first an Indian trail, then the King's highway, and, in later days, the line of march of the American armies, as they proceeded on an invasion that their greatest general has pronounced the most unholy and unjust war ever waged by a stronger on a weaker nation. The track crosses and recrosses the old road many times, passing Bustamente, Villaldama and Palo Blanco. From Villaldama a branch extends to the Guadalupe mines. The mountains are growing and closing in nearer the road, until the Saddle Mountain and the Mountain of the Mitres are in view. These overlook the valley of Monterey, a perfectly lovely valley, with high hills on every side. At Monterey is the junction of the Tampico division of the Mexican Central Ry., the Mexican International and the Matamoros division of the National running to the Gulf at the mouth of the Rio Grande, where connection is made from Brownsville on the American side for Texas coast cities. South from Monterey the road runs across the plain and enters the San Juan Valley, which grows narrower and narrower, till it becomes a cañon, and the views interesting in their beauty and grandeur. Eight miles from Monterey is the village of Santa Catarina, with high mountains on either side. On the left, about two miles across the valley, high up near the top, is a hole directly through the crest, as if made by a monster cannon shot, and near Garcia are some caves, not seen from the cars, but objects of excursions from Monterey. After some miles of winding about, first on one side and then on the other of the noisy little San Juan River, the valley closes to the narrow precipitous cliffs of a cañon, and the road comes to the table-land, and at Ramos Arispe an interesting village and hacienda is seen on the right.

The wider valley continues on to Saltillo, running through fertile fields and gardens, till after the city is passed, the road enters a more barren district. Five miles south, on the left, the track runs near to the battlefield of Buena Vista. At Saltillo connection is made with the Coahuila & Zacatecas Railway, running southwest to Concepcion del Oro, seventy-eight miles, and the Coahuila & Pacific division of the Mexican Central Railway westward to Torreon.

It is an up-grade to Carneros, and, just beyond, on the right, is the little pueblo of Gomez Farias, once the home of a band of bandits. It is a roll from here down to the plains, passing the unimportant stations of La Ventura and El Salado. At Vanegas is the junction of the Vanegas, Cedral & Rio Verde

ON THE MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILWAY.

Railroad to the silver reduction works of Cedral and Matehuala, running also within a mile of the Real de Catorce, that formerly were reached only by burros from the station of Catorce, twenty miles farther on. At Catorce the narrow mountain path can be seen from the windows on the left. It starts up the mountain from the little village just at the foot of the hill, almost hidden by green trees. Catorce is the last stop in the Temperate Zone, the Tropic of Cancer being crossed just before arrival at the station of La Maroma. The spot is marked by a pyramid, seen on the right of the track. The route now is across an unbroken plain, the long stretch of track being without a curve; there are deflections here and there, but no curves for nearly a hundred miles. There are no cuts or fills, and, if danger of derailment were the only consideration, trains might make a speed of a hundred miles an hour.

From Catorce the ride is still over what seems an almost endless plain,

until the train reaches Bocas, where there is something to see from both sides of the cars; on the left a beautiful hacienda, looking like a walled fortress, but outside the walls are some tropical gardens, all lovely with bright flowers. On the right, almost hidden by the trees, are two white church-like towers. This place, the property of the family Farias, is one of the finest haciendas in Mexico; it is worth a million of dollars. It is the first really fine hacienda seen on this route. Nearly a thousand people are employed here; nearer the track is a manufactory of mescal and tequila.

After leaving Bocas the road enters the hills again, and some pretty views are presented, but what most interests the tourists is the approach to the city of San Luis Potosí. The first view is from windows on the right, and after passing through some fertile fields and some miles of gardens, with adobe walls inclosing semi-tropic fruits and vegetables, the towers of the old-time town are in full view against a low line of hills to the westward, and when the train comes to the station one concludes it is a gala day in town, as if the entire population, resolved into a committee of reception, had come to the station to meet some distinguished guest. Leaving San Luis Potosi station, the view is from the west windows—the two tall towers in the southern part of the city are those of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe; going southward, the road enters the rich agricultural belt of Central Mexico. The country becomes more broken and interesting, and as valley after valley is passed, it is apparent that the soil is here extremely productive. The population becomes more dense, and the vegetation increases in luxuriance. Villa Reyes is passed, with the immense hacienda of Jaral, which, during the revolution of 1810, furnished a full regiment of cavalry to assist the royalists against the armies of the patriots. The hacienda once controlled 20,000 peons. Before arriving at San Felipe a deep barranca is crossed, spanned by a viaduct noticeable for its height and the engineering skill displayed in its construction. San Felipe is a town of some 6,000 inhabitants, and is situated in the center of a rich farming country. The old city of Dolores Hidalgo was given its surname in honor of the patriot, Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico, who here sounded the watchword of liberty which fired the Mexican heart, and roused the whole country to arms to repel the power of Spain. This is a quaint old town of several thousand inhabitants. It has a fine plaza, and interesting churches, and the traveler is shown many relics of the Cura Hidalgo, which are here preserved in the old house which he occupied. The approach to San Miguel is from the northeast. The city is picturesquely located on the south side of the track, and the view from the left side of the cars is a beautiful one. The city is a mile away, but is spread out on the side of a great hill, so that it cannot be hid.

After San Miguel the road comes to the Cañon de la Laja. The best view is from the windows of the cars on the right, the waters of a little river sparkling under the trees hundreds of feet below the track. Across the cañon the hills rise up high, shutting off the early afternoon sun; and just at a turn of the cañon, on a jutting point of the mountain, is a cross that stands out against the sky, as if it was painted there. Down in the valley, here and there, are clusters of adobe houses, with quaint little churches, making the queerest little villages imaginable; some of them are very near the track on the right side, so close that the flying tourist has glimpses of Mexican backyard life. The houses are almost hidden from view by trees and vines, among which

are some oranges, lemons and bananas. There are some wonderful views all through the cañon, making it a most interesting portion of the journey. After leaving the cañon the road enters a semi-tropical region, passes the enterprising village and factories of Soria, seen from the west windows, and if the train would stop long enough, a walk through the purely Mexican town of San Juan de las Vegas would be amply repaid. The streets are hedged with giant cacti, fifteen and twenty feet high; behind, there are the adobe houses of the inhabitants, almost hidden by a luxuriant foliage of banana leaves and vines. There are forests and orange and lemon trees and some coffee trees. The people are purely Mexican, with not even a half-bred Spanish exception. At Gonzalez the trunk line of the National Railway of Mexico leads southeastward through Querétaro, in view of the great aqueduct, thence on to the city through a country fertile and replete with attractive scenery.

The old route to the Capital is through a rich agricultural region to and beyond Celaya, which city is on the right, and for miles the domes of the churches and flat-topped houses may be seen, with a high mountain for a blue background. The National crosses the Mexican Central Railway at Celaya, and, having left the valley of the Laja, crosses a broken country to the valley of the Lerma, the longest river in Mexico, which the road crosses after passing Salvatierra, where there are some extensive woolen mills. At Acámbaro is the junction of the Western Division of the National Railway with the main line. The city lies on the right of the road, on a plain almost hidden by trees and at the base of a high mountain. If for any reason

the train should stop long enough at Acámbaro, a walk up town will repay. Leaving this station, the route runs more to the southeast, but follows the Lerma Valley, often running along its banks, sometimes near the water, and again high on the cliffs of a cañon.

Maravatio is a pretty little city on the right of the track, about forty miles from Acámbaro. A look from the windows shows the tower of an old church above the trees, beyond which are the low-built houses. The country now alternates between the finest agricultural lands and grazing plains, with some barren hills intervening. The Cañon of the Zopolite, through which the road passes, presents some of the finest views of wild scenery. Just before the cañon is reached, on the left is shown a high cliff from which Juan Medina, a noted brigand, leaped his horse to the death of both horse and rider, to escape the latter's capture by the pursuing soldiers. After leaving the cañon the road winds about on the barren hills in such bends and curves that the track parallels itself two or three times, and looking from either side, that part of the road passed a quarter of an hour ago, or to be gone over fifteen minutes hence, may be seen two or three hundred yards away. Along here a seat on the left of the train is best. 'Way across the valley is a village, down by the river Lerma, almost hidden by the trees, only the white belfry of the church rising above them. This village is not out of sight for nearly an hour.

The seat on the left is best for views of the cañon, and if a careful lookout is kept, the snow-capped crater of the volcano of Toluca may be seen, the first glimpse about the hundred-and-fortieth kilometre post, and it may be seen again and again, as the train reaches the top of the grades. Coming down into the valley of Toluca the view is best from the right side, where it seems to rise higher and higher above all the hills, as the road runs nearer to its base.

The city of Toluca is in the midst of a wide, level plain, a table-land, dotted here and there with haciendas, showing evidence of great prosperity. The view of the city is from the right side of the cars. Going east from the city the route runs through the finest agricultural district, and along the broad highway that was once a paved road, with massive stone bridges, crosses the Lerma again, and comes to the base of the Sierra Madres and commences the climb up its steep sides. Looking back now, see the cities of the plain—Toluca in the distance, and the once "great city of Lerma," the home of the brigands, now a mere village. Passing the suburbs of the town of Ocoyocac, the road winds up the mountain side till it is a thousand feet above it, when, looking down on the red-tiled roofs, it looks like a toy town of playhouses. The view from

the right-hand windows and the rear platform is grand beyond description; as the train crawls slowly up the steep grades the panorama spreads out wider, and the white-capped volcano seems to follow in the wake, till the view is lost behind the trees. At the foot of the mountain is the river, like a silver ribbon; beyond, the green and fertile valley, dotted here and there with a hacienda or hamlet; in the far distance the snow-topped mountain, and, nestling at its foot, the white walls and warm, red-tiled roofs of Toluca. A few more turns, and the fair view is shut out, skyward; now, along the cliffs of another cañon, the train approaches the summit. At Salazar, built on a plain near the summit, the train halts for some ten minutes. The air is found to have become sharp at an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet. Leaving Salazar, the train continues the ascent to La Cima. The station of La Cima is directly on the divide; the waters flowing east go to the lake, on the Plain of Mexico; those flowing west go to the Pacific Ocean, and the stream that rushes down the west side of the mountain, alongside of the track, is the headwaters of the River Lerma.

From this station the descent of the eastern slope begins, and the glorious beauty of the noble Valley of Mexico commences to unfold. Through gaps

in the mountain wall you may catch fleeting views in the panorama, until finally it bursts like a vision full upon the sight; the glittering towers and domes of Mexico in the middle distance; a little farther, and to the left, the broad expanse of the waters of the lakes gleaming in the sunlight like burnished silver; beyond, and overshadowing all, raising their snow-crowned heads far above, a coronal of rainbow-tinted clouds wreathing them about, stand, in majestic beauty, like guardians watching mutely over the scene, the giants of the valley, Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl. Could they but speak, what a history they might unfold—the building up of cities and their throwing down; what opulence of power, what cruelty, crime and bloodshed. Races have come and gone; majestic monuments, raised by the hand of man, have crumbled into dust and are forgotten. They alone remain immutable, the hand of time dealing with them but lightly.

Passing down the east side of the backbone of the continent, in crooks and turns, through the tunnel of San Martin, the train rolls rapidly along the side of the Monte de las Cruces, called so from the innumerable crosses erected over the graves of highwaymen and their victims; here on this mountain

THE TREE DWELLERS.

Hidalgo fought a battle with the Royalists and might have marched on the capital, but chose to retreat, and here was the turning point in his fortunes that cost him his life. After crossing a curved bridge over the Dos Rios, nearly a hundred feet high, the road comes down into the Hondo Valley. The village with the church, on the hill on the right, was the home of a band of robbers for many years. Just after passing the station there is shown, on the left side, an immense meteoric stone, or, "the stone that fell from the moon," as the natives call it.

The ride between Toluca and the City of Mexico should by all means be made in daylight, as here are some of the finest views in the world.

Now the City of Mexico is at hand, and with a few more turns the towers and domes are in the view. As the train rolls down the Valley of Los Remedios, the sanctuary is seen on the hill to the left; Chapultepec on the right, and the town of Tacuba on the left. Again, on the left, the Church of San Esteban, near the tree of Noche Triste, and then the fine passenger station, in the City of Mexico.

Westward from Acambaro.—As the train circles the town, the view is a very pretty one. Still passing through the fertile farming lands the journey grows more interesting with every mile, interspersing rich haciendas with scenery wild and weird, and after making a quick turn from between some hills comes suddenly in view of Lake Cuitseo. Circling round through the marsh at the head of the lake, where there are some salt works, the train comes up to, and runs along the lake shore. The view is from the north side. It is a fine body of water, but very shallow, with mountain islands rising up from the water in every direction. One of these is inhabited by a tribe of Indians who have no dealings with the outside world. On a little island of a few acres they have a little world of their own, where a hardy, healthy band of contented people seem entirely oblivious to all beyond the shores of their lake. The men are strong, sturdy fellows, who go about the lakes in long canoes and take, with a pole-net, the little white minnow-like fish on which they subsist; dried in the sun, they are ready to be eaten. The women are fine specimens, looking as if they might be warriors too, if their little island was attacked, but seem happy in the little thatched huts that are their homes. The waters are covered with thousands of water fowl of all kinds, and there is excellent shooting.

Near Queréndaro, just beyond the station on the lake shore, on the right, see the columns of steam rising from the marshes. These are springs of hot water, hot enough to boil an egg hard in a few moments. In the thick brush near the track the Indians have made bathing-pools and come here to bathe, and the fame of the cures is great. On the bushes and sticking in the ground around the pools are hundreds of little crosses, made by two sticks tied together, left there by grateful patients who have been cured of their ills by the waters. The ground all about the springs seems to be a mere crust, sounds hollow, and sinks under the weight of a person walking near the springs. There is a strong smell of sulphur, and whether this is only an upper crust of his Satanic majesty's domain may be surmised.

From Lake Cuitseo to Morelia the route crooks and turns through fertile lands, passing fine haciendas and pretty villages, crossing valleys where perpetual running streams keep the fields and gardens green from summer to winter and winter to summer. When the reaping of one crop is accomplished another is planted, and large yields of corn, wheat and barley are made.

From the right side of the cars a "saddle" mountain is seen all the way from Lake Cuitseo. It lies just north of the suburbs of Morelia, and is a landmark showing the location of that city.

The tops of the towers in the city of Morelia may be seen rising above the low intervening hills, while the train is yet some miles away. The city is on the left of the track, but a seat on the right is best. The track runs along the river bank for a mile or two, and there are hundreds of Indian women washing clothes. These with their children, and the men waiting to let their wives carry the laundry home, make an interesting scene.

The ride from the city to the western terminus of the Mexican National at Uruápan, is picturesque to a degree. From the left windows you see the Cuincho waterfall, where there are also some hot springs with water at a temperature sometimes reaching a hundred degrees.

The first view of Lake Patzcuaro is from the right-hand side of the cars, and after making some curves on the hillside high above the barranca, the train comes down to the shore of the lake, where there is a hacienda hotel near the station.

The city of Patzcuaro is two miles from the station, located high on the hills, from whence is a view of exceeding beauty. Miles of the lake, dotted

with its dozens of islands, and the valley with nearly fifty towns and their white-domed churches, illustrate a lovely panorama.

Westward from Patzcuaro the line extends to Uruápam, a primitive Mexican town that is not like any other; here is the center of a fertile fruit district and the finest coffee country on the west slope.

The Mexican Northern Railway runs northeast from Escalon, on the Mexican Central Railway, to the Sierra Mojada mining district, 78 miles.

The Rio Grande, Sierra Madre & Pacific Railway starts at Ciudad Juarez, opposite El Paso, and runs southwesterly to Terrazas, 155 miles, with an ultimate destination on the Pacific coast.

The Yaqui gold fields are reached by the "Corralitos" road, as it is called.

SIERRA MOJADA, MEXICAN NORTHERN RAILWAY.

The mineral belt extending along this road, both east and west, from San Blas to Casas Grandes, is extraordinarily rich in the ores of silver, copper, lead and gold. Many mines in this territory have been worked for centuries, by the Spaniards, then by Mexicans and Indians, and are now being worked by Americans. It is only recently, however, that placer gold and marvelously rich gold veins have been known to exist in this section. The climate is delightful. Great palm trees, thirty to fifty feet high, grow green in the cañon of the Rio de Aros and southward, and flowers bloom there in January while the Candelaria peaks are perhaps covered with snow. It is a mile straight down, one to the other, but the linear distance may be covered in three hours or less. The

train leaves El Paso at a convenient hour in the morning, and arrives at Casas Grandes early in the afternoon.

The Coahuila & Pacific division of the Mexican Central extends from Saltillo on the National to Torreon on the Central, passing through the wine regions of Parras and an otherwise fertile district.

The Coahuila & Zacatecas Railway runs southwest from Saltillo on the Mexican National to Concepcion del Oro, seventy-eight miles.

South over the Southern.—Through the south of Mexico, from Puebla to Oaxaca, runs the Mexican Southern Railroad, with an ultimate destination at Tehuantepec, or at the deep water harbor of Salina Cruz, on the Pacific Coast. The road penetrates the rich regions of one of the richest sections of the Republic, a territory with a wealth of timber and mineral resources in the mountain districts, and illimitable beds of marble and onyx. In the low-land valleys cane and coffee grow with wildest luxuriance, and all the fruits of the tropics are found in the fields of the haciendas along the line.

The products of the contiguous territory must contribute to a local traffic that will enter largely into increased earnings as mines and quarries are opened, and when all the sugar and coffee lands are put under cultivation, while the route of the road is geographically in the line that must be taken by the "backbone railroad" from North to South America, and while that plan is being promoted, this section is already built and operated, and in the near future the Mexican Southern Railroad will offer the shortest route, for through business, from the interior of the two Republics to the west coast of Central and South America.

Unlike any other railroad in Mexico, the Southern does not run high on the table-lands, and along the mountain sides, but follows the valleys, and, from a scenic point of view, offers an innovation to the travelers of other lines that have looked down on the valleys below the tracks, till they came here to travel through the valleys, and through one cañon and barranca after another, looking up to the overhanging cliffs and towering peaks that close in about the roadway till it seems there is hardly room to pass between them. Here are the ever-running rivers to complete the innovation from the dry, rocky beds of the rainy-season rivers of other sections. The route of these rivers is the route of the road, and the two are companions, hardly out of sight of each other for many miles. Leaving Puebla the Mexican Southern Railroad runs almost due east, parallel with the line of the Interoceanic Railway, across the plain as far as Amozoc; at Amozoc the people make the enormous spurs affected by the Mexican horsemen, and other fine saddlery hardware; spurs and toy flat irons are brought to the passing trains and sold as souvenirs. This should be called the Valley of Churches. Look where you will, the tiled domes rise above the plain. They are in the villages, north, east, south and west, and every hacienda has one of its own—picturesque to a degree, with the polished tiles of many colors, as in the Puebla Valley and around Cholula. Looking backward, as the train leaves the handsome station in Puebla, there

is a view of the city, the forts of the surrounding hills, and beyond them, to the westward, the pyramid of Cholula; further, high against the western sky, the Volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl; and, to the northward, old Malintzi, and the Cerro del Tecolote; then, a little to the east of north, the sharp, white peak of Orizaba, rising above the hill of Amaluca. Is there a view like this, anywhere, that may be seen from the windows of a passenger car? Where?

MITLA—ENTRANCE TO THE SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER.

It is a slightly ascending grade from Puebla, with an altitude of 7,093 feet to Amozoc, at 7,295 feet above the sea, and after leaving that station it is as constantly descending, for more than a hundred and thirty-five miles, to Quiotepec, and then it is up hill to Las Sedas, and, again, down hill to Oaxaca. Of course there are ups and downs of track, but the average ascents and descents are as mentioned. After Amozoc the first town of importance is Tepeaca, on the left of the track, with the towers of a grand old church, high above the houses and the trees surrounding it. The station of Rosendo Márquez was named for a prominent Mexican and former Governor of the State of Puebla.

Tecamachalco is a picturesque old town, lying on a hill to the north of the track. The road from it to the town skirts the hill above the intervening little valley, or, we may call it a street, since it leads from the others of the town, that wind about among the adobe houses. The picture is not exactly like any other in Mexico.

Around Las Animas the prickly-pear does not grow, or, at least, not as

much as elsewhere. Here it is the "organo," the full-grown plant greatly resembling the pipes of the church organ, and it is most aptly named. Here also is that variety from which the ixtle fibre is taken. It is a succession of rich valleys and nature's great terraces, the table-lands, that the road passes through along here, dropping from one to the other, by gradual descent, that is shown by the easy running of the train, and a rising temperature. Passing the stations of Tlalcotepec and Carnero, the important city of Tehuácan is next on the line. The station at Tehuácan and the city are on the east side of the track. It is a very pretty little city, its streets, with a row of trees through the center, running at right angles, and passing through pretty plazas, where there are other over-hanging trees, growing with a tropic luxuriance. It is the "Street of Democracy" that leads from the station to the Plaza

PARISH CHURCH, OAXACA.

Mayor. The low-walled houses on either side have their patios filled with flowers, and on the outer walls curiously curled brackets hold the old-fashioned street lamps. On one side of the plaza is the principal church of the place, on another the portales, on the others stores and residences. In the center, in the dense shade of the trees, is a handsome music stand, embowered in flowers. The outer walks of the plaza are paved with stone. There are seats on either side, and on other walks leading in and out among the trees and flowers. Near the plaza is a curious old market, and a more curious old convent-looking church with a garden behind the high walls surrounding it. Opposite the market is the College of Arts, and near by an abandoned church, now used as a barrack for a company of rurales.

Tehuacan is on the ridge of a great water shed from which flow the rivers

to the Gulf and to the Pacific, and in the center of a rich agricultural district. It is the market for the surrounding villages and haciendas. This rich valley tempted the building of a tramway from Esperanza on the Mexican Railway, but it was wholly inadequate to the traffic, and since the building of the Southern road there has been a largely increased trade.

After leaving Tehuácan, the view from the windows on the left is full of interest. The city's white walls and towers gleam through and over the trees. The plain spreads away to the mountains beyond, and not far away they break off in great cliffs of rocks some hundreds of feet high, that are in the view for miles and miles. As the track curves about the plain, the picture is constantly changing in shapes and colors, for the rocks are stained in all the colors by the oozings through of the metals of the earth coursing down the cliff, that seem cut in huge columns, as might have been in some prehistoric battlements of an ancient fortress. Here also, just below the city, is a castle-like monastery on a pyramid near a high-walled panteon. The monastery may have extracted its Pompeiian colors from the cliffs just beyond, that are so full of color. Passing down the plain, southeasterly, the track runs near a little stream that grows larger as it winds in

ON THE ROAD TO MITLA.

and out among the hills. The stations on this table-land are La Huerta, Santa Cruz, Pantzingo, Nopala and Venta Salada. Near Pantzingo is one of the most curious freaks of irrigation engineering, the water from springs in the upper terrace is brought to the edge and falls in little cascades to the fields below. Seen from the windows on the west side. Near San Antonio the road enters the Cañon del Rio Salado, which is but the beginning of the great Cañon de los Cues, through which it runs to the town of Tecomavaca. The scenery through this cañon is grandly picturesque, resembling that of the great Marshall Pass in Colorado, the track running at the bottom of the cañon, right along the banks of a rushing, roaring river. The mountains are lifted up thousands of feet, in peaks and crags, that the storms have cut into fantastic shapes. Their walled sides drop perpendicularly to the water's edge, and close in upon the river and the road till the passenger doubts, in his mind, how either will find the way out, till the train dashes through a little tunnel, that is only a wink of darkness, and the river tumbles over some high rocks, at the point of the rocks, and runs alongside again. Here is a curious freak of the scenery; we have been riding along a stream whose waters run to the south, the train passes through a cutting, across a bridge, and comes to the river again, but the waters are running to the north. There are two rivers; the one running south is the Rio Salado, the other, the Rio Grande. They come

together behind a hill, close by, and form the Rio Quiotepec which is the head water of the Rio Papaloapan. And here at Quiotepec is the lowest point on the line, the altitude being only 1,768 feet above the sea; the ascending grade commences, and it is almost a steady climb through the Cañon of Tomellin, along the river bank, still with high towering mountains on either side. The station at Cuicatlan is in the midst of tropical verdure. There is little of the village in view at the station, but, just after leaving it, a look back will show the picturesque little town on the hill above the track.

At Tomellin the river is crossed and left behind, and the train now begins to ascend the valley of its tributary, the Tomellin or Rio de San Antonio. The scenery of Tomellin is picturesque. The little river is very pretty, the green trees invite to cooling shades, bright plumaged birds chatter in the branches, but beyond all this, Tomellin is to be remembered—Tomellin is the dinner station. And such a dinner! Appreciated perhaps all the more, because so absolutely unexpected in this far-away country; for this it may be remembered, yet more than all for the very excellence of it. It could be a model for very many dinner stations some thousands of miles nearer home. If you dine at Tomellin, you'll not forget or regret it, and perhaps you will want to carry some of the dinner along for supper. As this is written in 1906 it is hoped that "Dick," the Chinaman, may live the century through and the next one too, and that this paragraph may never have to be changed.

Hence, for some miles, it is an up-hill ride through the cañon still, with scenery wild and weird on either side of the road, passing the stations of Almoloyas, Santa Catarina, Parian, arriving at the summit at Las Sedas, where there is one of the grandest views of all the grand views of this scenic line. From the windows on the right the panorama extends far down the valley, and across it to the far-away pictures among the mountains, range after range rising one above the other, the deep blue of the nearer ones fading a little to those just beyond, and fading again till they seem to blend into the sky, the sun tingeing each with a different hue, and on the range near by, marking the white line of a mountain road that crosses to the valleys on the other side.

The grade is downward, and it is only a roll down past Huitzo to Etla, a pretty little village on a hill eastward from the road, showing picturesquely from the windows on the left. Etla is a town of fiestas, to which the pilgrims come from far and near, as they do to Amecameca and Guadalupe, and scarcely in fewer numbers. The old church is on the very top of the hill, fronting the pretty little plaza, where the fiestas are held, and back of it is a very ancient aqueduct of high arches extending into the mountains, bringing a supply of fresh water to the village. It is a wide, open country that the road runs through, the rich valleys extending to the hills on both sides, dotted here and there with haciendas, that, with their great houses, granaries and churches, are villages in themselves, and remind one of the principalities we have read of in the old feudal ages. Across the valley, to the west, the mountain breaks off in palisades; on the east it slopes to blue mountains. Thus the ride is, with much to see from either side, or back to the hills just climbed over. There has not been a moment of monotony in all the journey, at the end of which there are anticipations of newer novelties in this, to us, hitherto unseen city, and while we are only leaving the little town of Etla, and its outlying haciendas, just down the valley there are the towers of Oaxaca.

South over the Cuernavaca Division Mexican Central—The route is not over the old diligencia road across the Plain of Mexico, but over one equally as attractive, and while the style of travel may not be as antiquely pictur-

esque as on the rumbling, dust-covered diligencia, the scenery is equally as fine, and there is a deal more of comfort.

Trains leave from the Buena Vista station of the Mexican Central Railway, in the City of Mexico, circling the western suburbs, running through the grounds of the Agricultural school, Nextitla, Tacuba, San Juanico, and Santa Julia, a flag station. This place will be an important one. It was a regular hacienda before, and the owners have fractioned the grounds and sold them in lots. The "Colegio Salesiano" is now in construction. This Catholic institution is devoted to poor boys, and is supported by charity of Mexican families. It is provided with shops of all kinds. After leaving Santa Julia the road crosses, in a straight angle, the main line of the Mexican National Railroad, and reaches the Morales flour mill, after which it runs through the grounds of "Molino del Rey," the Mexican Government's arm factory, in the surroundings of which the battle with the United States army took place in 1847. There are still some remains of the defenses built by the Mexican army. On the left-hand side, and about half a mile from the track, is the magnificent castle of Chapultepec, with its great groves and architectural solidity. It was the ancient dwelling of Aztec kings, and the present residence of the President of the Republic. From this place on, the splendid views of the Valley of Mexico begin to develop, until the heights of Ajusco are reached. The next point of interest is Tacubaya. It has a population of about 20,000, and is the most important suburban town of Mexico, where wealthy men from the city have built magnificent houses and gardens for their summer resorts. From the station of Tacubaya there is a small branch to the Valdes and Santo Domingo flour mills. These mills use the waters supplying Tacubaya and the City of Mexico as motive power.

Mixcoac is a small town, but an important one of the valley, on account of its topographical situation, healthful climate, and abundant water. The principal industry of the natives is the cultivation of flowers, a great number of them being taken to the City of Mexico for daily sale. Mixcoac, as well as Tacubaya, is connected with the city by this road, by the Federal District electric cars.

At 500 metres from the station the road passes by the door of "Hacienda de la Castañeda," a place of amusement, with large gardens. Balls as well as other amusements take place every Sunday.

El Olivar is the residence of the Catholic clergy. Near the station there is another flour mill, and several factories of cotton goods and paper. The line runs through the small town of San Geronimo, devoted to the cultivation of fruit, especially strawberries. It is remarkable to see the work the natives have done in order to adapt these grounds for cultivation, as

all has been formed within dry walls and filled with vegetable earth, hauled from long distances. The town is well supplied with water for irrigation. A little further on the road passes the "Lomas de Padierna," where a battle with the United States army took place. Near the track there is a small monument, erected to the memory of the soldiers who fell in that battle. In making the grading works some pieces of uniforms with buttons of the two armies were discovered.

Contreras is the oldest factory of cotton goods established in the Valley of Mexico. The greater part of the people from the town of La Magdalena are employed here. The factory is moved by the water of La Cañada River, and is situated at the entrance of a long and narrow cañon. Ever since the road was completed foreigners have chosen this place for Sunday excursions. The Cañada Cañon is one of the most picturesque of the Republic. Its vege-

HACIENDA AT MITLA.

tation is tropical, notwithstanding the elevation, and in winter, when the vegetation of the valley is dead, that of the Cañada is as exuberant as that of the tierra caliente.

After leaving Contreras the road passes through the lands of San Nicolás, arriving at the flag station of Eslava, situated on one side of the hacienda of the same name. A mile beyond the road enters on a tract thickly covered with volcanic stone, thrown away a long time since by the volcano of Ajusco. The grounds have a very original aspect. It has not been necessary to make any works for letting rain water run out. The ground is so porous that all the water filters in, and afterwards appears at the bottom of the mountains in a dozen crystal springs.

Near the 40-kilometre post it was necessary to make two big cuts, and one of the biggest fills in the country. To give an idea of its magnitude, it is enough to say that it may be seen distinctly from the City of Mexico, and

for its construction it was necessary to remove an amount of material exceeding 50,000 cubic metres. From this point may be clearly seen the Valley of Mexico in the whole extension, the lakes of Texcoco, Chalco and Xochimilco, all the small towns of the valley, and the volcanoes with their white peaks. It is one of the most picturesque views of the road. The elevation of this place is 1,657 feet above the City of Mexico, and 9,006 feet above the sea.

The road continues ascending through the chains of mountains, and arrives at the station of Ajusco, at an elevation of 9,318 feet. The station is situated in the lower part of the town of Ajusco.

The next station is La Cima, the summit, at an elevation of 9,895 feet above the sea. This is the highest point of the line. From this place the

PATIO OF HACIENDA, AT MITLA.

line begins to descend, passing, at 66 kilometres, the dividing line between the Federal District and the State of Morelos. From this station to Cuernavaca, by straight line, is thirteen miles, but on account of the mountainous country the road distance is thirty-eight miles.

Fierro Del Toro, at an elevation of 9,665 feet above the sea, is situated at the entrance of the magnificent forest of Huitzilac. The road continues on one side of the mountains of Coajomulco, through the town of the same name. Before reaching this point, the hills and valleys of the productive State of Morelos may be seen, with the city of Cuernavaca and the numerous haciendas where they cultivate the sugar cane and tropical fruits.

After Coajomulco, the line passes San Juanico. Near this place there are some very high stone hills, in the highest of which there are some ruins called the "Gran Tepoxteco." This is a remarkable construction on account

of the difficulties the Indians must have had to take up the materials to such a height, about 600 feet vertical. Some idols are still to be seen there. Access to the mountains is very difficult. Horse back from El Parque.

At the lower part of San Juanico Mountains, and not very far from the track, the town of "San Miguel de la Cal" is situated, where there is a deposit of natural lime, ready for use; it is probably the only one of such magnitude in the Republic.

From San Juanico the line runs to the west, touching the towns of Santa Maria, Chamilpa, Ocotepec and Ahuatepec, and comes to the city of

Cuernavaca, capital of the State, with a population of 16,000 inhabitants; elevation 4,960 feet above the level of the sea. It is built upon a hill between

STREET IN CUERNAVACA.

two large depressions of ground, which make two ravines that unite outside of the southern extremity of the town. From any of the culminating points of Cuernavaca the eye embraces the territory of the State in its widest extent, its inner chains as well as its mountainous boundary. To the north is the long range of Ajusco with its ramifications, whose offshoots, known as the mountains of Tepoxtlan, rise in fantastic shapes, whilst the snowy peaks of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl tower loftily in the background. The large sugar plantations and plantain farms, with which the country is filled, together with the luxuriant vegetation surrounding them, reveal the fertility of the soil of this essentially agricultural State. The town proper contains more

than 500 houses, besides the cottages in the suburbs, with their orchards and gardens. It has more than sixty streets and alleys, five plazas, five churches, the most important being the Parish Church, which, like that of Tula, in the State of Hidalgo, is very old and its exterior appearance that of a fortress. Among the public buildings may be mentioned the old palace of Cortéz, now occupied by the State Government, the Literary Institute, the Porfirio Diaz Theatre, the Hospital and the Barracks; the Post Office and the Telegraph Office are all that is modern.

After leaving Cuernavaca the descent of the Pacific slope continues. The scenery is grand beyond description, from one vantage point almost the entire State of Morelos is within the range of vision.

MONTEREY & MEXICAN GULF STATION, MONTEREY.

At Puente de Ixtla the tracks of the Interoceanic Railway are connected, thus forming a circle immediately south of the Capital with a wealth of scenic grandeur not surpassed anywhere in the world. A trip out on the M. C. & P. Ry., and back over the Interoceanic, or vice versa, is a fine one that must not be neglected by the traveler. Near the junction of the two roads are the famous caverns of Cacahuamilpa. The fine scenery continues to Iguala, to where the road was completed in 1898. Thence towards Acapulco down to the Rio Balsas, the present terminus, the wild mountainous district renders the ride one of intense interest to the lover of the picturesque.

The Michoacan & Pacific Division of the National Railway of Mexico runs west from the town of Maravatio, on the Mexican National Railroad thirty-three miles to Ocampo, and fifty-seven miles to Zitacuaro.

The Monterey Division of the Mexican Central extends from Gomez Palacio on the main line to Treviño and Monterey, thence

southeast to the Gulf of Mexico, at Tampico, crossing the Mexican National Railroad at Monterey.

South from Treviño the road runs for some distance through an uninteresting district, but the barren hills and plains become verdure-clad and there are fertile valleys farther south; above Monterey the picturesque region begins and continues to the lovely valley in which that city lies, coming to it at the north and leaving it at the south side.

Approaching Monterey the best views are from the windows on the west side, showing the Mountain of the Mitres and the Saddle Mountain, on the far side of the valley, with the beautiful city at the base, almost hidden by the tall trees, only the towers showing above them. It is not all romance and antiquity at Monterey. In every view the more prosaic chimney stack of a smelter, factory or brewery stands in line with the church tower of the olden days. Monterey has probably made greater advancement than any other Mexican city as a manufacturing centre. There are establishments of almost every branch of trade, some of the most extensive ore smelters in the country, and the brewery making the famous Cuautemoc beer from the pure waters of the Monterey Valley.

South from Monterey this direct line to the Gulf continues through a very fertile country, passing from one valley to another, the products changing with the climate southward, from the fruits and cereals of the temperate zone, to the cane and cotton and tropic fruits of the tierra caliente; from the familiar forests of our own land to the hard woods of the warmer countries. The builders of this road boast the use of ebony for ties; certainly there are some now under the rails cut within hauling distance of the track. There is merchantable mahogany, rosewood and other close-grained timber in demand for the finer uses in the arts. Another of the products of this region is a beautiful black marble, without a seam or gleam of white, or other color than its own inky blackness. This and a hard gray stone are used in the company's handsome stations, at Monterey and other points on the line.

At San Juan there is a picnic ground, with a dancing pavilion, in a grove of trees near a clear running stream. On the right of the track is a native "fonda," side by side with the "Two Republicks" restaurant; on the other side some thatched huts, in queer contrast with the big brick kiln near by. It is a well watered country that this one, unlike the other roads of Mexico, runs through. The running streams are seen in little rivulets, creeks and rivers of more pretentious proportions than is usual in this country, and the prospect is necessarily different from most of the other railway lines.

Montemorelos, seen from the windows on the west, is a city of some 16,000 inhabitants, founded in the year 1749, about which time the first church of the town was built. The only work of art is a painting "Pensador Mexicano," by Señor Don Eduardo Lizardi. There are two Protestant churches, Presbyterian and Baptist. The former was founded by Señor Leandro Garza Mora, in 1862; the latter by Mr. Thomas Westrup, in 1869.

Linares is a flourishing town in the sugar belt, on the head waters of the Rio Tigre, sometimes called the Conchas. The sugar industry of this section has been greatly promoted by the advent of the railroad, and the importation of modern machinery. On the right, far across the plain, is a high mountain that a bright, gossipy correspondent has called the "Sombrero," and with great excuse, for no matter what its other name may be, it will be recognized at once as a "sombrero." The immense crown of the peak, and wide, spreading brim of the foothills, are in sight during all the journey down to Tampico.

Victoria is the capital of the State of Tamaulipas, founded in 1750. Its population ranges from 11,000 to 12,000. The altitude of the town is 1,180 feet above the sea level, and is located at the 23° 42′ 54″ latitude, and 0° 01′ 02″ longitude, east of the meridian of Mexico. The climate is almost perfect, there being neither excessive heat in summer, nor are the winters in any degree severe. Oranges, limes, bananas, pineapples, grapes, and in fact all the tropical products are grown in profusion in this locality. There are three churches in the city, two Catholic and one Protestant. One of the former is the Cathedral; its construction dates from the foundation of the town, and is still in an unfinished condition. The erection of the other was commenced at a comparatively recent date, and of the more modern style of church architecture. The Protestant church is a very unpretending place of worship, it being merely a missionary headquarters.

CITY AND BAY, GUAYMAS, MEXICO, SONORA RAILWAY.

Among the points of interest to the tourist may be mentioned the park "Pedro José Mendez," containing many rare and beautiful plants and shrubbery. This lovely resort is situated at the southern end of the Alameda. The Alameda is an elegant drive and promenade, with a row of fine trees on each side, extending for a distance of over two miles. The governor's residence and state house of representatives is situated on the Alameda, as are also many beautiful private residences, all of which go to make La Ciudad de Victoria a very attractive place among the comparatively newer order of cities of Mexico.

It is a descending grade with long stretches of level track across an open country, hence to Tampico, with here and there patches of tropic verdure, outlying groves of the more extended forests that are over the hills towards the coast, and in the valleys to the west of the road.

The Tampico terminals of the line comprise extensive wharves at deep

water, where the largest ships come alongside. The freight yards are ample and the track connections with the San Luis Potosi division complete.

South over the Sonora Railway.—The State of Sonora is noted for its great agricultural resources. The principal staple is the famous sweet orange grown in the luxuriant orchards of Hermosillo and Guaymas. Wheat, corn, beans, alfalfa, cotton, sugar cane, tobacco and other agricultural products are cultivated in great quantities. Wheat is sometimes exported to England and to Mexican eastern markets. Flour is constantly sent to the States of Sinaloa and Lower California and now to other Mexican states. Cattle are numerous in middle and northern Sonora, are exported to Lower California and to the United States. Mines are abundant and very rich, and the mining industry is well developed all over the State. Vast amounts of rich silver ore are taken to United States smelters.

The Sonora Railway, crossing the State in a northerly direction from Guaymas to Nogales, boasts of being the first international railroad built and operated between Mexico and the United States. It is 265 miles long and standard gauge. The first tie was laid in the early part of 1880, and last spike driven in October, 1882.

There are several periodicals and newspapers published in Nogales, Magdalena, Altar, Ures, Hermosillo, Alamos and Guaymas. "El Trâfico," of Guaymas is one of the largest in the Republic of Mexico and has a very wide circulation at home and abroad.

The State of Sonora is noted for the beauty of its scenery of land and sea.

Nogales, with about 3,000 inhabitants, is a thriving double town of the boundary line, half of it lying in Arizona Territory, the other portion in the State of Sonora. On the American side can be seen several fine business houses, hotels and factories, while on the other side there are some fine shops, stores and private residences. The Mexican Custom House is an imposing stone building. The town of Nogales is very enterprising, well provided with public schools, and has water works and electric light.

Just south of Nogales the tourist can admire the beautiful Casita Cañon, dotted with superb trees and shrubbery, intersected by several streams of clear water running along the route of the railroad.

From Casita south to Santa Ana the country is all under cultivation, large farms alternating with orchards and vegetable gardens. The town of Magdalena, with 4,000 inhabitants, is quite renowned, it being the rendezvous of thousands of pilgrims from Sonora, Chihuahua and Durango in Mexico, and from Arizona, California and New Mexico in the United States, all going to Magdalena to pray to San Francisco's image, on the fourth of October every year.

Hermosillo, the capital of Sonora, and the seat of the Catholic diocese, possesses a magnificent government capitol, a fine new cathedral, and a small but nice Protestant church, the national mint, one of the best modern flour mills, a beautiful depot and several other elegant public and private buildings. The Plaza of Hermosillo is the largest and handsomest in Sonora. The population exceeds 10,000 people. The district of Hermosillo is noted for its splendid agricultural and mining surroundings, the railroad crossing exuberant orange groves, vegetable farms and flower gardens.

Guaymas, the home of the Sonora Railway, is a city of over 8,000 inhabitants, all very enterprising and progressive. The foreign element is quite important and of high standing. Guaymas is a great commercial place and the feeder of Sonora, Lower California, Sinaloa and Colima, the Sonora Railway facilitating the imports and exports from and to the United States, Europe and Eastern Mexico.

The bay of Guaymas is the best on the Mexican Pacific Coast, and one of the largest in all the Pacific Ocean. Marine trade is very important in Guaymas, and its bay is constantly visited by Mexican and foreign craft. A marine railway is being built and is nearing completion.

That the city of Guaymas is progressing rapidly, due principally to the opening of the Sonora Railway, is shown by the construction of a street-car system, two substantial brick buildings for public schools, a magnificent civil hospital, the new jail, an imposing stone structure, water-works system, a very large bonded warehouse, landings and wharves for the storage and transfer of foreign freight, Protestant and Catholic churches, and several other buuildings, factories and private residences of modern style.

During the winter season—November to May—the temperature of Guaymas is unequaled in the world, well adapted for the invalid as well as for the tourist and sportsman. Ducks and other wild game are plentiful in the outskirts of the city, and fishing, sailing, boating and bathing in the surf, are the most enjoyable sports on the great Guaymas Bay. The Carnival in Guaymas is carried out in grand style at the same season as in New Orleans, numberless foreigners visiting the city, participating in the processions and masquerade balls. This line is being extended southward with an ultimate destination at Guadalajara, at this writing completed some miles south of the Yaqui River which it crosses at Torin.

The Tehuantepec Railroad runs from Coatzacoalcos, on the Gulf of Mexico, to Salina Cruz, on the Pacific Coast, 192 miles, with a branch from Juile to San Juan Evangelista. Connection at Santa Lucrecia with Vera Cruz and Pacific Ry. and at San Geronimo with Pan-American Ry. The road is through a tangle of tropical forests—a most interesting ride over the shortest transcontinental road north of Panama.

The harbor of Coatzacoalcos, the eastern terminus of the Tehuantepec road, was discovered by Cortez through charts furnished by Montezuma, but was never used by the Spaniards of that period—but now with its jetties and fine harbor works is destined to become one of the chief ports on the Gulf Coast of Mexico, as Salina Cruz will be one of the most important on the Pacific as soon as the sea walls, wharves, etc., now under construction, are completed.

Rincon Antonio is prettily located in the hills on an elevation of about 800 feet. Here are the headquarters of the railway company, stores, shops, hospital, churches, and homes of the officers and employees. There is also an experimental farm where the natives are taught modern methods. Jaltipan is one of the larges villages on the line, and historically noted as one of birthplaces of Malinche, the guide and interpreter of Cortez. Way back in the days of '49 there was a trail over the mountains from Suchil to the Pacific Coast, and Commodore Vanderbilt operated a little steamboat from the Gulf, on the Coatzacoalcos River to Suchil, thence his stages to Salina Cruz were patronized by the gold seekers en route to California—one of the old stage drivers, Jim Baily, lives (1906) near Rincon Antonio, where he has an hacienda and a store. There is a large family of Baily's on the Isthmus.

The Tehuantepec costumes are at once the most picturesque and fantastic, especially as applied to feminine apparel. It is an easy guess that the average girl uses at least one pair of lace curtains in the make-up of her holiday attire; the men are not so flouncy in their head gear, but they make up in wideness of sombrero and trouser.

The Tehuantepec road will be double tracked in the very near future to promptly handle the immense traffic that is now coming on from all parts of the world.

The Hidalgo Division of the Mexican National Railroad runs northeastward from the City of Mexico to Pachuca, Tulancingo and Tortugas. There is a branch from Pachuca to Irolo where connection is made with the Mexican Ry. and the Interoceanic. Near San Agustin is the fine old aqueduct of Zempoala.

The Mexican National Construction Company operates a line from Manzanillo, on the Pacific Coast, to Colima, 60 miles; also a line from Zacatecas to Guadalupe and Trancoso, 15 miles.

The Vera Cruz & Pacific Railway connects the vast railway system of Mexico and the north with the Tehuantepec Railway and the Isthmus country. Starting from its northern terminals at Vera Cruz and Córdoba the route is through the heart of the tropics and the scenery is wildly picturesque, traversing as it does a country so entirely different from that of any other line in Mexico it is exceedingly interesting to travelers for pleasure. The country about Córdoba gives an idea of what is to follow.

The same conditions, more or less, continue for about fifty miles. From Tierra Blanca south, the road runs through a brush and prairie country, until near the Papaloapam River. The bridge over the latter is the largest in the Republic, bridge and approaches being a mile long. The jungle around the Papaloapam is especially interesting. After passing through the lowlands forming the Valle Nacional, the country again becomes prairie for about fifty miles, but from San Marcos to Santa Lucrecia it runs through a veritable tropical jungle. I don't mean by this a lot of scrub and small trees, covered with morning glories and small vines, but a dense forest of palms and immense tropical hardwood trees, with vegetation so dense that even a foot passage through it must first be cut out with machetes. This is the literal truth, and you can form no conception of the country until after seeing it. The fact that in the latter district the annual rainfall is between 122 and 149 inches may give you some sort of an idea as to what would happen in a fertile soil.

The road connects with the Tehuantepec National Ry. at Santa Lucrecia for Coatzacoalcos, Salina Cruz, Tehuantepec and other Isthmian points, and beyond on the Pan-American Railway for the far south of Mexico and Guatemala.

The Pan-American Railway is the beginning of the link in the realization of the great north and south trans-continental line that is to extend from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego—all the other lines are on paper—this one is on the earth and is in operation from San Geronimo on the Tehuantepec National, where connection is made with the great system of railways in Mexico and the United States, to Pijijiapam, 163 miles, and under construction to the border of Guatemala. The road runs along the Pacific slope of the Sierra Madre and within 25 or 30 miles of the coast, touching the sea at Arista and San Benito, neither of which have good harbors, only open road-steads. The mountains along the line rise to an altitude of eight to nine thousand feet as to peaks with a lower average in the range, but the scenery is good.

Near Tonalá, some eight miles from the line to the eastward are the remains of an ancient city, with temples, fortresses of cut stone in the midst of an almost impenetrable forest, offering a rich field of adventure and research for the archæologically inclined. The whole state of Chiapas, through which the line passes, is dotted with relics of pre-historic cities, offering untold attraction for the venturesome traveler. The climate, though warm, is altogether healthful.

The United States of Mexico.

The Republic of Mexico comprises twenty-eight States, one Territory and the Federal District in which the national capital is located. The State Governments are very similar to those of the United States, having a Governor, Legislature, Courts, etc. The following table is interesting:

Names of States.	Capital.	Area in square miles.	Assessed value.	Population.
Aguas Calientes	Aguas Calientes	3,080	$ 6,272,375	100,910
Campeche	Campeche	20,760	1,728,435	84,218
Coahuila	Saltillo	59,000	7,152,345	280,899
Colima	Colima	2,700	3,925,724	65,026
Chiapas	Tuxtla Guitierrez	29,600	4,722,823	363,216
Chihuahua	Chihuahua	89,200	5,926,728	327,004
Durango	Durango	42,300	7,727,327	371,274
Guanajuato	Guanajuato	12,300	31,005,785	1,065,317
Guerrero	Chilpancingo	22,700	2,125,000	474,594
Hidalgo	Pachuca	7,600	16,078,924	603,074
Jalisco	Guadalajara	38,400	24,023,825	1,137,311
Mexico	Toluca	8,080	22,127,344	924,457
Michoacan	Morelia	23,000	22,728,416	935,849
Morelos	Cuernavaca	1,850	17,125,572	161,697
Nuevo Leon	Monterey	25,000	11,684,323	326,940
Oaxaca	Oaxaca	28,400	13,127,425	947,910
Puebla	Puebla	12,600	37,127,591	1,024,446
Queretaro	Queretaro	3,800	12,062,345	228,489
San Luis Potosi	San Luis Potosi	26,100	15,123,727	582,486
Sinaloa	Culiacan	36,100	5,072,424	296,109
Sonora	Hermosillo	77,000	7,623,121	220,553
Tabasco	San Juan Bautista	10,000	4,232,163	158,107
Tamaulipas	Victoria	29,000	7,828,822	220,253
Tlaxcala	Tlaxcala	1,500	7,842,924	172,217
Vera Cruz	Jalapa	23,840	26,232,716	960,570
Yucatan	Merida	28,400	4,892,516	312,264
Zacatecas	Zacatecas	25,300	16,989,728	496,810
Territory of Tepic	Tepic	530	788,542	149,677
Lower California	La Paz	60,000	4,894,733	47,082
Federal District	City of Mexico	450	61,124,573	530,723
Totals		748,590	$409,318,296	13,569,482

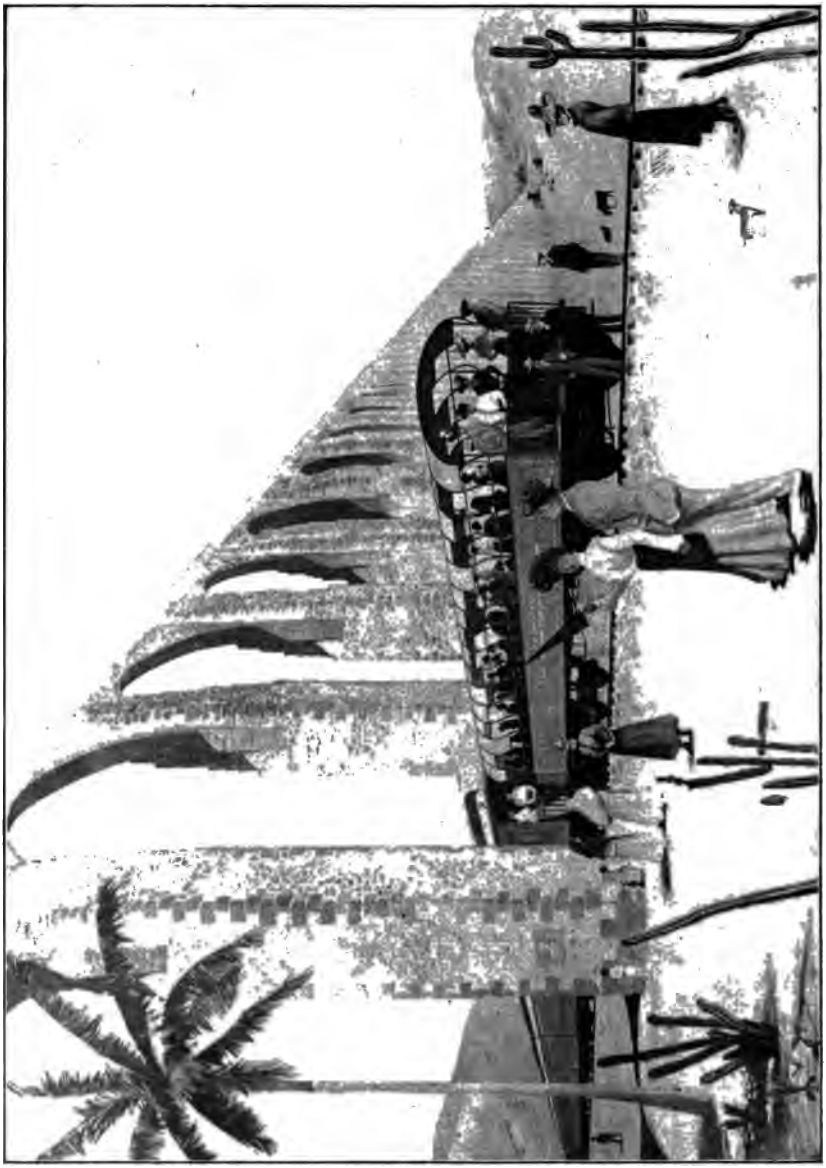
For the support of the Governments of the various States there is a system of taxation on all foreign and domestic merchandise, as well as a direct tax on real and personal property.

Each State is represented in the Congress by two Senators, elected alternately every two years, and by one member of the Chamber of Deputies for each 40,000 of population, and one for each fraction of more than 20,000.

The largest State is Chihuahua, since Coahuila was shorn of that portion of the domain now called Texas. Tlaxcala is the smallest State. After the Federal District, Puebla is the wealthiest in assessed values, with Guanajuato a close second. The wealth of the former is, for the most part, in the silver mines; of the latter, in agricultural lands and onyx quarries. Campeche represents the smallest amount of wealth. The Federal District is to Mexico what the District of Columbia is to the United States, with laws administered under the direction of the Federal Government.

LOCATION, POPULATION AND ALTITUDE OF CITIES.

Cities.	State.	Railway.	Population.	Altitude, feet.	Pronunciation.
Acambaro	Guanajuato	Mex. Nat.	8006	6301	Ak-*kam*-baro.
Acapulco	Guerrero	Mex., Cuer. & Pac.	6000	50	Ak-ka-*pull*-co.
Aguas Calientes	Aguas Calientes	Mex. Cen.	37816	6179	Ah-was Cal-i-*en*-tees.
Ameca	Jalisco	Mex. Cen.	4739	4100	Ah-*may*-ca.
Amecameca	Mexico	Interoceanic	8180	8571	Ah-*may*-ca-*may*-ca.
Campeche	Campeche	U. Ry. of Yuc.	7406	0	Cam-*pee*-che.
Catorce	San Luis Potosi	Mex. Nat.	6254	9043	Cah-*tor*-see.
Celaya	Guanajuato	Mex. Cen. and Mex. Nat.	25565	5763	See-*lt*-ya.
Chihuahua	Chihuahua	Mex. Cen.	30098	4633	Che-*wow*-wa.
Ciudad Juarez	Chihuahua	Mex. Cen.	8192	3717	The-oo-*dad War*-ez.
Ciudad P. Diaz	Coahuila	Mex. Int.	12774	702	" " Por-*fee*-rio-*Dee*-az
Coatzacoalcos	Vera Cruz	Tehuantepec R. R.	1500	15	Ko-at-zah-co-*al*-cose.
Colima	Colima	Mex. Cen.	20698	1601	Co-*lee*-mah.
Cordoba	Vera Cruz	Mex. Ry.	8136	2713	*Cord*-o-va.
Cuautla	Morelos	Interoceanic	6269	4267	*Kwout*-la.
Cuernavaca	Morelos	Mex. Cen.	9584	5068	Kwer-na-*va*-ca.
Culiacan	Sinaloa	Occidental	10380	131	Koo-le-a-*can*.
Durango	Durango	Mex. Int.	31092	6207	Doo-*rang*-o.
Gomez Palacio	Durango	Mex. Cen.	7680	3723	*Go*-mez Pal-*ah*-see-o.
Guadalajara	Jalisco	Mex. Cen.	101208	5054	Wah-dtha-la-*har*-a.
Guanajuato	Guanajuato	Mex. Cen.	40580	6837	Wan-a-*wah*-to.
Guaymas	Sonora	Sonora	8648	0	Wah-ee-*mas*.
Hermosillo	Sonora	Sonora	10613	672	Er-mo-*seel*-yo.
Iguala	Guerrero	Mex. Cen.	7463	2411	E-*gual*-a.
Irapuato	Guanajuato	Mex. Cen.	19640	5655	Ir-ra-*pwat*-o.
Jalapa	Vera Cruz	Interoceanic	20388	4608	Ha-*lap*-a.
Lagos	Jalisco	Mex. Cen.	16000	6134	*Lah*-gose.
Leon	Guanajuato	Mex. Cen.	63263	5855	Lay-*own*.
Lerdo	Durango	Mex. Cen.	7795	3725	*Laer*-do.
Linares	Nuevo Leon	Mex. Cen.	7076	1187	Lee-*nair*-es.
Maravatio	Michoacan	Mex. Nat.	6000	6750	Marry-va-*tee*-o.
Matamoros	Tamaulipas	Mex. Nat.	8347	26	Mat-a-*mo*-ros.
Merida	Yucatan	U. Ry. of Yuc.	42819	26	*Merry*-da.
Mexico	Distrito Federal	Mex. Nat. and Mex. Cen.	368777	7349	*Meh*-he-co.
Mitla	Oaxaca		300	4000	*Meet*-lah.
Monterey	Nuevo Leon	Mex. Nat. and Mex. Cen.	62266	1624	Mon-te-*ray*.
Monclova	Coahuila	Mex. Int.	6684	1926	Mon-*clo*-va.
Morelia	Michoacan	Mex. Nat.	38606	6396	Mo-*rail*-ya.
Nuevo Laredo	Tamaulipas	Mex. Nat.	8000	459	Noo-ev-o Lah-*ray*-do.
Oaxaca	Oaxaca	Mex. So.	35049	5071	O-ah-*hak*-ah.
Orizaba	Vera Cruz	Mex. Ry.	33539	4028	Or-ry-*zah*-va.
Pachuca	Hidalgo	Mex. Cen.	37487	8023	Pa-*choo*-ca.
Parral	Chihuahua	Mex. Cen.	16382	5701	Par-*ral*.
Parras	Coahuila	Coah. & Pac.	6476	5032	*Par*-ras.
Patzcuaro	Michoacan	Mex. Nat.	7210	7183	*Patz*-quar-o.
Progreso	Yucatan	U. Ry. of Yuc.	4914	0	Pro-*gress*-o.
Puebla	Puebla	I. O. and Mex.	98191	7091	Poo-*eb*-la.
Queretaro	Queretaro	Mex. Cen. and Mex. Nat.	38016	5947	Kay-*ret*-a-ro.
Salamanca	Guanajuato	Mex. Cen.	13724	5646	Sal-a-*man*-ca.
Saltillo	Coahuila	Mex. Nat.	23996	5337	Sal-*teel*-yo.
Salvatierra	Guanajuato	Mex. Nat.	11008	5760	Sal-va-tee-*er*-ra.
San Juan Bautista	Tabasco		10543	51	San *Wahn* Bah-oo-tees-ta.
San Juan del Rio	Queretaro	Mex. Cen. and Mex. Nat.	8224	6252	San *Wahn* del *Ree*-o.
San Luis Potosi	San Luis Potosi	Mex. Cen. and Mex. Nat.	60858	6121	San *Loo*-is Po-to-*see*.
San Miguel de Allende	Guanajuato	Mex. Nat.	12740	6035	San Me-*gil* day Al-*yend*-e
Sayula	Jalisco	Mex. Cen.	7888	4474	Sah-*you*-la.
Sierra Mojada	Coahuila	Mex. Nor.	12840	4749	See-*er*-ra Mo-*had*-a.
Silao	Guanajuato	Mex. Cen.	15463	5829	*See*-low.
Tampico	Tamaulipas	Mex. Cen.	16313	4	Tam-*pee*-co.
Tehuacan	Puebla	Mex. So.	7395	5497	Tay-wah-*can*.
Tehuantepec	Oaxaca	Mex. Nat.	10386	33	Tay-wan-te-*peck*
Toluca	Mexico	Mex. Nat.	25940	8761	To-*loo*-ca.
Torreon	Coahuila	Mex. Cen.	13845	3739	Tory-*own*.
Tula	Hidalgo	Mex. Cen.	2000	7353	*Too*-la.
Uruapan	Michoacan	Mex. Nat.	9859	5576	Oo-roo-*ap*-an.
Vera Cruz	Vera Cruz	Mex. Ry.	29162	23	Ver-a *Krooze*.
Victoria	Tamaulipas	Mex. Cen.	10086	1473	Vic-*to*-ri-a.
Zacatecas	Zacatecas	Mex. Cen.	34438	8010	Zak-a-*tay*-cas.
Zamora	Michoacan	Mex. Cen.	12533	5130	Zam-*o*-ra.
Zapotlan	Jalisco	Mex. Cen.	17596	4976	Zap-ote-*lan*.



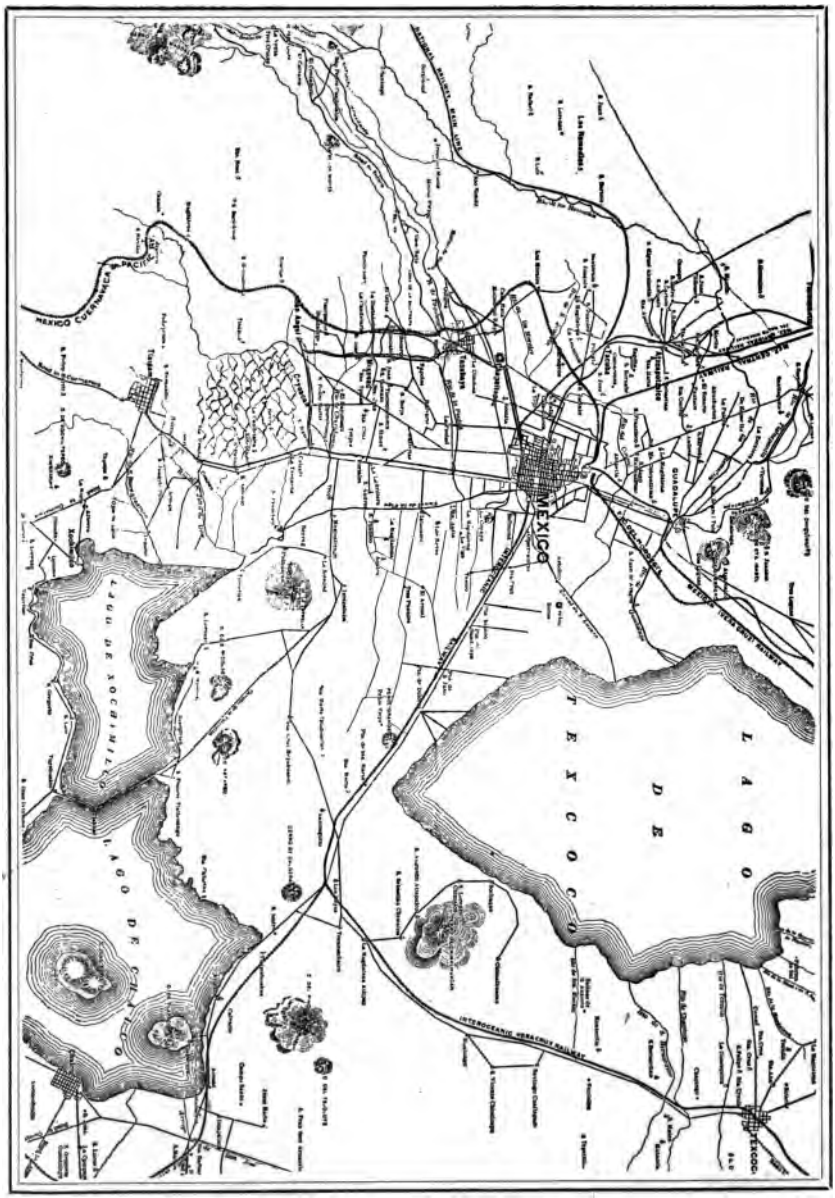
THE AQUEDUCT AT QUERETARO.

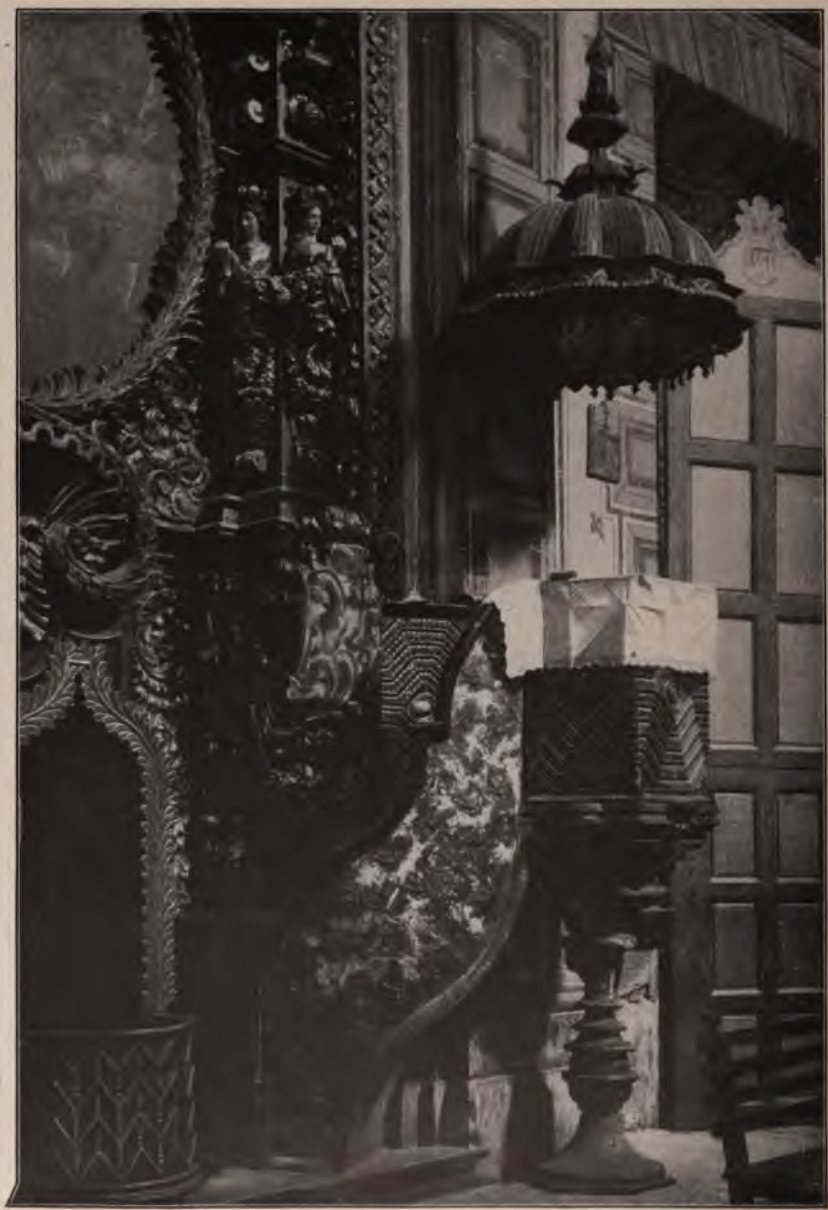
STREET CAR LINES, CITY OF MEXICO AND SUBURBAN TOWNS.

FOR	First Car from Plaza Mayor.	Last Car from Plaza Mayor.	Interval between Trips.	Running Time.	Last Car Starts to City.	Fare.	Cars Marked.
Agricultural College	5 20 am	12 00 pm	10 minutes	25 minutes	12 20 am	12 cents	Atzcapotzalco
American Cemetery	5 40 am	4 40 pm	40 "	60 "	6 50 pm	18 "	Atzcapotzalco
Atzcapotzalco	5 20 am	12 00 pm	10 "	50 "	11 40 am	15 "	Atzcapotzalco
Baths	6 00 am	8 00 pm	10 "	15 "	8 00 pm	6 to 12 cents	Circuito de Banos.
Buena Vista	6 02 am	12 00 pm	5 "	20 "	12 20 am	6 cents	Buena Vista
Castaneda, La	6 00 am	9 30 pm	30 "	25 "	10 00 pm	15 "	Tacubaya.
Chapultepec	5 30 am	12 00 nht	10 "	25 "	12 20 am	10 "	Tacubaya.
Churubusco	6 00 am	9 30 pm	30 "	25 "	10 00 pm	15 "	Tlalpam.
Coyoacan	6 30 am	12 00 nht	30 "	30 "	12 40 am	20 "	Coyoacan.
Colonia	6 02 am	12 00 pm	5 "	22 "	12 15 am	6 "	Colonia.
Dolores	6 30 am	5 30 pm	60 "	60 "	6 30 pm	18 "	Tacubaya.
Guadalupe	5 30 am	12 00 pm	15 "	30 "	12 20 am	10 "	Guadalupe.
Guerrero	6 00 am	12 00 pm	5 "	20 "	12 15 am	6 "	Guerrero.
Granada y Avenida Juarez	6 00 am	10 00 pm	10 "	25 "	10 20 pm	6 "	Granada y Avenida Juarez.
Ixtapalapa	5 00 am	7 40 pm	80 "	80 "	7 40 pm	15 "	Ixtapalapa.
Ixtacalco	5 00 am	7 40 pm	40 "	40 "	8 20 pm	10 "	Ixtacalco.
La Piedad	6 00 am	8 00 pm	40 "	40 "	9 30 pm	10 "	La Piedad.
Los Angeles	6 00 am	10 00 pm	10 "	25 "	10 25 pm	6 "	Los Angeles.
Mixcoac	5 35 am	12 00 pm	20 "	45 "	12 40 am	15 "	San Angel.
Niño Perdido	6 00 am	10 00 pm	20 "	20 "	10 20 pm	6 "	Niño Perdido.
Panteon Espanol	5 40 am	4 40 pm	40 "	60 "	6 50 pm	18 "	Tacuba.
Peralvillo y Belem	6 00 am	10 00 pm	8 "	30 "	10 00 pm	6 "	Peralvillo y Belem.
Peralvillo y Viga	6 07 am	10 07 pm	7 "	25 "	10 07 pm	6 "	Peralvillo y Viga.
Reforma	6 00 am	12 00 pm	7 "	20 "	12 15 am	6 "	Reforma.
San Angel	5 35 am	12 00 pm	20 "	50 "	12 40 am	20 "	San Angel
Santa Anita	5 00 am	7 40 pm	40 "	30 "	8 25 pm	10 "	Ixtapalapa.
San Lazaro y Tlaxpana	6 00 am	10 00 pm	10 "	25 "	10 20 pm	6 "	San Lazaro y Tlaxpana.
Santa Maria	6 02 am	12 00 pm	5 "	22 "	12 20 am	6 "	Santa Maria.
Santiago y Don Toribio	6 00 am	10 00 pm	5 "	20 "	10 20 pm	6 "	Don Toribio y Santiago.
Tacubaya	5 30 am	12 00 pm	10 "	30 "	12 25 pm	10 "	Tacubaya.
Tlalpam	6 00 am	9 00 pm	60 "	60 "	9 00 pm	30 "	Tlalpam.
Tlaxpana	6 05 am	11 00 pm	15 "	30 "	11 20 pm	15 "	Atzcapotzalco
Tlalnepantla	5 40 am	7 40 pm	60 "	100 "	8 50 pm	25 "	Atzcapotzalco
TO RAILWAY STATIONS.							
Hidalgo R. R.	6 30 am	10 30 pm	4 minutes	15 minutes	10 45 pm	6 cents	Peralvillo y Viga.
Interoceanic R. R.	6 30 am	11 50 pm	10 "	10 "	12 00 nht	6 "	S. Lazaro y S. Rafael.
Mexican R. R.	6 00 am	12 00 nht	5 "	15 "	12 00 nht	6 "	Santa Maria. or Buena Vista
Mexican Central R. R.	6 00 am	12 00 nht	5 "	15 "	12 00 nht	6 "	Santa Maria. " " "
Mexican National R. R.	7 15 am	9 00 pm	25 "	20 "	8 30 pm	6 "	Reforma-Juarez

SPECIAL CARS for single or round trips, for the entire day may be hired application at the Kiosko or to the Administrador General of the District Railways. The prices are from $3.00 to $20.00, according to the distance and time desired for the car. Rates for the day are based upon the distance the car is to travel. The cars are marked especial and no other passengers are allowed, or will try, to board a special car. On arrival and departure of trains special cars are run. The price for this service is, between 5 and 10 p. m., 12 cents; after 10 p. m., 25 cents.

NOTE.—As time cards, routes and rates are changed from time to time, no responsibility is assumed and all rates and conditions are subject to change without notice. Destinations of all cars are marked in the lamps in the end of the car. When the name appears upside down, the service of that car is over for the day; it is returning to the barns and will not carry passengers.


MEXICO
LAGO DE XOCHIMILCO
LAGO DE TEXCOCO
LAGO DE CHALCO
MEXICO CUERNAVACA Y PACIFICO
MEXICO TOLUCA Y PACIFICO
MEXICO TACUBAYA Y ANEXOS
MEXICO TLALNEPANTLA Y ANEXOS
MEXICO PACHUCA Y GOLFO
MEXICO VERACRUZ Y GOLFO
MEXICO PUEBLA Y GOLFO
MEXICO TEXCOCO



A PULPIT OF SANTA ROSA, QUERÉTARO.

Table of Terms.

NUMBERS.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
One	Uno, una	Oo'-no.
Two	Dos	Dose.
Three	Tres	Trace.
Four	Cuatro	Kwah'-tro.
Five	Cinco	Seen'-ko.
Six	Seis	Say'-is.
Seven	Siete	See-ai'-te.
Eight	Ocho	O'-tcho.
Nine	Nueve	Noo-ev'-e.
Ten	Diez	De-eth'.
Eleven	Once	On'-say.
Twelve	Doce	Do'-say.
Thirteen	Trece	Tray-ce.
Fourteen	Catorce	Kah-tor'-say.
Fifteen	Quince	Keen'-say.
Sixteen	Diez y seis	De-eth' e say'-is.
Seventeen	Diez y siete	De-eth' e see-ai'-te
Eighteen	Diez y ocho	De-eth' e o'-tcho.
Nineteen	Diez y nueve	De-eth' e noo-ev'-e
Twenty	Veinte	Vay'-inte.
Twenty-one, etc	Veinte y uno, etc	Vay'-inte e oo'-no.
Thirty	Treinta	Tray-intah.
Forty	Cuarenta	Kwar-en'-tah.
Fifty	Cincuenta	Seen-kwen'-tah.
Sixty	Sesenta	Se-sen'-tah.
Seventy	Setenta	Say-ten'-tah.
Eighty	Ochenta	O-chen'-tah.
Ninety	Noventa	No-ven'-tah.
Hundred, a or one	Ciento	See-en'-to.
Two hundred	Doscientos	Dose-see-en'-tose.
Three hundred	Trescientos	Tray-see-en'-tose.
Four hundred	Cuatrocientos	Kwah-tro-see-en'-tose.
Five hundred	Quinientos	Ke-ne-en'-tose.
Six hundred	Seiscientos	Sai-is-see-en'-tose.
Seven hundred	Setecientos	Sai-tay-see-en'-tose.
Eight hundred	Ochocientos	O-cho-see-en'-tose.
Nine hundred	Novecientos	No-vay-see-en'-tose
Thousand, a or one	Mil	Meel.
Two thousand	Dos mil	Dose meel.
Eleven hundred	Mil ciento	Meel see-ain'-tose.
Hundred thousand	Cien mil	See-en' meel.
Million	Un millon	Un milyon.

ORDINAL NUMBERS.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
First	Primero	Prim-mer'-ro.
Second	Segundo	Say-goon'-do.
Third	Tercero	Ter-sere'-o.
Fourth	Cuarto	Kwar'-to.
Fifth	Quinto	Keen'-to.
Sixth	Sexto	Seks'-to.
Seventh	Septimo	Sep'-te-mo.
Eighth	Octavo	Ok-tah'-vo.
Ninth	Noveno, or nono	No-vay'-no.
Tenth	Décimo	Day'-see-mo.

MONTHS.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
January	Enero	Eh-ner'-ro.
February	Febrero	Feh-brer'-ro.
March	Marzo	Mar'-zo.
April	Abril	Ah-breel'.
May	Mayo	Mah'-yo.
June	Junio	Hoo'-ne-o.
July	Julio	Hoo'-le-o.
August	Agosto	Ah-go'-sto.
September	Setiembre	Seh--te-em'-bray.
October	Octubre	Ok-too'-bray.
November	Noviembre	No-ve-em'-bray.
December	Diciembre	De-the-em'-bray.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Monday	Lúnes	Loo'-nes.
Tuesday	Mártes	Mar'-tes.
Wednesday	Miércoles	Me-er'-ko-les.
Thursday	Juéves	Hu-er-es.
Friday	Viérnes	Ve-ere'-nes.
Saturday	Sábado	Sah'-bah-do.
Sunday	Domingo	Do-meen'-go.

TIME.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Day	Dia	De-ah'.
Morning	Mañana	Man-yah'-nah.
Noon	Medio dia	May'-deo de'-ah.
Afternoon	Tarde	Tar'-day.
Evening	Tardecita	Tar'-day-see'-tah.
Night	Noche	No'-tchay.
Midnight	Media noche	May'-de-ah no'-tchay.
Yesterday	Ayer	Ah-yere'.
The day before yesterday	Antes de ayer	An'-tays day' ah-yere'.
To-day	Hoy	Oy.
To-morrow	Mañana	Man-yah'-nah.

The day after to-morrow..	Pasada mañana.....	Pa-sah'-da man-yah'-nah.
The night before last...	Antes de anoche.....	An'-tays day ah-no'-tchay.
Last night.....	Anoche.....	Ah-no'-tchay.
Last week.....	La semana pasada.....	Lah say-mah'-nah pa-sah'-dah.
Last month.....	El mes pasado.....	El mace pa-sah'-do.
Last year.....	El año pasado.....	El ahn'-yo pa-sah'-do.
Year.....	Año.....	Ahn'-yo.
Month.....	Mes.....	Mace.
Week.....	Semana.....	Say-mah'-nah.
An hour.....	Una hora.....	Oon'-ah oh'-rah.
Half an hour.....	Media hora.....	May'-de-ah oh'-rah.
Quarter of an hour.....	Un cuarto de hora.....	Oon kwar'-to day oh'-rah.
What day of the month is it?	¿Qué dia es hoy?.....	Kay de'-ah es oy?
Hour.....	Hora.....	O'-rah.
Minute.....	Minuto.....	Min-oo'-to.
Second.....	Segundo.....	Say-goon'-do.
What time is it?.....	¿Qué hora es?.....	Kay o'-ra es?
It is one o'clock.....	Es la una.....	Es lah oon'-a.
It is a quarter past one..	Es la una y cuarto.....	Es lah oon'-ah e kwar'-to.
It is half past one.....	Es la una y media.....	Es lah oon'-ah e may'-dia.
It is a quarter to two....	Son las dos ménos cuarto.	Sone lahs dose may'-nos kwar'-to.
It is about four.....	Son cerca de las cuatro....	Sone ser'-ka de las kwah'-tro.
It is twenty minutes past ten	Son las diez y veinte minutos.	Sone lahs de-eth e vay'-inte min-oo'-tose.
Two o'clock.....	Son las dos.....	Sone lahs dose.
Ten o'clock.....	Son las diez.....	Sone lahs de-eth'.
It is midnight.....	Es media noche.....	Es may'-de-o no'-tchay.
It is noon.....	Es media dia.....	Es may'-de-a dee'-ah.

SEASONS.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Spring.....	Primavera.....	Prim-mah-vere'-ah.
Summer.....	Verano.....	Vai-rah'-no.
Autumn.....	Otoño.....	O-tone'-yo.
Winter.....	Invierno.....	Een-ve-ere'-no.

MONEY.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Money.....	Moneda.....	Mo-nay'-dah.
Money.....	Dinero.....	De-ner'-o.
Gold.....	Oro.....	O'-ro.
Silver.....	Plata.....	Plat'-ah.
Paper.....	Papel.....	Pah-pell'.
Dollar.....	Peso.....	Pay'-so.
Cent.....	Centavo.....	Cen-tah'-vo.
Real.....	Real.....	Ray-al'.
Medio.....	Medio.....	May'-de-o.
Change.....	Cambio.....	Kam'-be-o.
Bank note.....	Billete.....	Beel-yai'-te.

Per cent	Por ciento	Por see-en'-to.
Bank	Banco	Bank'-o.
Draft	Letra de cambio	Lay'-tra day cam'-be-o.
Check	Cheque	Chek'-kay.
Discount	Descuento	Des-coo-en'-to.
Premium	Premio	Pray'-me-o.
Par	A la par	Ah lah par.

ON THE ROAD.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Ticket	Boleto	Bo-lay'-to.
First class	Primera clase	Prim-er'-ra klas'-say.
Second class	Segunda clase	Say-goon'-dah klas'-say.
Third	Tercera clase	Ter-sere'-ah klas'-say.
Through ticket	Boleto terminal	Bo-lay'-to ter-me-nal'.
Limited ticket	Boleto limitado	Bo-lay'-to lim-e-tah'-do.
Unlimited ticket	Boleto ilimitado	Bo-lay'-to e-lim-e-tah'-do.
Stop-over ticket	Boleto de parada	Bo-lay'-to day pah-rah'-dah.
Excursion ticket	Boleto de excursion	Bo-lay'-to day ex-cur-see-on'.
Round-trip ticket	Boleto de viaje redondo	Bo-lay'-to day vee-ah'-he ray-don'-do.
Half-fare ticket	Médio boleto	May'-de-o bo-lay'-to.
Sleeping-car ticket	Boleto de coche dormitorio	Bo-lay'-to day ko'-tchay dor-me-to'-re-o.
Ticket agent	Agente de boletos	Ah-hen'-tay day bo-lay'-tos.
Ticket office	Despacho de boletos	Des-pah'-tcho day bo-lay'-tos.
Telegraph office	Oficina del telégrafo	Off-e-see'-nah del tel-leg'-rah-fo.
Railroad	Ferrocarril	Fer-ró-car-reel'.
Railroad station	Estacion	Es-tah-see-on'.
Train	Tren	Tren.
Express train	Tren expreso	Tren es-pres'-o.
First train	Primer tren	Prim-er' tren.
Through train	Tren terminal	Tren ter-me-nal'.
Local train	Tren local	Tren lo-cal'.
Sleeping car	Coche dormitorio	Ko'-tchay dor-me-to'-re-o
Smoking car	Coche de fumar	Ko'-tchay day foo-marr'.
Express car	Coche del expreso	Ko'-tchay del es-pres'-o.
Day coach	Coche de dia	Ko'-tchay day de-ah'.
Baggage car	Carro de equipajes	Kar'-ro day ek-we-pah'-hes.
Baggage room	Sala de equipajes	Sah'-lah day ek-we-pah'-hes.
Baggage agent	Agente de equipajes	Ah-hen'-tay day ek-we-pah'-hes.
Baggage	Equipaje	Ek-we-pah'-he.
Trunk	Baul	Bah-ool'.
Valise	Maleta	Mah-lay'-tah.
Hat box	Sombrerera	Som-bray-ray'-rah.

Check	Talon	Tah-lon'.
Dining room	Comedor	Kom-may-dor'.
Toilet room	Retrete	Ray-tray'-te.
Without change	Sin cambio	Seen kam'-beo.
No transfer	Sin trasbordo	Seen trass-bor'-do.
A. M	Por la mañana	Por lah man-yah'-nah.
P. M	Por la tarde	Por lah tar'-day.
Schedule	Itinerario	E-tin-a-rair'-re-o.
Agent	Agente	Ah-hen-te.
Ticket Agent	Agente de boletos	Ah-hen-te day bo-lay'-tose.
Chief of station	Jefe de la estacion	Hef-e day lah es-tah'-se-on
Conductor	Conductor	Kon-dook-tor'.
Sleeping-car conductor	Conductor de coche dormitorio.	Kon-dook-tor' day ko' tchay door-me-to'-re-o
Porter	Portero	Por-ter'-o.
Engine	Máquina	Mack'-e-nah.
Engineer	Maquinista	Mack-in-e'-sta.
I wish to go to—	Quiero ir hasta —	Kee-er'-o eer as'-tah —.
What time does the train start?	¿A qué hora sale el tren?	Ah kay o'-rah sally e tren?
How many miles from here to —?	¿Cuantas millas de aquí hasta—?	Kwahn'-tahs meel'-yas da ah-kee' as'-tah—?
When will I arrive?	¿A qué hora llegaré?	Ah kay o'-ra l-yay-gah ray'?
At what hour does the next train leave?	¿A qué hora sale el próximo tren?	Ah kay o'-ra sally e prox'-e-mo tren?
How much is the cost of a ticket from here to B.?	¿Cuanto cuesta un boleto de aquí á B.?	Kwahn'-to coo-es'-ta oon bo-lay'-to day ah-kee ah B.?
How much is the cost of a return ticket?	¿Cuanto cuesta un boleto de ida y vuelta?	Kwahn'-to coo-es'-ta oon bo-lay'-to day e-da wel'-ta?
How long is the ticket good?	¿Por cuanto tiempo es válido el boleto?	Por kwahn'-to tee-em'-po es val'-e-do el bo-lay'-to?
How much baggage free?	¿Cuanto equipaje es libre?	Kwahn'-to ek-we-pah'-h es lee'-bre?
What is the cost for excess?	¿Cuanto cuesta por exceso?	Kwahn'-to coo-es'-ta po ek-cess'-o?
Per hundred pounds?	¿Por cien libras?	Por see'-en lee'-brahs?
Per fifty kilos?	¿Por cincuenta kilos?	Por sink-wen'-ta kee' lose?

IN TOWN AND AT THE HOTEL.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Hotel	Hotel	O-tel'.
Have you any rooms vacant?	¿Tiene Vd. cuartos vaciós?	Tee-ai'-ne oo-staid' kwar tose vas-se-ose'?
Have you a good room with bath?	¿Tiene Vd. un cuarto bueno con baño?	Tee-ai'-ne oo-staid' oon kwar'-to boo-ain'-o cone-ban-yo.
I want two rooms	Quiero dos cuartos	Kee-er'-o dose kwar'-tose

Room	Cuarto	Kwar'-to.
Bath	Baño	Ban'-yo.
Another bed	Otra cama	Oh'-trah cam'-ah.
In the hotel	En el hotel	En el o-tel'.
Give me my bill	Deme Vd. mi cuenta	Day'-may oo-staid' me cu-en'-tah.
Give me my receipt	Deme Vd. mi recibo	Day'-may oo-staid' me re-see'-bo.
Bring me some water	Traigame agua	Trah-ee'-gah-me' ah-gwa.
Bring me some hot water.	Traigame agua caliente	Trah-ee'-gah-me' ah-gwa cal-ly-en'-te.
Bring me some letter paper.	Traigame papel de cartas.	Trah-ee'-gah-me' pah-pel' day kart'-as.
Bring me a pen and some ink.	Traigame una pluma y tinta.	Trah-ee'-gah-me' oon'-ah ploom'-ah e teen'-tah.
Bring me some envelopes.	Traigame cubiertas	Trah-ee'-gah-me' koo-be-er'-tahs.
Towels	Toallas	To-al'-yas.
Soap	Jabon	Ha-bon'.
Matches	Cerillos	Seh-reel'-yos.
Candle	Candela	Kan-day'-la.
Lamp	Lámpara	Lamp'-a-ra.
Ice	Hielo	Yai'-lo.
Beer	Cerveza	Ser-vay'-za.
How much shall I have to pay to the washerwoman?	¿Cuanto habré de pagar á la lavandera?	Kwahn'-to ah-bray' day pah-gar' ah la lav-an-der'-ah?
I want a washerwoman	Quiero una lavandera	Kee-er'-o oo'-nah lav-an-der'-ah.
At what hour will you come?	¿A qué hora vendrá Vd.?	A kay' o'-ra ven-drah' oo-staid'?
Street	Calle	Ki-ye.
Palace	Palacio	Pal-as'-see-o.
Church	Iglesia	E-glay'-see-ah.
Cathedral	Catedral	Cat-eh-dral'.
School	Escuela	Es-koo-ai'-lah
College	Colegio	Col-ai'-he-o.
Cemetery	Cementerio	Sem-en-ter'-e-o.
Prison	Cárcel	Kar'-sel.
Store	Tienda	Tee-en'-da.
Market	Mercado	Mer-cah'-do.
House	Casa	Kah'-sa.
Call me very early	Despierteme muy temprano.	Des-pe-er'-ta-me moo-e tem-pran'-o.
Call me at 7 o'clock	Despierteme á las siete	Des-pe-er'-ta-me ah lahs see-ai'-te.
Take my baggage down	Lleve Vd. mi equipaje abajo.	Lyai'-ve oo-staid' me ek-we-pah'-he a-bah'-ho.
How much is my bill?	¿Cuanto es mi cuenta?	Kwahn'-to es me coo'-enta?
I want to pay my bill	Quiero pagar mi cuenta	Kee-er'-o pa-gar' me coo'-en-ta?
What time is it?	¿Que hora es?	Kay o'-ra ais?

Send me a messenger....	Envieme un cargador....	En-vee-eh'-me oon car-ga-dor'.
Carriage	Coche	Ko'-tchay.
Coachman	Cochero	Ko-cher'-o.
How much for one hour?.	¿Cuanto por una hora?	Kwahn'-to por oo'-nah o'-rah?
How much to the station?	¿Cuanto hasta la estacion?	Kwahn'-to as'-tah lah es-tah-see-on'?
Where are you going?...	¿A donde va Vd.?.....	Ah don'-dy vah oo-staid'?
Go straight ahead.....	Vaya derecho.....	Vah'-ya day-ray'-tcho.
Go faster.....	Vaya mas rápido.....	Vah'-ya mass rap'-e-do.
Go slower.....	Vaya mas despacio.....	Vah'-ya mass des-pas'-seo.
Stop	Párese Vd.!.....	Par'-asy oo-staid'.
Right	Derecho	Day-ray'-tcho.
Left	Izquierdo	Ees-quee er'-do.
Before	Delante	Day-lan'-teh.
Behind	Detras	Day-tras'.
North	Norte	Nor'-tay.
South	Sur	Soor.
East	Este	Es'-tay.
West	Oeste	Wes'-tay.
Postoffice	Correo	Kor-ray'-o.
Letters	Cartas	Kar'-tas.
Postage stamps.....	Timbres	Teem'-bres.
Envelopes	Cubiertas	Koo-be-er'-tas.
Registered letter.....	Carta registrada.....	Kar'-tah reh-his-tra'-da.
Have you any letters for me?	¿Tiene Vd. cartas para mí?	Tee-ai'-ne oo-staid' kar'-tahs par'-ra-rame?
At what hour does the mail train leave for —?.	¿A qué hora sale el tren correo para —?	A kay' o'-rah sally' el tren kor-ray'-o par'-ah—?
Letter box.....	Buzon	Boo-zon'.

SHOP TALK.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Have you any.....	Tiene Vd.—?	Tee-ai'-ne oo-staid'.
I want to buy.....	Quiero comprar.....	Kee-er'-o com-prar'.
Have you others.....	Tiene Vd. otras?.....	Tee-ai'-ne oo-staid' o'-trahs.
I want another.....	Quiero otra.....	Kee-er'-o o'-trah.
How many.....	Cuantos	Kwahn'-tose.
Silk	Seda	Say'-dah.
Wool	Lana	Lah'-nah.
Cotton	Algodon	Al-go-don'.
Linen	Lienzo or Lino.....	Le-en'-zo or Lee'-no.
Have you anything better?	Tiene Vd. alguna cosa mejor?	Tee-ai'-ne oo-staid' al-goo'-na co'-sa mai'-hor.
I want this.....	Quiero este.....	Kee-er'-o es'-tay.
Send this to.....	Envie Vd. esta á.....	En-ve-eh' oo-staid' es'-ta ah.
Large	Grande	Gran'-day.
Small	Poco	Po'-co.
New	Nuevo	Noo'-ev-o.
Old	Viejo	Ve-eh'-ho.

Bad	Malo	Mah'-lo.
Pretty	Bonito	Bo-nee'-to.
Cheap	Barato	Bah-rah'-to.
Dear	Caro	Kar'-o.
Very Dear	Muy Caro	Moo'-e kar'-o.
Narrow	Angosto	An-gose'-to.
Wide	Ancho	An-tcho'.
Collar	Cuello	Coo-el'-yo.
Gloves	Guantes	Wan'-tez.
Handkerchiefs	Pañuelos	Pan-yu-ai'-lose.
Shoes	Zapatos	Zap-at'-ose.
Pins	Alfileres	Al-fee-lai'-res.
Needles	Agujas	A-goo'-has.
Thimble	Dedal	Day-dal'.
Thread	Hilo	E'-lo.
Ribbon	Liston	Lees-tone'.
Scissors	Tijeras	Tee-hai'-ras.
Veil	Velo	Vay'-lo.
Black	Negro	Nay'-gro.
White	Blanco	Blank'-o.
Red	Rubio	Roo'-bee-o.
Blue	Azul	Ah-zool'.
Pink	Rojizo	Ro-hee'-zo.
Green	Verde	Vere'-de.
Purple	Purpúreo	Poor-poor'-ay-o.
Yellow	Amarillo	Am-a-reel'-yo.
Long	Largo	Lar'-go.
Short	Corto	Cor'-to.
Thick	Espeso	Es-pay'-so.
Thin	Delgado	Del-gah'-do.
A yard	Una vara	Oo-na var'-a.
How do you sell it by the yard?	¿ A como vende Vd. la vara?	A co'-mo ven'-day oo'-staid lah var'-a?

GENERAL.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Good morning	Buenos dias	Boo-en'-os dee'-as.
Good evening	Buenas tardes	Boo-en'-as tar'-des.
Good night	Buenas noches	Boo-en'-as no'-tches.
Sir	Señor	Sane-yor'.
Madam	Señora	Sane-yo'-ra.
Miss	Señorita	Sane-yo-ree'-ta.
Thank you	Gracias	Grah'-see-as.
How do you do?	¿Como está usted?	Co'-mo es-tah' oo-staid'?
Well, thank you	Bien, gracias	Be-ehn', grah'-see-as.
And you?	¿Y usted?	E oo-staid'?
Do me the favor	Hágame V. el favor	Ah-ga-me el fa-vor'.
If you please	Si usted gusta	See oo-staid' goo'-stah.
What do you want?	¿Qué quiere usted?	Kay kee-er'-e oo-staid'?
What is this?	¿Qué es este?	Kay es es'-ty?
What do you call that?	¿Como se llama eso?	Ko-mo say yam'-ah ai-so?
Do you know	Sabe usted	Sah'-beh oo-staid'.
What is the matter?	¿Que tiene?	Kay tee-ai'-ne?
Pardon me	Perdóneme	Per-dón-a-me.

As soon as possible.....	Tan pronto como posible	Tan pron'-to ko'-mo pos-e'-bleh.
I will come again.....	Vendré otra vez.....	Ven-dray' o'-trah vace.
Which is the way to —?.	¿Cual es la via para —?	Kwahl es lah vee'-ah par-a?
Show me the way to —?..	Enséñeme Vd. el camino de—	En-sane'-yai-me el cam-ee'-no day—
What is your name?.....	¿Que es su nombre de Vd.?	Kay-es soo nom'-bre day-oo-staid'?
	¿Or, Como se llama Vd.?	Co'-mo say l-yam'-a oo-staid'?
I am ready.....	Estoy listo.....	Es-toy' lees'-to.
I am well.....	Estoy bien.....	Es-toy' be-ehn'.
Bring me.....	Traígame.....	Trah-e'-ga-me.
Very well.....	Muy bien.	Moo'-e be-ehn'.
Let us go.....	Vámos.....	Vam'-ose.
It is late.....	Es tarde.....	Es tar'-dy.
It is early.....	Es temprano.....	Es tem-prah'-no.
Sit down.....	Siéntese Vd.....	See-en'-ta-seh oo-staid'.
Go in.....	Entre Vd.....	En'-tray oo-staid'.
Come in.....	Entre.....	En'-tray.
Go away.....	Váya.....	Vah'-ya.
Cood bye.....	Adios.....	Ah-de-ose'.
Yes.....	Si.....	See.
No.....	No.....	No.
Do you speak English?....	¿Habla Vd. inglés?.....	Ah'-bla oo-staid' ing-les'?
I speak it a little.....	Hablo un poco.....	Ah'-blo oon po-co.
What do you say?.....	¿Qué dice Vd.?.....	Kay dee'-say oo-staid'?
Where is —?.....	¿Donde esta —?.....	Don'-day es-tah' —?
Where does he live?.....	¿Donde vive él?.....	Don'-day vee'-veh el?

DOCTOR AND MEDICINE.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I am sick and want a doctor	Estoy enfermo y quiero un médico.	Es'-toy en-fere'-mo e kee-ere'-o oon med'-e-ko.
Will you go to look for a doctor.	Quiere Vd. ir á buscar un médico.	Kee-er'-e oos-staid ir ah boos'-car oon med'-i-ko.
I want a doctor who speaks English.	Quiero un médico que hable inglés.	Kee-er'-o oon med'-e-ko kay ab'-lay een-gless'.
Is he a good doctor?....	¿Es buen médico?.....	Es boo-en med'-e-ko?
Where is the drug store?.	¿Donde está la botica?...	Don'-dy es-tah' lah bo-tee' ka?
Take this prescription to the drug store.	Lleve Vd. esta receta á la botica.	Lyai-veh' oo-staid' es'-sta res-ay'-tah ah la bo-tee'-ka.
What is the matter with you?	¿Que tiene Vd.?.....	Kay tee-ai'-ne oo-staid'?
I have headache.....	Tengo dolor de cabeza..	Teng'-o do-lor' day ca-vay'-za.
I have toothache.....	Tengo dolor de muelas..	Teng'-o do-lor' day moo-ai'-las.
I have stomachache.....	Tengo dolor de estómago.	Teng'-o do-lor' day es-tom'-ago.
I have earache.....	Tengo dolor de oido....	Teng'-o do-lor' day o-ee'-do.

I have a cold	Tengo resfriado	Teng'-o res-free-ah do.
I have fever	Tengo fiebre	Teng'-o fee-ai'-bre.
How are you?	¿Como esta Vd.?	Ko-mo es-tah' oo-staid'?
I am better	Estoy mejor	Es-toy' may'-hor.
I am worse	Estoy peor	Es-toy' pay'-or.
Quinine	Quinina	Kee-nee'-na.
Chloroform	Cloroformo	Cloro-for'-mo.
Calomel	Calomel	Calo-mel'.
Castor oil	Aceite de castor	As-ay'-e-tay day cas-tor'.
Pills	Píldoras	Pil'-do-rahs.
Capsules	Cápsulas	Cap'-soo-lahs.
Salts	Sales	Sal'-ehs.
Morphine	Morfina	Mor-fee'-nah.
Laudanum	Láudana	Lah'-oo-dah-na.
Porous plaster	Parche poroso	Par'-tchay po-ro'-so.
Plaster	Emplasto or Parche	Em-plas'-to or Par'-tchay.
Mustard plaster	Sinapismo	Se-nah-pees'-mo.
Aconite	Acónito	Ah-con'-e-to.
Belladonna	Belladona	Bel-yah-don'-ah.
Nux Vomica	Nuez Vómica	Noo'-es vom'-i-ca.
Glycerine	Glicerina	Glee-cer-e'-nah.
Arsenicum	Arsénico	Ar-say'-ne-co.

TABLE AND MEALS.

ENGLISH.	SPANISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
The bill of fare	La lista	Lah lee'-sta.
A plate	Un plato	Oon plat'-o.
A glass	Un vaso	Oon vaz'-o.
A teaspoon	Una cucharita	Oo'-na coo-tchar-ee'-tah.
Coffee	Café	Kaf-fay'.
Coffee and milk	Café con leche	Kaf-fay' con lay'-tchee.
Tea	Té	Tay.
Milk	Leche	Lay'-tchee.
Cream	Crema	Kray'-mah.
Sugar	Azúcar	Ah-zoo'-kar.
Chocolate	Chocolate	Chock-o-lat'-e.
Beef tea	Un caldo	Oon cal'-do.
Lemonade	Limonada	Lee-mo-nah'-da.
Beer	Cerveza	Ser-vay'-sa.
Wine	Vino	Vee'-no.
Claret	Vino tinto	Vee'-no teen'-to.
Ice	Hielo	Yai'-lo.
Bread	Pan	Pahn.
Butter	Mantequilla	Manty-keel'-ya.
Water	Agua	Ag'-wah.
Ice water	Agua con hielo	Ag'-wa con yai'-lo.
Soup	Sopa	So'-pah.
Fish	Pescado	Pes-cah'-do.
Oysters	Ostiones	Os-te-on'-es.
Rice	Arroz	Ar-roce'.
Eggs	Huevos	Wai'-voce.
Fried eggs	Huevos fritos	Wai'-voce free'-toce.
Hard boiled eggs	Huevos duros	Wai'-voce doo'-roce.

Soft boiled eggs	Huevos pasados por agua	Wai'-voce pa-sah'-doce por ahg'-wah
Omelet	Tortilla de huevos	Tor-teel'-ya day wai'-vos.
Beef	Vaca	Vah'-ka.
Roast beef	Vaca asada	Vah'-ka ah-sah'-da.
Boiled	Hervido	Er-vee'-do.
Meat	Carnè	Kar'-nay.
Beefsteak	Beftek	Bef-tek.
Steak and potatoes	Beftek con papas	Bef-tek con pap'-as.
Rare	Poco asado	Po-ko ah-sah'-do.
Well done	Bién asado	Be-en' ah-sah'-do.
Mutton	Carnero	Kar-nere'-o.
Chops	Costillas	Kos-teel'-yahs.
Cutlet	Chuleta	Choo-lay'-ta.
Veal cutlet	Chuleta de ternera	Choo-lay'-ta day ternere'-a.
Lamb	Cordero	Kor-dere'-o.
Pork	Puerco	Poo-ere'-ko.
Bacon	Tocino	To-see'-no.
Ham	Jamon	Ha-mone'.
Pepper	Pimienta	Pee-mee-en'-ta.
Salt	Sal	Sal.
Oil	Aceite	Ah-say'-e-tay.
Vinegar	Vinagre	Vee-nah'-gre.
Mustard	Mostaza	Mos-taz'-ah.
Sauce	Salsa	Sal'-sah.
Vegetables	Legumbres	Le-goom'-bres.
Potatoes	Papas	Pap'-ahs.
Fried potatoes	Papas fritas	Pap'-ahs free'-tas.
Beans	Frijoles	Free-ho'-les.
Peas	Chícharos	Chee'-char-ose.
Lettuce	Lechuga	Lay-chu'-ga.
Cabbage	Col	Col.
Tomatoes	Tomates	To-mat'-es.
Cauliflower	Coliflor	Col-e-flor'.
Garlic	Ajo	Ah'-ho.
Radishes	Rabanitos	Rah-ba-nee'-tose.
Chicken	Pollo	Pole'-yo.
Turkey	Pavo	Pah'-vo.
Ice Cream	Helado	A-lah'-do.
Cheese	Queso	Kay'-so.
Fruit	Fruta	Froo'-ta.
Strawberries	Fresas	Fray'-sahs.
Grapes	Huvas	Oo'-vas.
Oranges	Naranjas	Nar-ran'-kas.
Bananas	Plátanos	Plat'-a-nos.
Lemons	Limones	Lee-mo'-nes.
Figs	Higos	E'-gose.
Table	Mesa	May'-sa.
Chair	Silla	Seel'-ya.
Napkin	Servilleta	Ser-veel'-yet-a.
Fork	Tenedor	Ten-e-dor'.
Knife	Cuchillo	Coo-cheel'-yo.
Spoon	Cuchara	Coo-tchar'-ah.

Chronological.

ANNO DOMINI.

648—The Toltecs arrived in Anahuac.
1051—They abandoned the country.
1170—The Chicimecs arrived in Mexico.
1196—The Mexicans reached Tula.
1200—The Alcouans arrived.
1325—The Mexicans founded Tenochtitlan or the City of Mexico.
1428—Foundation of the Aztec kingdom.
1431—Enthronement of Netzahualcoyotl, King of Texcoco.
1485—Cortéz born at Medellin, Spain.
1502—Montezuma II. enthroned.
1504—Cortéz left Spain for Cuba.
1510—Great tidal wave on Lake Texcoco overflows Tenochtitlan.
1511—Turrets of the great Aztec temple burned.
Spanish ship wrecked on the Island of Cozumel.
1516—Death of Nezahualpilli, the Tezcucan King.
1517—March 4, discovery of Yucatan by Córdoba.
1518—May 1, departure of Grijalva from Cuba for Mexico.
November 18, Cortéz sailed from Santiago.
1519—February 10, Cortéz sailed from Habana.
March 20, Cortéz landed at the mouth of the Tabasco River.
April 21, Cortéz landed at Vera Cruz.
August 16, commenced the march to the City of Mexico.
September 23, Cortéz entered Tlaxcala.
November 8, Cortéz entered the City of Mexico.
1520—June 30th, death of Montezuma.
July 1, Cortéz driven out of City of Mexico, Noche Triste, the "Dismal Night."
July 8, battle with the Mexicans at Otumba.
1521—August 13, re-entry of Cortéz into the City of Mexico.
Establishment by Spain of the rule over the new province by a governor.
Cortéz established the seat of government at Coyoacan.
Establishment of the first Christian church in the New World at Tlaxcala.
1524—First church commenced on the site of the present Cathedral.

1525—Hanging of Tetlepanquetzaltzin by Cortéz.
1526—September 19, Bishopric of Puebla established, seat at Puebla.
1528—Establishment of the government under the Audencia.
1529—July 6, Cortéz made Marques del Valle de Oaxaca.
1530—Guadalajara founded.
1531—December 9, vision of the Virgin of Guadalupe to Juan Diego.
December 12, Juan Diego gathered the flowers from where the Virgin stood. The feast of Guadalupe.
July 25, Querétaro became a Christian city.
1533—Toluca founded.
1535—The first Viceroy arrived in Mexico.
June 2, Bishopric of Oaxaca established, seat at Oaxaca.
First printing press brought to the country and first book printed in Mexico.
1536—August 29, corner stone of the Cathedral at Puebla laid.
1539—March 19, Bishopric of Chiapas established, seat at San Cristóbal.
1541—May 18, Valladolid, now Morelia, founded.
1542—San Miguel founded.
1545—January 31, Archbishopric of Mexico established, seat at City of Mexico.
1546—September 8, discovery of silver at Zacatecas.
1547—December 2, Cortéz died in the town of Castelleja de la Questa, in Spain.
1548—January 20, Zacatecas founded.
July 31, Bishopric of Guadalajara established, seat at Guadalajara.
1552—First inundation of the City of Mexico, and the dyke of San Lazaro built.
1553—Silao founded.
1557—Guanajuato founded.
The Patio process for the amalgamation of silver invented by Bartolomé de Medina at Pachuca.
1562—August 15, Bishopric of Yucatan established, seat at Merida.
1568—English driven off the island of Los Sacraficios near Vera Cruz.
1570—August 16, the Inquisition established in Mexico.
Celaya founded.
1573—Corner stone of the Cathedral laid.
1574—Twenty-one Lutherans burned by order of the Inquisition.
1576—Leon founded.
1583—San Luis Potosí founded.
1586—An English ship captured near Acapulco.
1587—Sir Francis Drake captured a Spanish ship with a rich cargo, off California.
1596—Monterey founded.
1600—The City of Monterey founded.
1603—Building of the Aqueduct of Chapultepec commenced.
1604—Church on the Pyramid of Cholula dedicated.

1607—November 28, the great drainage canal, Tajo de Nochistongo, commenced.
1615—Foundation and walls of the Cathedral completed.
1618—Córdoba founded.
1620—September 28, Bishopric of Durango established, seat at Durango.
1623—Cathedral placed under roof.
1626—First service in the Cathedral.
1629—Great inundation of the City of Mexico.
1634—Subsiding of the waters of the inundation of the Plain of Mexico.
1643—Salvatierra founded.
1649—April 10, fifteen persons burned by order of the Inquisition.
April 18, Cathedral at Puebla consecrated.
1660—A colony of a hundred families settled in New Mexico.
1667—December 22, dedication of the Cathedral.
1678—May 2, Church of Santa Maria los Angeles at Churubusco completed.
1691—Conquest of Texas.
1692—Building of the National Palace commenced.
1709—May 1, completion of the Church of Guadalupe near City of Mexico.
1722—January 19, opening of the first theater in Mexico.
The first newspaper, Gaceta de Mexico, published in Mexico.
1724—February 4, completion of the Palacio del Ayuntimiento or City Hall.
1760—The first regular army organized in Mexico.
Houses numbered in the City of Mexico.
1767—Jesuits expelled from Mexico by Royal Order, dated January 15.
1770—A fleet sailed for Spain with a cargo of thirty millions of silver dollars.
1776—February 25, establishment of the Monte de Piedad or national pawn shop.
1777—December 25, Bishopric of Linares established, seat at Monterey.
1779—May 7, Bishopric of Sonora established, seat at Culiacan.
1783—September 27, Yturbide born.
1789—Arrival of the famous Viceroy, Conde de Revillagigedo. He appointed a police force in the City of Mexico, lighted and paved the streets.
1791—Completion of the towers of the Cathedral.
1795—Cession of Florida, west of the Perdido River, to France.
1802—August 4, casting of the bronze statue of Charles IV., at 6 a. m.
1803—December 9, statue of Charles IV. unveiled in the Plaza Mayor.
Humboldt traveled in Mexico.
1810—September 16, Hidalgo sounded the Grito of Mexican Independence.
October 30, battle of Las Cruces.
1811—January 16, Hidalgo defeated at the Bridge of Calderon.
May 21, Hidalgo captured at Acatita de Bajan.
June 26, Allende, Aldama and Jimenez executed.
July 31, Hidalgo executed at Chihuahua.

1812—Evacuation of Cuautla by Morelos.
1813—September 14, meeting of the first Mexican Congress at Chilpancingo.
November 6, first formal Declaration of Mexican Independence.
December 23, defeat of Morelos.
1814—February 3, execution of Matamoras at Morelia.
October 22, proclamation of the first Constitution at Apatzingan.
1815—December 22, Morelos executed by order of the Inquisition.
1820—May 31, suppression of the Inquisition in Mexico.
1821—Promulgation of the Plan of Iguala and the colors of the Mexican flag.
August 2, Puebla taken by Iturbide.
September 27, Iturbide entered the City of Mexico.
1822—February 24, first Congress of the Mexican Nation assembled.
May 19, Iturbide elected emperor.
Iturbide and his wife annointed and crowned in the Cathedral of Mexico.
December 6, a Republic proclaimed by Santa Ana at Vera Cruz.
1823—July 14, Iturbide shot at Padilla.
1824—October 4, Constitution proclaimed.
October 10, first President of Mexico inaugurated.
November 7, Second Mexican Congress.
Statue of Charles IV. taken down and removed from the Plaza Mayor to the patio of the University.
1825—January 1, First Constitutional Congress assembled.
During this year the last Spanish soldier left Mexico in the evacuation of the Island of San Juan de Ulúa.
1829—A Spanish force landed at Tampico in July.
September 11, Spanish invaders defeated and captured by the forces under Generals Santa Ana and Mier.
1830—September 15, Porfirio Diaz born.
1835—Rebellion of Texas under Sam Houston.
1836—December 28, Spain formally recognized the Republic of Mexico.
March 6, massacre of the Alamo, San Antonio, Texas.
March 27, massacre at Goliad.
April 22, battle of San Jacinto, Texas. Santa Ana captured.
1837—August 22, first concession granted for a railway between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz.
1840—April 27, Bishopric of Lower California established, seat at La Paz.
1844—April 12, Texas admitted into the Union.
1846—April 24, first skirmish of the American War.
May 8, battle of Palo Alto and May 9, Resaca de la Palma.
May 18, General Taylor crossed the Rio Grande at Matamoros.
July 7, Monterey, Cal., captured.
July 8, San Francisco, Cal., captured.
September 20, Monterey captured.

1847—February 23, battle of Buena Vista.
February 28, Chihuahua occupied.
March 9, General Scott landed at Vera Cruz.
March 27, Vera Cruz captured.
April 18, battle of Cerro Gordo.
May 25, Puebla occupied by the Americans.
August 9, General Scott entered the Valley of Mexico.
August 20, battles of Padierna and Churubusco.
September 8, battles of Casa Mata and Molino del Rey.
September 12 and 13, storming and capture of Chapultepec.
September 13, capture of the Garita de Belem and San Cosme.
September 15, entry of the Americans into the City of Mexico.
1848—February 2, conclusion of peace and signing of the Treaty of Guadaiupe, Hidalgo.
1850—June 1, Bishopric of Vera Cruz established, seat at Jalapa.
1851—President Arista inaugurated.
1852—Statue of Charles IV. placed in its present position.
1853—Santa Ana proclaimed dictator of Mexico.
1854—August 30, Bishopric of San Luis Potosí established, seat at San Luis Potosí.
1855—Comonfort elected President.
1856—June 25, decree ordering sale of church real estate by President Comonfort.
September 16, suppression of the Franciscan monks.
1859—July 12, proclamation of the Laws of the Reform, by President Juarez.
1861—July 17, passage of the law suspending payment on bonded debt of the Republic.
October 31, adoption of the Treaty of London by England, France and Spain.
Arrival of the allied fleet at Vera Cruz, in December, 1861, and January, 1862.
1862—January 26, Bishopric of Querétaro established, seat at Querétaro.
Bishopric of Leon established, seat at Leon.
Bishopric of Zamora established, seat at Zamora.
Bishopric of Zacatecas established, seat at Zacatecas.
February 19, Treaty of La Soledad signed.
May 5, brilliant battle at Puebla and repulse of the French by the Mexican General Zaragosa.
1863—March 6, suppression of all religious orders in Mexico.
March 16, Bishopric of Tulancingo established, seat at Tulancingo.
Bishopric of Chilapa established, seat at Chilapa.
Archbishopic of Michoacan established, seat at Morelia.
Archbishopric of Guadalajara established, seat at Guadalajara.

May 17, Puebla captured by the French.
June 9, French troops occupied the City of Mexico.
July 10, assembly of notables called in the City of Mexico, and the crown tendered to Maximilian, the Archduke of Austria.

1864—June 12, Maximilian crowned Emperor of Mexico.

1865—October 3, Maximilian published a decree declaring all persons in arms against the Imperial Government bandits, ordering them executed.
October 21, Generals Felix Diaz, Arteaga, Salazar and Villagomez shot at Uruápam as bandits under Maximilian's decree.
November 6, the United States, through Secretary Seward, sent a dispatch to Napoleon III., protesting against the presence of the French army in Mexico as a grave reflection against the United States, and notifying him that nothing but a Republican would be recognized.

1866—April 5, Napoleon withdrew his support from Maximilian.
November, Napoleon ordered the evacuation of Mexico by the French troops.

1867—The last of the French troops leave Mexico in February.
April 2, capture of Puebla by General Profirio Diaz.
April 11, he defeated Márquez at San Lorenzo.
May 15, capture of Querétaro, surrender of Maximilian to General Escobedo.
June 19, execution of Maximilian, Mejía and Miramon.
June 21, capture of the City of Mexico by General Porfirio Diaz.
July 15, Juarez entered the City of Mexico and re-established his government.

1869—September 16, completion of the Mexican Railway to Puebla.
October 4, Bishopric of Tamaulipas established, seat at Victoria.

1871—December 1, Juarez re-elected President.

1872—July 18, death of President Juarez.
December 1, election of President Lerdo.
December 20, completion of the Mexican Railway in the meeting of the tracks above Maltrata.

1873—January 1, opening of the Mexican Railway between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz.

1874—Incorporation in the Constitution of the Laws of the Reform.

1875—December 5, opening of the National Exhibition of Mexican products, in the City of Mexico.

1876—January 15, commenced the revolution under the plan of Tuxtepec.
November 24, General Porfirio Diaz entered the City of Mexico at the head of the revolutionary army and was proclaimed provisional president.

1877—May 6, General Diaz declared Constitutional President.

1878—Concession granted for the building of the Interoceanic Railway.

1879—June 24, execution of nine revolutionists against the Diaz government, at Vera Cruz.

1880—May 25, Bishopric of Tabasco established, seat at San Juan Bautista.
September 25, election of General Manuel Gonzalez as President.
Track laying on the Mexican Central commenced.
October 14, construction of Mexican National Railroad commenced.

1882—November 25, Sonora Railway opened.

1883—The "Nickel Riots" occurred.
March 15, Bishopric of Colima established, seat at Colima.

1884—March 8, completion of the tracks, and on April 5 opening of the Mexican Central Railway from El Paso to the City of Mexico.

1885—February, some Americans arrested for breaking twigs from the tree of Noche Triste.

1886—Completion of Mexican National Railroad to Morelia and Patzcuaro.
December 1, re-election of General Porfirio Diaz to the presidency.

1888—April 17, completion of the Mexican Central to Guadalajara.
March 1, completion of the International Railroad, Eagle Pass to Torreon.
November 1, completion of the Mexican National Railroad, from Laredo to the City of Mexico.

1889—Construction of the Mexican Southern Railroad commenced in September.

1892—November 11, opening of the Mexican Southern Railroad.

1893—Completion of the Interoceanic Railway to Vera Cruz.

1894—March 1, first party of American tourists visited the Ruins of Mitla, under escort of the American Tourist Association.
Completion of the Tehuantepec Railroad.

1897—Completion of the Mexico, Cuernavaca & Pacific Railway to Cuernavaca.

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